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MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

24

Europe's Failure

THE reason why Europe remains a hot-bed of dissension is because "Behind the Europe of to-day there lies the Europe of many yesterdays." For in the early days that continent was peopled by immigrants. These immigrants included numerous races speaking numerous languages. In our land we have opened schools and colleges, and have devised a system of government, all of which tend to unify the people. Europe has missed this great opportunity.

Instead of all her territories welcoming all her peoples, each territory has welcomed only one people. The instinct has been not for aggregation but for segregation. There is not a country in Europe, therefore, that does not fear for its frontier. There is not a country that does not seek, as the tribe seeks, to be led by and to obey a chieftain. It is the instinct of self-preservation. It is the subconsciousness of danger. It is the age-long anticipation of future and inevitable conflict.

The tribal chieftain—call him duke or king or kaiser or dictator—cultivates the military mind. In his followers he sees one virtue, namely, the virtue of a disciplined obedience. Under the Czars this obedience was safeguarded by ignorance, and schools were few and far between. The German promoted obedience by a definite philosophy, and every school, every college was devoted to the propaganda of the potentate. But in Germany and in Russia the objective was the same—the subservience of the citizen to the State and of the State to the superman. With dictatorship in the air, the dictator easily leaps into the saddle. Even in France the Executive is powerfully centralized and exercises a control of the press and the individual that is unknown in the new world.

North and South America with 200,000,000 people want peace. India with 350,000,000 wants peace. Africa with 200,000,000 is not fighting, and China with 300,000,000 is not urging warfare on other nations. But Europe is broken into fragments. It has not advanced beyond tribal government.

And the remedy? The feuds of the past must be merged into the friendships of the future. Religion, science and politics must join hands. In the old days of foot-travel it was possible for men to live in isolation but in the days of the telegraph, the radio, the railroad and the airship, nothing can keep men apart. The man who to-day tries to impose upon people the ideals and methods of a past civilization is bound to meet failure. "New wine must be placed in new bottles." That is the lesson for France, for Germany and for all the Balkan States. Better times will come with the disappearance of boundary lines and custom houses. These belong to another period.

The Reds

IT is no wonder that there is in Canada and the United States a distrust of Bolshevism. Why should we transplant to this continent that which has been a curse in Russia? B. N. Sokoloff, whose nationality may be judged by his name and whose knowledge of Russian affairs can be judged by his letter, has this to say in the New York Herald :—

"Was the advent to power of the Communists in Russia a social revolution? Of course not. Social revolution is usually understood to be a rising of the working class against the power of the capitalists, and the Soviet Government came with 'the storm in khaki coats which swept over and brought chaos and destruction to Russia'; it came as a leader of war-tired Russian soldiers, that is as the leader of the declassed and demoralized mass of mobilized Russian peasants and workmen. They did not bring a labor or peasant Government to Russia; there is not a single member of the Soviet Government who is or ever was a peasant or a workman.

"Did the Communists bring liberty and freedom to the Russian people? Certainly not. All the liberties gained by the Russian people by the first revolution and enjoyed by them under the Provisional Government were abolished by the Soviet Government. It abolished the freedom of the press, and not only revived all the restrictions of the Czar's period but succeeded in complete annihilation of independent publications. It abolished the freedom of speech and conscience and revived all the organizations of the Czar's political police and developed them further, and, being unable to manage those means of oppression of the Russian people themselves, they employ in those organizations a great number of former high and low officials of the Czar's political police.

"The Socialists, who, under the Czar, were usually in prison and exile, and occasionally shot, are now, under the Soviet Government, mostly shot, or, if not, are always in prison or in exile.

"For the understanding of the character of the change of a Government in a country, there is an impartial criterion: if the change brings more freedom to the people, if it permits more persons to participate in the management of the State, such a change is progressive, and the upheaval which brings such a change is a revolution; when the new Government abolishes the liberties of its people, when it further restricts the right of the people to participate in the management of the country, such a Government is reactionary; and the Soviet Government and its international organizations. The Third International and its branches, are organizations of reaction. They are not 'Red'; they are not 'socialistic'; they are not part of the labor movement; they are black powers of reaction not less than the monarchist leaders of Bavaria in Germany."

The Roarin' Game

CURLING is a splendid sport for women. Not only does it provide healthful exercise, opportunities for self control, and good sportsmanship, but being primarily a man's sport, it makes for better understanding between men and women. A man can understand how his wife may be late in getting home from a curling game much easier than if she has been at a missionary meeting.

Magic

She parks her baby with a friend,
She piles her dishes in the sink,
Pulls on her sweater, grabs her broom
And hurries over to the rink.
She would have had her dishes done,
But she was drawn to curl at one.

She wins her game—and so is drawn
To curl again at half-past three;
This is a bear-cat of a game
Against an ancient enemy.
When she comes out, the lamps gleam high,
Like stars against the dull, gray sky.

Now by all things that we have learned
Of husbands and their ways,
This woman's man will angry be,
And grievous trouble raise
When he comes home, at close of day,
And finds his dear wife—far away.

He goes and brings his offspring home,
He lights the kitchen fire,
He sets the supper on to cook;
No trace of slumbering ire;
But knowing what we know of life
We tremble for the erring wife.

At half-past six her step is heard,
Her voice is full of joy;
"O Bill—I didn't do a thing
To Mrs. Pomeroy.
I took her out with my last stone,
And we were one up coming home."
And as he stirred the baby's food
He said "I'm glad you lammed her good."

Nellie L. McClung

Frauds

AMONG those who appeal for charity are those who make use of excessive adjectives. They classify themselves as wretched or desperate or forsaken, and seem to glory in it. As a rule these have no idea of helping themselves. Then there are those who make use of religious language. They know that after all church goers are as a rule the best givers. The writer in the New York Herald says :—

"Letters from certain foreign groups always have to be carefully investigated before any help is given. When we see a signature that indicates one of these particular nationalities we invariably set the letter aside. The reason is that these particular groups have huge families and are known for their clanishness and it is pretty safe to assume that there is some relative somewhere who could help if the circumstances really warranted it. Surprise visits to some of these homes have sometimes revealed the writers of the letters wearing diamonds and fur coats."

The same writer says of another class :—

"We are always wary when we are given a too careful enumeration of details as to the number of children, their ages and particular needs, and too explicit information as to just how to find the apartment or flat or rooms in which the family is living. This nearly always indicates that the writer 'knows the ropes,' and is depending upon charity instead of his own efforts.

"We look askance at letters that come in weeks before Christmas. They say the early bird gets the worm. But that is about all he does get in this instance. People who write early in November asking for a Christmas basket are obviously making little effort, if any, to better themselves."

Yet with all this there are many cases of real need, and it is only personal visitation that will enable those who would help to choose between the real and the fictitious.

Fair Play

THE little trick of the Express Companies in asking for increased rates when they knew the people were about to demand a great reduction, seems to us like a school-boy's dodge. It has evidently given some manufacturers of farm implements a cue for they, fearing the righteous indignation of the Western farmers and evidently fearing still more a change in customs, seem to have sent out a news item which appears in yesterday's press. The item is to the effect that the prices on farm implements must be raised from five to ten per cent or it will be necessary for the shops to close.

Let us go into this for just a minute. It is many years since the "National Policy" was inaugurated. It was urged as a policy on the ground that infant industries must be protected. Well, they have been protected for thirty years and yet according to the managers they cannot make things go. Surely this all proves that the management is bad, or that the facts of profit are concealed, or that the manufacture should never have been attempted in this country, or that cost of labor is excessive, or that the whole national policy is a delusion. More than that does it not put the country at the mercy of a few great captains of industry? They have been bonused for a time in order to get on their feet. If now the help they receive indirectly through customs is removed, how can new industries of the same kind ever thrive? They too must get on their feet before they can compete with concerns that have been built up at public expense. Does it not seem as if we were between the devil and the deep sea?

Let us look at the matter from another angle. It will be admitted that of all men the western farmer is today hit hardest of all. Because of railroad rates he cannot get anything for his produce, and because of these rates and the heavy tariff he has to pay double prices for everything he has to buy. It is no wonder there is discontent. It is a wonder that there is not a rebellion. If now the railway director says, "We must charge more because wages are so high," the Railway Commission will look wise and agree to the increase. If the manufacturer says "We cannot produce cheaply because wages are so high," an obedient Parliament will say "Then we must increase the tariff." And so in both cases the man on the farm has to pay the price.

Now there is only one remedy, if the farmer is to stay on the farm. The manufacturer must be satisfied with less profit and labor must be satisfied with lower wages. It is all a matter of adjustment. Clearly the western farmer is the under dog just now. If the bull-dogs of transportation and manufacture hold him by the throat any longer he will die. And then what? If the West doesn't get fair play there will be no West. If labor demands more than its share then there soon will be no labor to perform. Let us understand just where we are.

By today's press it seems that the implement dealers have actually increased their prices by ten per cent and more. As for the West there are only two courses open to the farmers. They will have to go out of business or else the duties and freight rates must be reduced so that implements may be obtained at reasonable prices. Because the people engaged in agriculture are righteously indignant, it is of course good tactics for eastern magnates to call them names. But this is not a time for display of tactics. The matter is too serious. The treatment of the West is brutally unjust, and the use of a few phrases such as "mixed farming," "too much speculation," "too much gasoline," will not explain matters away. The embargo in the form of duties and freight rates is more than the country can bear. It is not too late to save the situation. Parliament will meet in February.

THE COLONEL MAKES A PILGRIMAGE

A Love-story of Unusual Interest

By W. B. Turnbull

CES *femmes, bah! Toujours le même,* I assure you; always the same; charming, adorable, perhaps; *mais inexplicable.* On the word of Gaston de Ravelais, colonel of the Troisieme Cuirassiers—the same, monsieur, you may have noted so often in those admirable despatches—on the word, I say, of a colonel, inexplicable.

Sacristi! the follies we men make; shooting each other down like pigs in duels, running here and there in senseless efforts—and why, M'sieu? *Ah c'est drôle.* And here am I, moi, colonel du Troisieme Cuirassiers, retreating like *Le petit Caporal* from Moscow . . . . You ask why? I shall tell.

In Paris, M'sieu, commenced this deplorable *affaire.* I am on a very hurried *permission,* and as you are aware, M'sieu, such an one demands the utmost in leisure and comfort. I am sitting in my *salon,* the admirable Francois has departed and left within my reach some excellent Bourgogne, and I am about to philosophize, as one is apt on such occasions to do, when my niece, Marie Charmeigne, bursts into my reverie—not but she was welcome—and rushing to my presence, clings about my neck and touches lightly my cheeks. Ah, M'sieu, you see me smile. It is so with such memories, *n'est-ce pas? Chic, comme,* all les Parisiennes, with the small head, the so neat black hair, those sparkling eyes, and vivacious little smile about the red lips . . . . and *moi,* her uncle.

"Ha! *Mon brave,* ." she cries.

Always she talks like that, as to a *poilu,* and *moi,* a colonel—the chit.

"Ha, *mon brave!* How goes the war?"

"*Bien,*" I make rejoinder, "We make our conquests."

"So, *mon oncle,* and we also."

"Hein," I say, and sit up. One must always be alert with this Marie.

"*C'est vrai,* we make our conquests," she repeats slowly, and I can see now the rose mounting to her cheeks—adorable!

"Hah," I reply with quick perception, "sometimes we meet our conquests, *n'est-ce pas, chérie?*"

"I think . . . . . ." She hesitates like that M'sieu, for but a moment, and, then,

"Oh, *mon oncle,* I hope so."

Zut, that was the time, M'sieu, to dash the cold water, *n'est-ce pas?* And I sit and sit like any old fool, caressing the silky hair, and offering consoling words to the little baggage. After a time she recovers her composure, and then, *mon Dieu!* I remember I am colonel.

"This barbarian," I cry, "who is this one who comes to rob the nest, hein?"

"Barbarian, you say. *Vraiment,* at the war a true barbarian—a Canadian, *lui,* and oh, *mon oncle,* you should see the ribbons of the medals that Henri . . ."

"So," I say coldly, "I perceive it is the medals my Marie loves. So also with your old oncle, *n'est ce pas, petite?*" for I may state with all modesty, M'sieu, I have a great many.

"You old bear," she says, twisting playfully my moustachios "You like to frighten but you only amuse"—to me she said it, *moi,* the terror of the Troisieme. "But," she adds, "you will see my Henri, and then . . . . . ."

"My Henri," say I, "*Ma foi,* but you are sudden."

"Truly, *mon oncle,*" she says, "and why not? I have decided."

"Then it is done," I say, "but who is this Canadian you love? An *officier?*"

"*Un officier?* Oh no," she says, and scorn permeates her tone, "*un soldat.*"

"*Mon Dieu,*" I cry, "and you will marry *un soldat?*"

"Why not," she asks, "do they not win the war? And is he not the *beau garcon?* And then, *mon oncle*—the medals . . . . . ."

"*Eh bien,*" I say resignedly, "you astound me Marie with your amours. I shall see this *soldat.*"

"You will, often," says she. "As my husband you will see him at . . . . ."

"*Diable!*" I shout, for with these women one must appear forceful, and you will agree, M'sieu, the situation is difficult.

"Do you insist, you, de Ravelais, to marry this . . . . . this . . . miscreant? *Dieu!* I will disown you. Not a franc, Marie"—here I am very stern—"not a franc will I bestow on this grubbing Canadian. *Pas un sous.*"

Still, she is very cheerful.

"*Bravo, mon oncle.* It was for that my Henri hesitated."

"'Marie,' said he, 'I am poor; your uncle rich; it cannot be.'"

"Did I not say to him, 'trust the colonel. He will find the solution.'"

"*Sacristi!* is that so?"

And then, M'sieu, I turn the tables.

"Marie, you are my heiress. The young man will be disappointed . . . . . without doubt," I add. "*Mais,* long years it is promised. You are my heiress."

"So," she says, "it is a small affair. After my Henri hesitated we talked much about . . . . . about . . . . . ."

"Dovecotes," I remark, cynically.

"Of a sort," she smiles back.

Have I not mentioned her smile? M'sieu, at this point I am rent with turmoil. One cannot easily look into the smiling eyes of Marie and still remain a cynic. I reciprocate the smile, and in a moment she perceives her advantage, and again she kisses the cheeks of her old uncle. And then, M'sieu—how unaccountable are the ways of women—she breaks into tears. M'sieu, I am undone. I speak soft, soothing words—how *drôle* for a colonel de Cuirassiers—and in a moment it is out.

"Oh, *mon oncle,* we are married," she says.

"*Mon Dieu!*" What a shock. I cannot speak. I reach for the Bourgogne—twice I reach for the Bourgogne, before I speak.

"So," I say, "it is done."

"And well done, too," adds my niece, smiling through her tears, "by *l'Evêque* at St. Stephens."

"Without my permission," I continue abstractedly.

"Oh, papa"—sometimes she calls me papa—"when you are charging on the Chemin des Dames—and you speak of permission."

"And you cannot wait for . . . . ."

"Love never waits," she returns simply, "and can you not see I . . . . I . . . ."

She does not finish her remark but again looks up. She has fallen into a charming posture at my footstool, you will understand, M'sieu, and as I say, she looks up, her swimming eyes smiling brightly.

"Can you not forgive your *petite* niece?"

Were he as black as the Zouaves, who as you know are very black, coming as they do from Africa—were he the blackest, I should forgive my little Marie. And so I tell her now.

"And," I say, "Has he not many medals, this fellow . . . your husband?" I add, for she is a little spitfire, this Marie.

"His breast is like the flame, there," she points to the vari-colored grate.

"*Bien,*" I say, "perhaps it is not so bad."

"Then you agree?" she says, again smiling.

"*Diable!*" I rejoin, "Can I disagree?"

"*Allons,*" she says, "you are not a bear. You are my own brave uncle."

Mon Dieu! how she is happy now. How she caresses the gray hair.

"You will come perhaps and see my husband," she continues, "now *possible.*"

"No, no," I shout, "Enough of this trouble. *Diable!* am I not on *permission?* Go to your husband."

"What a sour man," I hear her mutter as she retreats to the door. It is but the tongue, M'sieu; the heart is singing. She has gained the door. She stops. She smiles.

"Those medals, *mon oncle,* he has not so many as you."

"Well," I say fiercely as I again reach for the Bourgogne, "it was not to be expected."

"Oh, la, la," she laughs "*mais* you are *agréable.*" *Mon Dieu,* it is so, I think.

"Then you agree?" She says, again smiling.

THE next day I go with my niece to the hospital where she insists on working as nurse, and I see this young man, her husband. It is truly a terrible situation, *n'cest-ce pas?* I know scarcely what to expect. Yet I am the judge. I stand very straight, M'sieu, and measure Henri with the cold eye. It is not so ill as at first I feared. Tall, resolute, and bronzed with many years exposure to wind and rains; he is a man. Still as a soldier, M'sieu—you must understand on *permission* one wears his medals—as a soldier he offered but a poor comparison to myself.

I say this in all modesty, M'sieu. He is in the uniform of the convalescent and

he comes forward with utter *sangfroid*, and grasps my hand with terrible fervor.

"Very pleased to meet you, colonel," says this brigand, smiling, as Marie presents him to me proudly.

"Yes," I say, somewhat coldly, "It is an honor, truly."

"As an uncle of Marie, doubly so," says he and he smiles again.

Diable! I cannot resist a smile. Before I am aware we are talking of the campaigns and actions. For a *soldat* he knows much, this young man, of the ways of the army. He speaks not of Marie, but I can see he watches, *toujours*, her movements, as she busies herself about the room. A long time we chat, and I am about to make my *depart*, when I remember the medals.

"*Allons*, Marie, where are these ribbons of which you brag?"

"*Voila!*" she cries, and throwing here and there a great pile of papers and books she finally brings to light his tunic which lay under this great pile upon the floor. Think of that, M'sieu, *un soldat!*

"*Voila*," she repeats proudly, holding up the disordered garment that I may see the ribbons.

"*Bien*," I say, as I survey the lot. "It is enough, he will do."

WELL, M'sieu, I return to the war, and after a time I get a letter. It is arranged. He is to be relieved from the army, to return to his own country.

"I shall go with him to my new home," writes *ma pauvre petite*.

Ah, it is sad, *n'est ce pas*, M'sieu? So far from her friends. And then another letter and they are gone. Then it is finished, the war, and *les Boches* are defeated, for the moment, and I sit alone, just François *et moi*. No longer the Bourgogne tastes good.

"It is bitter, François," I make complaint.

"It is the same, *mon colonel*," he answers.

"It is bitter," I say.

"It is but the thought, *mon colonel. Moi, aussi*, the beer is sour."

"You miss her too, François?"

"*Mais oui*," he says sadly, and adds "*C'etait la guerre.*"

Mon Dieu! how we brood, François *et moi*. Truly we are but bears. No longer the light enters the house. *Sacristi*, it is dull.

"François," I say, "I must go to her. I must see my little Marie. Perhaps I can help."

Many times do I speak so with François, and at last it is decided. I am to go. Also I have the plan. I need the strong manager for the business in Paris. I shall intrigue this Henri. He shall be my manager. I shall be careful, for the young man has a pride *comme le Diable*. But they must come back.

It is *drôle*, M'sieu, to see François pack *mes malles*. One must get everything of the house into three trunks.

"Be simple, François," I say, "Just a thing or two," I advise.

"*C'est ça*. It is so," says he.

"It is finished. Just two more uniforms for the trunk there."

"*Mon Dieu*," I say lifting with the hand a trunk, "but it is heavy like an army pack."

"*Tant mieux*," responds the old brigand, his face very long, "they call Canada the dry country."

"*Comment?*" I ask.

"Ha! *pas de* Bourgogne in Canada. They have the prohibition."

Mon Dieu, M'sieu, almost I decide to stay at home. But then I think of Marie, and I must go.

I shall not tire you, M'sieu, with the trials and joys of the boat. Like the others I suffer the *mal-de-mer*—I wish for François and the solid, dusty *pavé* of Paris. Some money, too, I lose on the log *n'est-ce pas*, and at last I crowd in the bow and descry the land ahead. And then we sail your majestic river. *Mon Dieu!* how it is beautiful, the dancing silver on the wide waters, the velvety sheen of the shores. It is to France belongs the glory of the mighty St. Lawrence, is it not? I am very proud, M'sieu. Now we are at the dock; I stand with the crowd and watch the waving mass of color awaiting us. Now we are off. The search of our trunks is to be made. They are inspected with admirable indiscretion; it is but a cursory glance cast at my many layers of apparel. Still it is very trying. I stand very straight and stern before the officers of revenue. I may confess, M'sieu, my knees are shaking for my Bourgogne. No matter, it is safe. After, it is the train; by the rocks and lakes and everywhere the burned trees, *c'est triste, ca*, the noble trees. Over the widening prairies, golden grain waving off into distant miles, now shaded, now shining in the bright sunshine; broken here and there by the cut lanes of the machines, for it is the Autumn, M'sieu, when I arrive. Now I am at my destination. I stand on some boards by the train, my trunks are discharged with indecent haste; the bell rings; the train starts, pulls away, disappears in the flat distance. I ask a man for the address of Monsieur Henri Brant.

"Harry Brant?" he returns, "he's up north, but thirty miles. You can get up with the mail in the morning."

"*Merci*, M'sieu," I thank him.

"San fairy anne," says he and smiles broadly.

"Pardon," I say, "I do not understand."

"No," he says, "that's funny, it's French."

"So," I reply, "I do not understand."

We go, this fellow and I, to my hotel. *Mon Dieu*, shall I describe the night! Shall I tell how I am tortured, bitten a million times, driven to the verge of insanity? *Mais non*. Not a word. Fleas, M'sieu, I abhor them.

In the morning, M'sieu, we take the road. All day my friend talks; talks of some war fought long years ago in South Africa. *Mon Dieu*, to a real soldier they are strange words. I say nothing, I watch the country. It is different here. Great rolling hills, wooded here and there, stretch out before us. All day we bump over the rough trail, and at dusk we are there. *Sacristi*; what a desolation it is in the dusk of twilight. I survey the place. All about are buildings of logs; which is the house I am unable to know.

But here is Henri to welcome me. *Mon Dieu*, how he is surprised. And scarcely am I on the ground when Marie is in my arms. How she does hug and kiss the old uncle. "Oh, *le bon Dieu*," she cries as she stands back and eyes me with delight.

"You have come to me."

"*Sacristi*," I reply, "am I not here?"

Again, M'sieu, she welcomes me. Ah, she is warm hearted, this Marie.

"*Ma foi*," I say, "now I am quite here. And also, petite, I bring the good appetite."

"*Gourmand*," she cries, and runs at once to the house. We turn, Henri and I, to see about the trunks. I see the young man smell. I do the same. My Bourgogne. It is lost. It is thrown to the ground.

"*Gamin*," I shout. I am frenzied. Oh, M'sieu, how I wish for the reverent hands of François. It is lost. *Mon Dieu!* the tragedy of this world.

AGAIN appears Marie.

"Come in," says she, "the feast awaits."

We enter. Ah, M'sieu, it is drab. You cannot know the appearance of such a house. I see a stove, a table, some chairs of home make. The walls are hung with *des choses* of the forest; snowshoes, rifle, odds and ends of harness and traps, mackinaws, and such other things as winter demands. As my eyes become accustomed to the dimness I see, also, on the wall a calendar, and an illustration from *La Vie Parisienne*.

"Ha, Kirchner," I say.

It is a relief, M'sieu, to recognize a familiar thing, *n'est-ce pas?* It is a beautiful young girl who captivates the heart of an elderly gentleman. She is Parisienne.

"Yep," says Henri, "that's what Marie did to me in Paris."

"Ah," sighs Marie, "it is of Paris .. ..Paris."

WELL, M'sieu, the days pass. Always I am in the woods with the gun. *Mon Dieu*, how the birds fall. It is very pleasant. True the comforts are not here, but for a soldier, an old soldier, you will understand, it is very pleasant. The leaves have fallen from the trees and crunch under one's feet as one stalks the game—still the birds fall. I do not yet make known my plan. I am the visitor. I shall watch and wait. Perhaps the good moment will come when I can tell all.

Sometimes, too, I walk with Henri. He is a *beau garçon*, this Henri. He talks much of his love for Marie.

"I was wrong, colonel, wrong, wrong to bring her here," he says, "But she is brave," he adds.

"*Mais oui*," I say, "she is de Ravelais."

And then he tells of his ambition. He loves this country. He tells of his old home in Ontario, how his father works many years to gain a few scattered fields from the forest; of his mother who works all day by her husband, cleaning, clearing, building.

"She was a brave wee woman," he says kindly.

"*Ma foi*, but it is true," I agree.

"I love the work," he says, "it is a man's work. But for Marie it is too much."

"*C'est vrai*," I agree, "it is a great deal."

"It is the winter," he continues, "I fear the winter. To me it is a joy; the snapping cold, the trapping—I enjoy it all. I am afraid it will prove a tragedy for Marie."

We are interrupted by the whirr of some chicken and the explosion of my gun. Henri goes forward and picks up birds. "*Sacristi!*" I mutter, "but it is pleasant in the Autumn." And so it goes, M'sieu. I do not tell Henri of my business in France. It is not the time.

Also I speak with Marie. It is of Paris we speak, M'sieu, of the spacious boulevardes, with the inviting tables in summer; the cosy little cafes in winter. From that it is but a step to the restaurant of Madame Coutrai in the Rue de la Concord. She tells me—it is to her old uncle, M'sieu, you will understand—she tells me of the events in Madame Coutrai's how Henri doubts when he thinks of the hardships, how he hesitates when he thinks of the loneliness of the west.

"It was I who caused it all," she says. "'Will I not have you there, Mon Henri?' I asked of him. Ah, *mon oncle*, I am very brave in that little restaurant."

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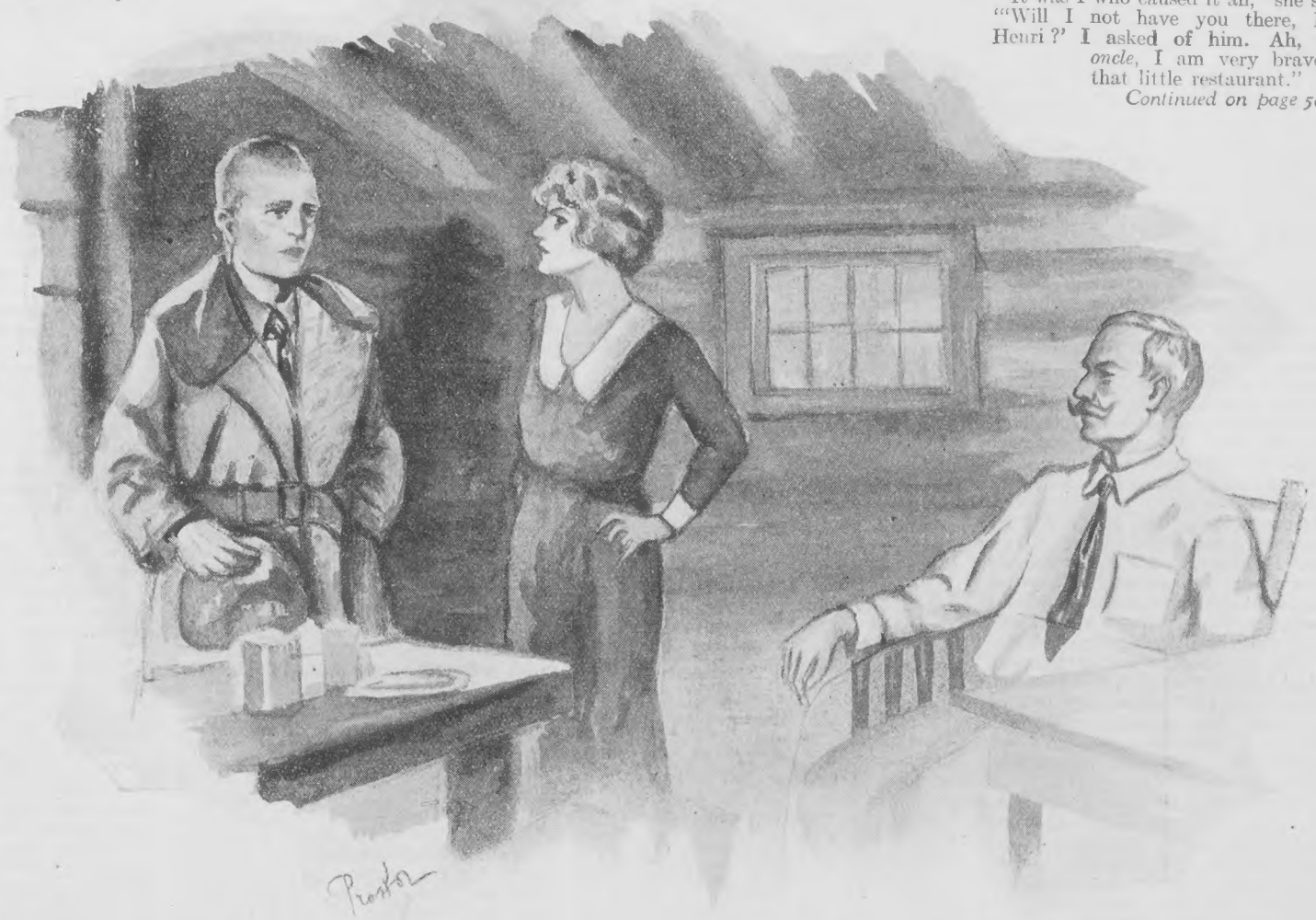

Now she faces her husband. She is much excited.

SPURIOUS DIAMONDS

By Dean Keats

"WHAT shall it profit a man.....?" Romance in business? Why, of course there is. Some of the long-buried secrets within our far-famed and almost-sacred business houses would, if related to you, make you hunch your knees up, get your nose down into this magazine and, when you had finished, make you holler "More! More! Encore!"

Let me relate to you the story of Henry Rigor.

"Rigor's," the big jewellery store on a down-town corner of Main Street, was, and is, the show place of a large city. The jewellery in the show-windows would ransom ten kings. The interior of the store from the street gives the impression of luxurious service within. You are courteously shown everything you wish to see without being asked to make a purchase. When you enter the portals of "Rigor's" you are for the time being their guest; you are allowed to forget that you are in a commercial institution.

Henry Rigor was proud of his business. He had been twenty years building it up, and he felt that its stability represented his character. And so it did. For twenty years he had been honest and sold honest goods. The name "Rigor's" on a jewel case was just as real a guarantee as "Sterling" stamped on silver. His semi-yearly, beautifully-colored catalogues brought orders from all parts of the country. The name "Rigor's" on the jewel case of a gift gave a romantic air to the proceeding—as though, well, as though the king of England had signed his name as to the quality of the gift within.

Henry Rigor had become wealthy through the growth and success of his business. That is, comparatively so. He had a clear reserve capital of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars above everything that he owed. He maintained what he laughingly called a "gold standard" system of finance. He usually owed bills which equalled the value of his stock. To off-set this he kept two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of Victory Bonds, which he owned outright, in the huge burglar-proof vault at the rear of the store.

One morning Henry Rigor discovered that these Victory Bonds were missing. Two other men besides himself knew the combination of the vault—his brother James, whom he had made a junior partner two years previously, and his head clerk, Richard Peel. It was Peel's duty each night to see that all the valuable jewellery in the store went into the vault for safe-keeping, and in the morning, to check it out again.

Richard Peel had been Rigor's head clerk for ten years. Henry Rigor had become acquainted with Peel while on a buying trip to England. He had "discovered" Peel in a wholesale house, working for a small salary. He liked Peel's appearance. He was tall, good-looking, well-dressed, with a strong, clear, handsome face that marked him as a man of character and a leader of men. Rigor had liked him so well that he had offered him a lucrative salary to come back with him to Canada and enter his service. He had found Peel to be everything that he needed for a confidential man and soon afterward made him his head clerk. He had filled that position satisfactorily for nearly ten years. When Rigor discovered that the Victory Bonds were missing, he could not believe that Richard Peel was the thief.

There remained, then, his brother Jim. Jim was an opposite in character to Henry Rigor. He was tall, fair, a favorite with the women and more or less a society man. He liked a "good time," and had it. He was ten years younger than Henry, and his only brother. Henry had loved him from the time he was a "wee kid," and had helped to spoil him. Two years previously he had taken Jim into the firm, giving him a small partnership, without any investment on Jim's part, thinking that some small responsibility might steady his brother.

Jim was missing from his duties at the store the day Henry Rigor discovered that the bonds had disappeared. Nor did he turn up the following day. Henry kept his loss to himself and did not notify the police. He made enquiries for his brother everywhere, phoned all those whom he thought of as friends of his brother, but could find no trace of him.

On the morning of the third day, as Henry was having breakfast in his home, the butler answered the phone as it tinkled in the library, came to the door of the dining-room and said:

"Beg pardon, sir; h'its someone h'asking for you."

Henry Rigor rose from the table, went into the library, picked up the phone with trembling hand, and said:

"Hello!"

"This is chief of police Cullahan," came the reply. "Your brother has just been discovered in the room of a downtown hotel. A shot was heard and when the help rushed into the room they found your brother was dead. A note on the dressing table which he had evidently written, says that he committed suicide."

"God help me!" Henry said, and hung up the receiver. He staggered and fell into a nearby chair. White, horror-stricken, it was some time before he was able to rise.

Later, when he opened the morning mail, he found a note from his brother, which read:

The March of the Moose

Probably the most remarkable picture ever taken of this shy, wary wild animal, so keen of smell; snapped by the forest ranger T. W. Brewer in the wilds of northern British Columbia recently. In winter moose band together for defense against wolves and tramp down deep snow into level yards where they can feed comfortably off tree shoots, dry leaves and bark, and ward off attacks. The animals were probably in search of good quarters when this unique picture was taken. Moose are still plentiful in northern British Columbia.

"Dear Old Henry:—I took the bonds, old boy. I didn't intend to rob you, only wanted to use them as security for a loan to play a sure tip that I had on the stock-market. I was held up and robbed of the bonds by a gun-man soon after I left the store at midnight; never had a chance to use them. I can't face you again. I'm not fit to live when I would commit such a dastardly trick in return for your love and trust. So I'm going out. I'll be gone when you get this. Good-bye, old man; try and forgive me.—Jim."

To protect his own and his brother's name, Henry suppressed this note. He watched it burn to a blackened crisp in the fireplace, then smashed the ashes with the fire-iron. His brother's death was blazoned forth in the daily papers as the suicide of a well-known society man and man-about-town. But other than the disgrace of self-inflicted death, no stigma was attached to the name of Rigor.

Henry Rigor faced ruin. His reserve capital of a quarter of a million was gone. He owed more than the amount of his stock on hand. Unless he could quickly retrieve his fortune, he would be bankrupt.

AS RIGOR pondered over this he realized that unless something were done quickly, twenty years of work and the wonderful name of "Rigor's" would crumble to nothing. It is not easy to part with that which has been carefully built up by your own energy and brains over so long a period of your life. Henry Rigor loved his business. He had put so much of himself into it that it was part of himself. He worried over the loss of his capital until something slipped in his brain and he conceived a plan. He thought this plan out until he believed he had it perfected, then he called Richard Peel into his private office.

"Dick," he said, "Dick, I'm ruined. Jim stole a quarter of a million in Victory Bonds from the vault and had them restolen from him before he died. That quarter of a million was my entire reserve capital. We're ruined."

"Never, Mr. Roger! Surely the business can be financed somehow?"

"Can't be done, Dick. It's too big to handle without plenty of ready capital."

"Wouldn't the banks help you?"

"I wouldn't ask them. I would rather quit. To ask and explain would mean the loss of our prestige."

"But surely—?"

"Dick," Henry Rigor interrupted, "I have a plan, and if you will help me, I believe we can save the business."

"If I can help, I will," Richard Peel said quietly.

"Would you help if the plan were just a trifle.....shady?"

"Oh, you wouldn't suggest that, Mr. Rigor."

"I might if the business which I have spent twenty years in building up were at stake!"

"But you have never been known to do a single dishonest thing in your whole life."

"It is true, I haven't. But that's just the reason we can put this over!"

"Well, if I can help you, I will. You are risking more than I am."

"I knew you would put the business before yourself, Dick. Here's the plan. We do a tremendous mail-order business. The quality of the jewellery we send out is unquestioned because of the standing of our name. Orders come in daily from all parts of the country for engagement rings. These are mostly single stone diamonds. A young man in love never questions the quality of the ring he purchases, neither does the girl who receives it. It is only one chance in a million that an engagement ring would reach a pawn-shop or anywhere else where the stone would be examined by an expert. Our mail orders for these rings average two thousand dollars a day. If we substitute imitation for the genuine diamonds, using the regular gold ring and setting, we can pile up an enormous profit and retrieve our capital in less than a year. What do you think of it?"

"I believe it would work, and I don't see why we should ever be discovered."

"Then you will help me?"

"I would commit anything short of murder to help either you or the business."

"Right. Then you start in tomorrow and take entire charge of the mail-orders yourself. Substitute the Rika imitation stones for the genuine in each engagement ring that goes out. Come back at night and alter the rings which are to be sent out the following day; it will take you only a few minutes. Keep a private record as to where you send each ring. Start the plan tomorrow, and report the profits to me at the end of each month."

"Very well, Mr. Rigor."

Peel's report at the end of the first month showed that they had cleared forty-nine thousand five hundred dollars. At the end of the second month the total was within a few cents of seventy-five thousand dollars. The third month there was a sudden jump and the total profit was close to one hundred and forty thousand dollars. The fifth and sixth months brought the total to two hundred thousand.

While these profits were piling up Henry Rigor became a changed man. Before the incident of the stolen bonds he had been a hearty, ruddy-faced, rather corpulent man with a face that beamed with good cheer. Gradually a change came over him. He lost color. His cheeks hung in loose folds of flesh. His body lost its firmness, and where before he had walked, now he shambled. He looked no man in the eye. People remarked the change, and said that he was failing, that old age was creeping on him.

Not old age but remorse was eating at the heart of Henry Rigor. When a man is honest for forty years, and then suddenly becomes dishonest, the resulting change in character is so great that it will wreck the strongest man and ruin his health. Henry Rigor discovered that he could not eat, could not sleep. He was tortured with dreams at night, his mind was never at rest during the day. He no longer found his business life a pleasure. For the first time in his life he knew the meaning of fear, and fear is a deadly killer. He was afraid to face his customers.....afraid to open his mail.

He was eternally tortured by the thought that at any moment the fraud might be discovered, and the great name of "Rigor's" would be destroyed. He realized that he was a fraud, a cheat, and that in saving the business he had lost its soul, and his own as well, which after all is the same thing, when a man is part of his business.

ONE morning when he was in his private office the telephone on his desk buzzed. He answered. Chief Cullahan's voice came over the wire.

"Hello! Hello! Is that you, Rigor?"

"Yes."

"This is chief of police Cullahan. Just had word from the New York police that they had captured and killed a gun-man by the name of Track Smith in his own home. They discovered a quarter of a million in Victory Bonds in your name, hidden away in the floor. Evidently been stolen from you, and the gun-man was afraid to use them as he could be traced through the serial numbers. They will be sending them along by express tomorrow. Can you prove the bonds by the serial numbers?"

"Yes, thanks chief. I have a record of the serial numbers and the amounts of each bond on file in the bank. I can prove my property when it arrives. And say, chief, keep it mum that these bonds were stolen, will you? I'll see you later."

"Sure. All right, Mr. Rigor."

Rigor rang for his head clerk, Richard Peel. When he came in, he said to him:

"Dick, I've just had word that the Victory Bonds have been discovered by the New York police, untouched and unharmed. They will be returned tomorrow. Dick, this diamond deal has nearly driven me out of my mind. I've suffered so much from remorse that I'm near a nervous breakdown. You have a record of the names and addresses of the purchasers of every imitation stone you have sent out, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Then let's start calling them in on any excuse that we can think of that will not ruin the name of the firm, and replace them with genuine stones."

Richard Peel stood silent.

"Did you hear me, Dick?" asked Rigor.

Suddenly a body-wrenching dry sob broke from Peel. Rigor stared at him in astonishment.

"What's the matter? What's the matter, Dick?" he asked, going around his desk to the chair where Richard Peel had dropped and putting his arm around his shoulder.

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TYRANT OF THE WILD

By R. A. Belmont

CROUCHED behind a protecting shrub on the bank of the lake, not a hair on her tawny body moved, and, except for an infrequent blinking of her sharp eyes, she might have been some lifeless object, blending in as she did with the leaves and grass by her side. So she stayed—patient as no human can be—hour after hour, waiting.

At last, with a dexterity so perfect that it was pretty to behold, she suddenly came to life. She shot up, straightened out, curved down, and struck the ground headforemost, all so swiftly that to an observer it would have seemed but a single motion. She lay there, possibly a scant dozen or so seconds. She straightened up, and between her powerful and wicked jaws a rabbit was wriggling. She expertly switched her hold, sank her fangs into his neck, and mercifully stilled life. Then, for a moment, she regarded her prize with righteous vanity, for she had waited long for a large specimen.

Presently, her perusal finished, she started to reach down and carry her burden to the two hungry little mouths that she must feed; but perhaps the powers of the wild had ordained that such was not to be. Anyway, there came a snarl, a crackling of brush, a swish in the air, and a big, blazing-eyed panther launched himself out at the lynx and her quarry. He, too, wily beast, had hidden himself behind her while he calmly waited for another to do his work. Decidedly, on such a warm and pleasant spring day as this, it was by far the easiest way.

The attack came unexpectedly to the lynx, but the dwellers of the woods are always waiting and ready for just that. Some instinct warned the mother, and when the panther landed she was a good ten feet away. With madly smoldering eyes, she watched him scornfully devour the rabbit. For an instant, it seemed as if she might attack him—worry him with her lightning like assaults and vicious nips. She knew, however, that she could do no good—or no harm. Besides, the day was getting late, and her young were getting hungrier. And so, with a last, vindictive glance at him, she loped off along the lake edge in search of another hunting ground.

Down the bank of the lake for a hundred yards or so she went, in full view of the triumphant panther. Then, cutting off into the trees, she doubled in her tracks, raced back for a good quarter of a mile, and took up her vigil at some distance above the spot she had last selected. There she was left in peace, carefully hidden, to wait for another rabbit. Her brain, though strictly set upon the business at hand, was, nevertheless, raging with a fierce and almost insane anger. It was an anger, a resentment, born of just such tryannical episodes as had occurred a few minutes previously. Not one, or just a few, but dozens and dozens of them, scattered over the last long year.

Indeed, since the advent of the feline into this region of well-stocked woods, her life had been a hard one, and so, too, had the lives of countless other of the smaller inhabitants. His system was an excellent one—for himself, that is. He followed the maxim of allowing another to do his work. He stalked them like the master he was, and sprang in at the exact moment the kill was made. Aside from its ease, he seemed to enjoy the sheer irony of it. Such must have been so, for often he followed a trail that would yield only a morsel. He had the innate heart of the bully and despot, perhaps.

But the mother lynx, this warm spring afternoon, decided that she had had about enough; decided that some way, somehow, his reign must be ended. To cope with him in open combat was, of course, insanity. True, she could worry him and inflict annoying wounds with her marvelous speed and brain and dexterity, but what, after all, would that benefit her? She thought of it for long, until the great golden ball of sun sank to the fir tops.

Then, with a further narrowing of her eyes, she wrinkled her nose with what must have been satisfaction. Shortly after that, she made her arrow-like spring, caught her rabbit, and successfully bore it home to her young to think out her campaign at ease.

It was no simple scheme that the game lynx mapped out for herself, for it must be remembered that she had, as well, the sole care of her beloved young. Before sun-up the next morning she covered the two steep miles of tortuous trail to the panther's lair, and was securely in hiding while he was still slumbering comfortably. Close to an hour she waited for him to make his appearance. When he did so, yawning and stretching and blinking his eyes, her heart pounded faster with a deep and implacable hatred. Nevertheless, she bided her time, and, when he sauntered confidently and arrogantly off in quest of the morning meal, the mother lynx was following him at a safe and silent distance.

This morning, apparently, the panther had some definite project in view. He kept to what seemed a well-known course, not troubling himself very much to search for anything on the road. Of course he was always ready, always glancing this way or that; but he did not bother himself to any extent.

The lynx was puzzled; she did not quite fathom what was in his mind. Still, that was the game, that was what her business was to find out. On and on he went, over to where the trees were growing thickest. She allowed herself a mental calculation then. The partridges were plentiful over there; they had a habit of snuggling under the leaves and dead branches.

The lynx had judged rightly. Nearing the heavy-foliaged grove, the big cat slowed down in his progress. He crouched and flattened his ears and narrowed his eyes and took on the attitude of the perfect hunter that he was. Not the faintest, slightest vestige of a sound did he make with his big, well-padded paws, and his every nerve was intently aquiver.

Up and up crept the panther; up and up followed the lynx; and still a pair of fat, plump partridges scratched lazily and unsuspectingly on. Then, when not more than the distance of a full leap away, the hungry feline stepped back from behind his tree and pulled back for the spring. At that instant, however, there was a penetrating snarl of warning, a thin, tawny form cutting through the air, and the landing of the triumphant lynx not a foot away from the birds. Then things happened quickly. There was an excited clutter and fuss as the winged pair fluttered off; a harrowing roar as the panther made his attack; and the lightning-like leap as the mother lynx cooly got from under.

When it was over, the birds were far away, safely perched on some out-of-reach limb, the lynx was standing there with eyes of vindictive hate, and the panther was glaring at her with a baffled rage that was terrible to behold. For a time he just stared at her, barely able to believe that such a comparatively insignificant creature should dare to annoy him. At last the thought was too much for him, and with an ear-splitting roar he launched himself upon her. When he struck the earth, however, she was not there; indeed, she was not even in sight. Therefore, after a few more growls and a bit of searching, he concluded that he had undoubtedly frightened her off. Still raging, but quite sure that the unaccountable happening would not occur again, he continued on the hunt.

His next visit, being hungry and not caring by any chance to miss, was down by the lake. There, practically untouched as it was by the hands of man, rabbits were prolific. There followed a repetition of what happened yesterday afternoon. He stalked a waiting lynx, comfortably hid himself, and brazenly bided his time until she should make her kill. At last it came; the arrowlike spring, there came with it, though, something that had not come yesterday.

As the rabbit-catching lynx started along the bank and the panther settled for the spring, the tormentor who had already foiled him with the birds suddenly made her appearance. With a high shriek of warning, she again cleaved the air and struck the earth just ahead of him. Shocked and surprised, the lynx with the rabbit gave the scene a hasty glance, saw the danger that had been so near her, and very swiftly and sensibly took tree. Again the feline looked, wide-eyed and raging, at the mother lynx, and again he hurled his muscular body out for her with a thunderous roar. Once more, however, she was not there when he landed. As previously, she was thoroughly effaced from the landscape, so far as he was concerned.

And so it kept up the entire day. Four times more did the persistent lynx warn the panther's quarry—a rabbit that was nearly in his paws; another unaware partridge; and lastly as small a morsel as two red squirrels. Each time was the same—her warning rush coming at the moment victory seemed sure to him. And at last, tired, baffled, his brain a ghastly and blinded muddle, she openly trailed him back to his cave on the mountainside. Then, as the sun was sinking, the brave warrior returned to her home. Work was still to be done—the feeding of her offspring.

Every day after that the mother lynx was out before dawn. By sunrise she had fed her young, filled her own stomach, and was ready waiting before the panther's cave by the time he sallied forth. It developed into a battle of nerves against nerves, of brain against brain, of staying power against staying power.

For a long, tedious, wearing month the panther stood it; and then, one night after a particularly hard day, he left his cave. He travelled higher up the mountains—almost to the top—and took up his quarters in a long-deserted lair. He tried to make himself believe that it was not on account of the lynx, but because he felt in need of some sort of a change anyway. However, though he slept comfortably and was out earlier than usual to try the other side of the range, he found on his first attack—a big and luscious looking rabbit—that the vengeful, intrepid mother lynx was there with her warning. She had followed his track—carefully as he had tried to hide it—and was in the thick of the battle even more heartily than before.

The big cat, one morning, was eagerly waiting in a runway. He was not the watcher of a scant two months ago; now, although perfectly poised and noiseless, there was a tremor going through his body and a continual shifting of his eyes. It was an auspicious occasion. All day before and all through the night, he had found nothing to eat. A doe and a fawn had used this runway to the water hole, and he was fairly sure that they would return to it soon, at least some time during the day. Also, for the first time, he had failed to catch sight of the terrifying lynx. True, he had not essayed any kills that morning; nevertheless, she had been showing herself lately even when he had not been on the hunt. Was it possible that she was tiring, that something had happened to her? He licked his jowls expectantly.

He did not have to wait overlong. Presently, down beyond the turn in the runway, his sharp ears detected the mincing tread of the doe and her offspring. His body tautened, pulled back, as he tried to still the tremble in it. Still the quarry came on, and nervously he glanced around for some sight or sign of the lynx. He found none, and hope ran high. Then, as they still came on and on, hope changed to certainty. Once more he licked at his jowls; already he could taste the warm flesh. It was his surely,

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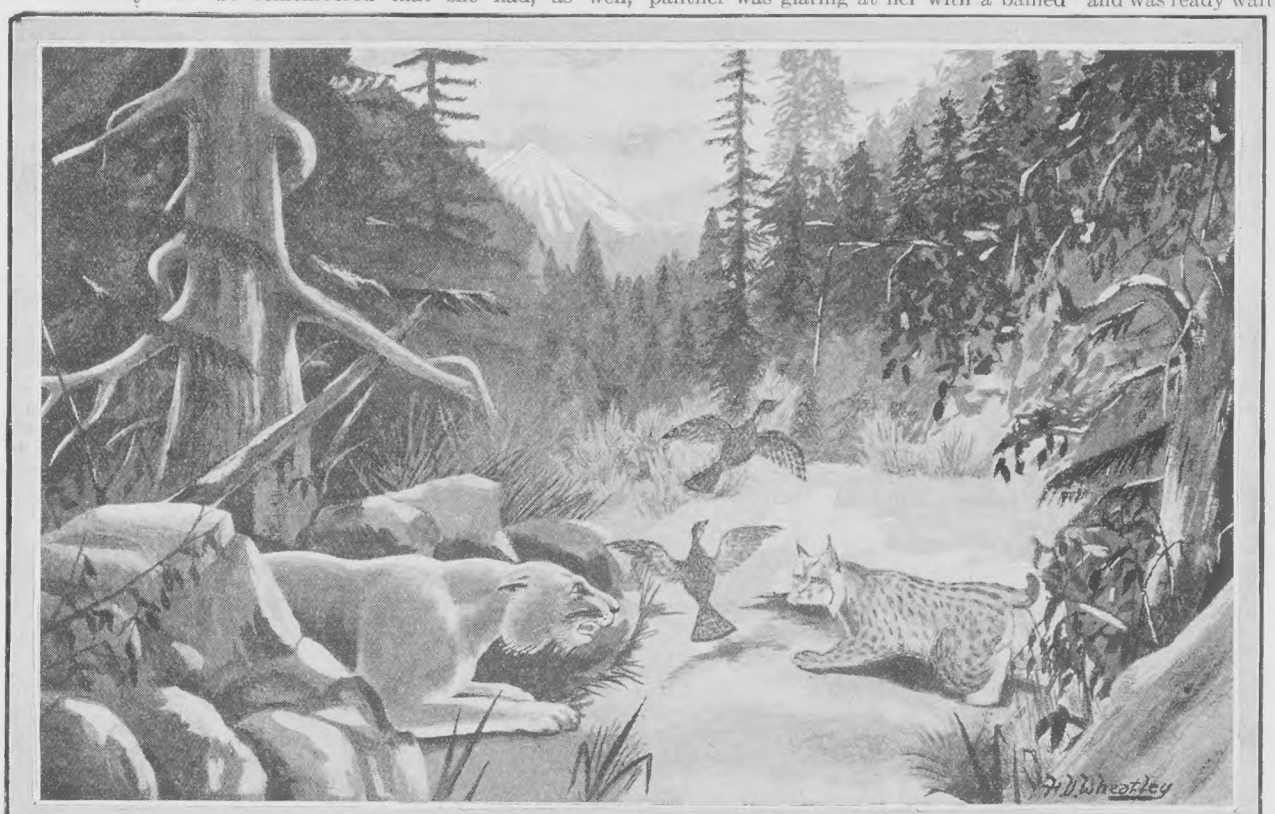

There was an excited clutter and fuss as the winged pair fluttered off; a harrowing roar as the panther made his attack.

Umingmuk

King of the Barrens

Illustrated by Andre' Robert

by Francis Dickie

A serial story of animal life in British Columbia. full of interest, wonder and romance.

Summary of Preceding Chapters

LATE in the brilliant spring of the Arctic Barrens in 1910 were born Umingmuk and Muktu, the unusual offspring of Omu, the mother musk-ox —unusual, because a musk-ox rarely has twin calves. But strong and healthy they both were, and early in life began in friendly rivalry the game of "defend the rock," a daily miniature battle on the sloping sides of an igloo-shaped rock, rough and difficult of ascension. Umingmuk, by reason of his larger size and greater weight, usually proved victorious and soon displayed the qualities of initiative and leadership to a very particular degree.

Mr. Buffalo Smith, lean and tall, dark, hardy and muscular, had captured wild animals in every part of the world, and his latest undertaking had been to trap several musk-oxen for a Zoological Garden in London, England. Two years previous to the birth of the twin calves on the banks of the Arkilinik River, after many hardships, weary days of hunting and great expense, six of the animals were captured with the aid of his twenty Indian helpers. The long and difficult route back to civilization was nearly completed when the great disaster occurred. The wily Indians, fearing that the display of these hairy dwellers of the barrens in the outside world would bring multitudes of white men to ruin their hunting grounds, had slashed the throats of the captives and vanished in the night. Eagerly had they accepted the white man's offer of a dollar and a half a day with grub and tobacco for the sixteen weeks of their employment; and then with the work done and no prospects of further wages, they had treacherously killed the musk-oxen, thus effectually preventing their hunting grounds being advertised. Heartbroken and bitter was Buffalo Smith, who had always treated every man fairly, but he was still resolved to succeed. It was necessary for him to return to civilization for further funds, for so great was his reputation, and so high the price paid for his unusual specimens, that many wealthy men were willing to furnish him with means for his undertakings. The following year Buffalo Smith commenced his journey back to the Barrens by a different route, and this time he hired as his assistants the more reliable and conscientious Eskimos, with their families. Early in the summer of 1912, the party, consisting of fifty-two men, forty-eight women, and twenty-three boys and girls between the ages of twelve and sixteen, began in earnest the difficult task of rounding up the musk-oxen alive.

* * *

Chapter III

Umingmuk Stands Alone

MUSK-OXEN when undisturbed are much given to remaining in the locality, seldom wandering far. So Umingmuk and Muktu lived on in a little world a square mile in extent, bounded on the south by the Arkilinik River, on the other three sides by the rolling Barren. Of the Barren they knew only that square mile of territory, in which, ever since the calves could remember, had also grazed an old bull and a yearling heifer. Then in the last days of July there came six more full grown oxen,—five cows, each with a calf and a young bull. The newcomers fed quite close to Omu and her offspring, though at night seeking shelter in a clump of spruce a short distance farther down the river, in company with the old bull and the yearling heifer.

On the day of the newcomers' appearance, Umingmuk and Muktu held aloof from the other calves. With the passing of the forenoon of the second day, curiosity and an inherent herd-instinct moved them to make tentative overtures.

As always Umingmuk was the leader. With Muktu a few feet behind, he walked slowly toward where two of the calves were lying down. They rose at his approach. Slightly finer of build were they than he, an indication of their feminine nature.

Head erect, and manner lordly, Umingmuk marched to within a foot of them, and sniffed appraisingly. Before he could make further overtures of friendship, both calves about faced suddenly; with inch-long tails erect, galloped away with clumsy bobbing, for all the world-like shaggy rocking horses; and, as if feeling safety lay in numbers, joined the other three calves gravely engaged, some fifty feet distant, learning to eat the tender tundra grass.

Incensed by this flight, and, in some indefinable way, roused by it to seek combat, Umingmuk continued on at a slightly faster pace to where the five, now gathered together, stood eyeing his approach.

This time there was no flight. Instead, out from the five stepped the largest, a youngster sturdier even than Umingmuk, easily fifteen pounds heavier, for he was older by nearly a month. The only bull calf in the little band, he now stood out proudly to face these intruding strangers. An inherent antipathy, the male desire to combat other male of the species, was as inborn in him as in Umingmuk and Muktu. So he snoofed loudly, a miniature explosion of challenge and defiance, and fast upon it charged straight at Umingmuk still moving forward a half a dozen feet in advance of Muktu.

Not granted time to brace himself, taken quite by surprise by the unknown calf's so swiftly springing into action Umingmuk had no time to gather himself to meet this charge. The unknown's head banged his with tremendous force, bowling him over. Before he could rise, his adversary drew back a space, tensed, poised, and launched his head again squarely into Umingmuk's midriff, knocking out his wind and leaving him quite helpless by reason of the nausea arising from the blow. A second time the unknown drew off to deliver another battering-ram assault, when he, in turn, was sent reeling sideways before a flank attack, the well placed head of Muktu, loyal brother, quick to rally, and sound of judgment in choosing point most vulnerable.

The unexpectedness of his blow doubly increased its value, for the stranger, as his head met that of Umingmuk, had quite forgotten another adversary was close behind. Yet such was his superior weight, even Muktu's banging head, backed by body with momentum gained from a short-taken run, was not sufficient to throw him off his feet. He remained in pose ludicrously wobbling, his forelegs widely sprawled in desperate endeavor to remain erect. Now, in turn, Muktu had the advantage.

No second did he lose in using it. All hunched up, his four legs drawn close together, he tensed a minute, then hurled himself against the shoulder of his enemy, still so unsteady. Over went the stranger, clean bowled. As he fell, another thunderbolt of hair and muscle, the revived and revengefully lustful Umingmuk, took him on the rump.

Upon the newcomer downed, winded, helpless, the twin brothers now wrecked their will. With bunting heads and

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This game of "defend the rock" was daily renewed

How much do you pay to get clothes clean?

Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

An awful price—some women do! Hours of exhausting, overheating work, using their strength to rub, rub, rub the dirt away. Don't they know they can save it by using Fels-Naptha Soap?

And what about the clothes?—the children's rompers, blouses and dresses that take so much of your time and effort to make, or your money to buy. When they get the dirt ground in, as they quickly will, do you rub them clean at the expense of the fabric and colors?

Hard rubbing costs too much in both health and clothes!

The better, easier, and cheaper way is to put Fels-Naptha at work. The wonderful dirt-loosening ability of the real naptha takes the place of hard rubbing. It not only saves your strength—it saves the wear and tear on clothes because it safely makes the dirt let go by soaking.

And you have that deeper, sweeter *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness!*

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha. It is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blending of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha that gives you the benefit of these two great safe cleaners at the same time, and in one economical bar.

Get Fels-Naptha for cleaner, more healthful clothes. It pays!

PROVE the saving value of Fels-Naptha. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

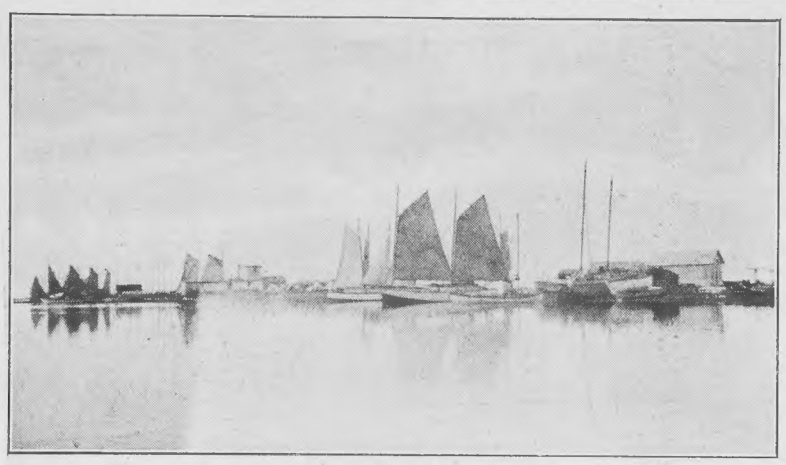
FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Hawaiian Returns Home With Eskimo Family and Large Fortune

A Romance of the Arctic

By A. de H. Smith



The Polar Sea Fleet

Eskimo schooners preparing to put out to sea to fish for white whales, the oil from which is an essential portion of the natives' winter food. The Eskimos are excellent sailors; they understand the use of the compass and barometer, and most of their vessels are equipped with gasoline engines, which they are quite competent to operate and repair.

As the vessels pass out to sea the visitor will be saluted by the strains of music from a gramophone playing the latest "jazz" while he may be snap-shotted by the Arctic coast dwellers, as many of them possess cameras and develop their own films.

The schooners are paid for with white fox skins, and the traders will give the Eskimos unlimited credit—even to the extent of a schooner costing $5,000 or more—for the native always keeps his word.

AFTER a lifetime spent in the far north—on the Siberian, Alaskan, and Canadian Arctic coasts—Thomas Emslie, a native of Hawaii, is on his way back to San Francisco and Honolulu, taking with him his full-blood Eskimo wife and three sturdy boys.

Emslie left his palm-girt islands when a young man, and he left them without a nickel in his pockets, but now, after twenty-eight years in the Arctic, he returns wealthy, and prepared to give his Eskimo children an education as good as that enjoyed by any citizen of the Dominion or the Republic.

Homeward bound to his islands, Emslie and his family travelled far to reach civilization at Edmonton, Alberta: first by his schooner through the polar ice floes to Herschel Island, the most northerly outpost of the white man in Canadian territory. Then by another schooner to Aklavik, on the delta of the Mackenzie river, from where the river steamer was taken which brought him over 1500 miles to the south, where he connected with the railroad.

Emslie had seen the handiworks of the white man before, but not so his native wife and children. Mrs. Emslie has lived all her life on the Polar sea, and her children were born there. They are drinking in the sights of the "outside" with frank amaze: to them the street cars, autos, and stores are things of an altogether strange world, but what they will say when they reach Hawaii and visualize their new relatives diving in the surf had best be left to the reader's imagination.

At the Arctic coast the party laid aside their parkas and mucklucks, substituting for them the clothing of the traders, while on arrival in the city a further change was made and the best that money could buy was obtained. Emslie has plenty of ready money—he made a large fortune in the Arctic—and he is not afraid to spend it, but it goes out on necessities and not frippery as might be imagined. The life in the Arctic is a hard one; every dollar represents the product of the trap line during the six months' perpetual dusk, and the former whaler has faced many an Arctic blizzard to accumulate his wealth.

MRS. EMSLIE is a small dark woman with jet black hair, and typical of her race. She has, too, the natural adaptability of her people, and to see her strolling the city streets, clad in the fashions of the "outside" one can scarcely credit the fact that but two months ago she had never visualized anything more modern than the limited civilization represented by the occasional missionary or member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at the top of the map. At Fort Norman, on the way south on the river vessel, the boys came on a terrifying animal which came directly at them with the evident intention of dipping its horrible fangs in human blood then and there. Frankly the boys fled, and it required much coaxing on the part of the boat's crew to get them to return and take another look at the only horse in the far north.

But every mile of the poleward-flowing rivers brought fresh wonders. Steamers and boats of all kinds, the log buildings of the fur trade posts, yet more horses, with cows and pigs, but crowning all, the hissing, snorting engine, awaiting them at the Clearwater river, where the northern boats connect with the trains. The "land ship," as they phrased it, was something incomprehensible, and how it managed to get along without sails or stern wheels was a problem far too great for their already overloaded minds.

Of their adventures and discoveries in the cities a book could be written, and when they return again to the ice there will be a tale to tell in the igloos when their cousins come in from the seal hunt, and squat, with the whites of their eyes showing by the light of the seal-oil lamps.

The Emslies are now in Vancouver en route to San Francisco, where the old whaler will once again take up the threads of his former life, and where he expects to meet many of the shipmates of former days, when the boys walked around the capstan singing "Blow the Man Down" as they said goodbye to civilization and cleared the bay to buck the ice and hunt the bow-heads along the barren coasts.

It was in 1895 that Emslie first went to sea, leaving Honolulu on the San Francisco whaler "Bellina" without a penny in his pockets. In those days whaling was no job for a white collar man; the grub was mostly salt pork and sea biscuits, first mates had a habit of controlling crews with belaying pins more than by kindness, fresh water was for drinking only, and any man who classified as a real whaler had to be able to take care of himself.

The crews of the whalers and the Eskimos were the only inhabitants of the Arctic in those days, and from the time mentioned every year Emslie went north from San Francisco to the Arctic trading along the frozen coasts, and he tells tales of many fortunes taken out by the whalers and traders.

IN the spring of 1898 the "Bellina" headed south with a catch of 23 whales each valued at about $10,000, while in 1899 his ship made a catch of 63, which is one of the largest known. Seeing for himself the money to be made in the Arctic, Emslie himself purchased a schooner—the "Penelope" of 43 tons, and headed north on this vessel, putting in two winters trapping on Baillie Island.

The first year of his fur catch amounted to 700 white fox, 36 polar bear, and 23 musk oxen, much the same falling to his trap and gun the following season, with the addition of four whales. The schooner—the first of her type in the Arctic, and the forerunner of the large fleet now operated by the Eskimos and the white traders—was sold to an Eskimo, and in 1903 Mr. Emslie purchased another of 180 tons, later buying a half interest in the now famous "Karluk."

In this vessel many voyages were made, with also other trips to the top of the map in the "Jeanette" and the "Belvedere" whalers, but in 1913 Emslie decided to stay in the Arctic, being married at the same time. From this time on Baillie Island became his headquarters, and here white fox skins worth a king's ransom were trapped. The first season yielded 760 white fox; other years being as follows: 278, 168, 110, 332, 227, 578, and the last few months of last winter 80. Multiply this by $30, which is about the average price, and we find a total of over $52,000. Small wonder that Emslie thinks that the Arctic is not such a bad place after all. Again, this sum does not represent the total, as there were other furs taken, while some years the price of white fox went as high as $65 per skin.

Yes, there is plenty of money to be made in the Arctic, says the old whaler, but there is no easy money; it has to be worked hard for, and there are innumerable hardships. The open season only lasts for three and a half months; snow is on the ground from late in September until June; the polar bears may be met with any time you happen to walk round an ice hummock, and insofar as assistance is concerned, the Arctic trapper is in the lap of the gods. Be this as it may, however, nothing has ever happened to Emslie and his family, and judging from appearances they will live a hundred years, if present health is any indication.

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Summer Scene in the Arctic

Eskimo party amid the luxuriant vegetation of the Arctic in the summer time. The picture is taken on the delta of the Mackenzie River—beyond the Arctic circle and within a day's travel of the Polar Sea.

Wild fruit abounds. there is unlimited fish for food and now potatoes have been grown here successfully—only 1200 miles from the North Pole.

The Eskimo in the foreground is "jigging" for fish, a pastime which is in vogue for eight months in the year. With a short rod and baited line the natives will sit all day over a hole in the ice waiting for a bite, which sometimes means all the difference between life and death.

The white spots on his lips token the fact that he is one of the "old timers" of the Arctic. These ornaments are labrettes—pieces of bone whittled into the shape of buttons and forced through incisions in the lips. In previous decades these were looked upon as marks of distinction, but they are seen now only on the features of the older members of the coastal tribes.

The scene is at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and in front of Canada's furthest north settlement.

"Beautiful as the day we married"

CLEAR, youthful, lovely skin, lustrous hair and sparkling eyes! How fortunate is this woman who has retained these priceless possessions of her youth! She is admired by all about her because she has learned to keep all the beauty of girlhood. Let us tell you her secret.

Science has only recently discovered that those poisons which mar the beauty of your skin, eyes and hair *originate* in a clogged intestine. Faulty elimination is fatal to a clear complexion, says a famous health authority. The impurities which start from clogged intestines are absorbed by the blood. They thus reach the skin and inflame it, resulting in many unsightly blemishes. These intestinal poisons even invade the hair and the eyes. The hair loses its sheen and silkiness, often turning gray, and the eyes become dull, with a yellowish tinge, and lacking in brightness.

Women are avoiding these dangers and preserving their loveliness by maintaining *internal cleanliness* through the regular use of Nujol. They have learned that Nujol by *lubrication* overcomes intestinal clogging. It lubricates and softens the food waste and hastens its rate of flow. Thus it prevents the creation of those poisons in the intestines which cause skin and other disfigurements.

As Nujol has helped maintain the beauty of these women, so can it help you. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol establishes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world.

If you would be always attractive, youthful and healthy, internal cleanliness must be habitual. Keep a bottle of Nujol in the bath room cabinet to help you acquire this health habit. For sale at all druggists.

"Regular as Clockwork"

Nujol

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

For Internal Cleanliness

Faulty Elimination

Intestinal clogging is so prevalent that it is not considered a serious illness. However, when one stops to realize that not only is intestinal clogging a cause of minor ailments, but the starting place of fully 75 per cent. of human disease, it is apparent that proper measures must be taken to overcome and prevent it.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

Medical science, through knowledge gained of the intestinal tract by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found in *lubrication* the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a laxative and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow through the intestine, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Infants and Children: The mother who permits intestinal clogging in her baby or older child is jeopardizing the health, even the life of her little one. For a clogged system is a weakened system, and leaves the child a prey to serious disease.

Nujol, given to the infant or child, gently softens the accumulated waste, thereby speeding up to a normal rate its movement through and out of the body.

Let your child have Nujol regularly—and see rosy cheeks, clear eyes and happiness return once more.

Expectant and Nursing Mothers: Faulty elimination, almost invariably present during pregnancy and the nursing period, is particularly dangerous at such times because of its effect upon the infant. The poisons formed in the intestine enter the circulation and soon appear in the milk. Laxatives or cathartics taken to relieve intestinal clogging, present a similar danger because they are also absorbed with consequent ill effect to the baby through the milk.

Nujol is extensively prescribed by physicians for the expectant and nursing mother because it is not absorbed in the course of its passage through the system and thus cannot affect the child. Nujol can also be given with great benefit to the infant in arms.

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories

Tested—Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Institute

Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE!

Nujol, Room 877H, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.
For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name_____

Address_____

Even deep-seated pain must yield

The relief for which you would give so much is easily at hand. This treatment rouses the brain to send to the pain-ridden tissues the new blood that is needed to heal them

THAT pain that is nagging away at you—there's nothing you wouldn't do to be free of it—whether it be the acute pain of rheumatism, or the dull ache of lame muscles. But nothing seems to do it much good: it's so deep down—so hard to reach.

Yet the relief for which you would give so much is easily at hand. Anyone you ask, almost, can tell you a remedy that has for years brought such unfailing comfort to sufferers from all kinds of muscular pain that it is now as widely known, as generally used as the telephone.

This remedy is Sloan's Liniment—probably the foremost household remedy in America, used all over the world and recommended by doctors everywhere.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep down in joints and muscles, *it can be reached* if the natural curative powers *inside* the body are only roused.

When you use Sloan's, it first stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, *under* the place where the liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new blood coming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-destroying, up-building powers brings to sick, pain-ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

If the pain is rheumatic,* it indicates the presence of disease germs. The fresh blood that Sloan's sends to the affected spot carries the very elements that alone have the power to destroy germs. If the pain is due to over-exertion, to a sprain, or a bruise—it means that muscle fibres have been injured. The fresh blood supplies the materials that alone can repair the damage.

This is the scientifically correct way to relieve pain. It doesn't just deaden the nerves. It gives your own natural bodily defenses the aid they need to drive out the cause of pain.

Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists.

Just apply it—no rubbing is necessary. It will not stain. Immediately you feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then, freedom from pain. There is no burning, no blistering—only quick, lasting relief.

(*) If after one attack has been cured, another comes on, it may be that there is in your body some obscure breeding-place of rheumatism germs—possibly a decayed tooth—which the blood cannot reach in sufficient quantities. In this case, see your doctor.

SLOAN'S Liniment—*Kills pain*

Sackcloth and Ashes

By Leola Buelow

"AND what heinous crime is it now, now, Sis?"

Marjorie seated herself at the breakfast table prepared for the good-natured taunts with which she was always greeted when she appeared in her "penance" blouse.

"What, sackcloth and ashes again! My dear, I fear you are becoming incorrigible. The second time in three weeks!" Mr. Vane arose and, pausing a moment to give a playful tweak to his daughter's ear, added: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will, be clever.' Remember I'm dying to see you in that new blouse again." And with a hurried kiss to his wife he was on his way.

"Come, confess, kiddo! Is it murder or only manslaughter this time?" Billy's long arm reached inelegantly across the table for salt. Not succeeding in reaching it he satisfied himself by pulling a stray tendril of his sister's hair.

"There's no telling what there will be, young man, if you don't attend to your own affairs."

After a hurried and unusually silent meal Marjorie arose and, putting her arms around her mother, dropped a kiss on her hair. "Do I look so terribly terrible, mumsie?" she asked wistfully.

"Of course not, dear," but the mother's eyes eloquently added the fond praise she would not let her lips bestow upon her pretty daughter.

The little mirror missed giving back the little smile it reflected every morning, for Marjorie put on her hat and coat without one glance in its direction.

"Poor dear," Mrs. Vane left the window where she had been watching her daughter with an amused yet sympathetic smile, "the Vane impulsiveness and a Puritan conscience make an uncomfortable combination."

In the meantime Marjorie, on her way to work, had almost forgotten her trouble in the beauty of the June morning. It wouldn't bother her much until she took off her jacket. Then, with the eyes of the office force on the little waist, which, in a special fit of economy, she had once made for herself, her punishment would begin.

I say "special fit of economy," because economy was a regular practice for her. She knew not only the art of saving, but also the happy art of spending wisely. Her mother proudly said that she could look twice as good as other girls at one-half the cost. Some less fortunate girls enviously said she must spend her whole salary on clothes, whereas she was really the proud possessor of a growing bank account.

On the luckless day when she had purchased the "penance" blouse or, rather, the material for it, she had spent hours trying to get a read-made blouse to suit her taste and purse, which proved incompatible. It had been a very fine quality of dimity marked down to a quater a yard. Surely this was a real bargain and hadn't she been reading in magazines how easy and profitable it was to make one's own clothes? But alas! for her first sorry little attempt in dress-making. While wearable it had that indefinable air women call "home-made." Although this term may be very flattering when applied to cakes it is not quite as desirable a quality when applied to clothing.

Her Yankee thrift would not allow her to discard it. Wear it she must! But she found herself making mental excuses for not donning it until one day, while reading about the ancient penance of sackcloth and ashes, the thought struck her that here was a use for the offending blouse. The "penance" waist served its purpose effectively for, beside satisfying her conscience and inflicting painful discipline to her vanity, it usually caused her to think so much of what she had done that she almost invariably found a way to right it.

Indeed, even now Marjorie was deciding what to do to rectify her latest misdemeanor.

As soon as she reached the office she went over to Mabel who was removing the cover of her typewriter.

"Mabel, you said you would like to get a georgette crepe blouse like the one I wore yesterday?"

"Yes, but I said I couldn't afford it. Five dollars is my limit."

"Well, mine cost only four ninety-five at Collister's. They are having a special. I think you could get one yet."

"Oh, Marje, you're a dear. I'll go there my noon hour."

The light in Mabel's eyes repaid Marjorie for the struggle it cost her to confess. She wished that she had not been selfishly silent yesterday when Mabel had expressed her wish. If only she could run home to change her blouse now that her conscience was appeased.

The banging of the door announced the arrival of Bob Mersey, but recently graduated from college and still more recently added to the office force. Simultaneously upon entering the office he had entered the hearts of all employed there and in particular a certain one now beating happily under a pink dimity blouse, for Marjorie with a free conscience was setting to work, hoping the hammering of the keys would drown the pounding of her heart.

"Hello, how's everybody?" And, although the question included the several workers who had entered the room, his eyes singled out only one.

Bob had worked his way through college and was now receiving the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars a week. "Enough and to spare for me, but . . " and that "but" had caused him a good deal of serious thought lately.

According to Bob's arithmetic one person plus one person would make two (despite the fact that some said they made one) while the same process of addition could not be applied to his salary for, it was old Berkeley's policy never to raise anyone's salary until after at least a year's trial.

To ask a girl to give up a comfortable home, the little luxuries that mean so much to women, to roughen her hands doing house-work, to try to combat the much talked-of H. C. L. with a paltry twenty-five dollars a week was quite impossible. As for asking her to wait until he could command a decent wage, that would be quite as selfish as asking her to marry him.

He began to spend his spare time looking into shop windows, reading the signs on women's apparel with a sinking heart. Once in a while he even read the advertisements. They seemed more reassuring but no, Marjorie was not a girl used to these cheap things as they must certainly be.

The next day saw Marjorie happy in her new blouse. In the evening Bob managed to leave when she did and they walked to the car together.

"I say, Miss Vane, there's a question I should like to ask you, I hope you won't think me bold."

Marjorie's heart gave a little leap. Silly, as though—as though—.

"What is it?" she smiled encouragingly. He did look so embarrassed.

"How much—er—well, you see, my sister's birthday is coming and I want to get her something and I was wondering how much a waist like your's would cost?"

Should she tell him what she really paid? No, he would think her "cheap."

"You would have to pay at least ten dollars for a georgette crepe blouse," she found herself saying coolly, just as the saucy clerk in "Suther's" would say.

Bob's heart sank. Heavens, she must have at least six (Bob was getting very observant). Six times ten—sixty. Cheapest, did she say? Very likely her's cost more. Seventy, eighty—oh what was the use? And she had to have other things beside georgette waists, of course.

Bob spent a restless night. When he did sleep it was only to dream that he was trying on innumerable gauzy blouses insisting to the clerk, who looked like Marjorie, that ten dollars was altogether too cheap.

Meanwhile Marjorie was having qualms of conscience again. It was a lie—no, it was true. He would have to pay that The sale was over. Never-the-less it bothered her. She picked up a book. It chanced to be a volume of Stevenson's.

"And to tell the truth, rightly understood is not to state true facts, but to convey a true impression; truth in

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Sable Island With Its Wild Horse Ranges

Told Over The Radio

By Bonnycastle Dale

"THESE glorious autumn days when the old Atlantic seems to be like a great inland lake are here—I think it winks the other eye and has a storm nicely tucked away, always waiting, waiting. Anyhow the fall of the leaftime is here, if there were any leaves to fall—just the bits of shrubs in the Governor's garden and bayonet grasses and mosses; even the tangle of seaweeds tossed ashore in that last furious gale are yellow and red and brown, and all the egg cases and storm-loosened shells and the wonderful bits of deep ocean coming ashore daily remind me of the Fall.

"We have not had a wreck for so many weeks that we are prone to forget. We know that every foggy morning many of the bankers are nosing through the "pea-soupers" not far from one of the horn-like bars that stick out off either end to catch the unwary—and God pity any bottom that bumps into those sands—it's just like quicksands ashore; she settles into her own grave under her grave-digging blows, and never gets free again.

"The summer traffic is about over, the great white liners like huge sea birds hull down will seek safer routes. The blueberries and the strawberries are over, the terns and sparrows have nested and seals"—these are the horsenose seals that chase the canoe when we are working along the mainland harbors.

"There was a great sea that last September storm. A schooner had a wild ride along the horizon, and I hear the bankers had some nasty collisions. One boat rode down on the other and tore her bulwarks clean off and then swept back into the wind and came rolling and tossing down again on a giant sea and snapped that cable like a fiddle-string—it ragged the water and flew up like a snake.

"I HEAR you had great times landing that last bunch of ponies we sent in. Well, you had no worse time docking them than we had catching them! To look at the almost tamed beasts we ride or drive to the wagon here you would not expect the wonderful exhibition of wild horse ability that we see when we go out to catch them. We have a corral with wide-spreading wings in the middle of the island, and these herds of ponies wander all over both shores and along the ponds, feeding and fighting and racing for dear life. They are the wild things! It takes nature a long time to get a bit of sense into these stubborn

Wild Sable Island ponies on the beach.

gone. The few flocks of ducks are away or others come migrating along. The long stretches of sand along either side have shifted. The north side is wearing away and the south side growing out into the sea. The cranberry marshes have some good tart fruit on them, and the half-a-hundred souls that put in an existence on this desolate spot are all well.

"I saw a few harbour seals in one of the fresh water ponds the other day, some "pond seals" with their young. These were born in June, and were in there when the men had the "round-up" of horses for the steamer to Halifax: an old stallion came plunging into this pond with a harem of half a dozen mares cavorting along, tails in the air, behind him, and they went right about and over these seals, and I tell you there was considerable plunging for a minute or two.

"We often go out on the beach when the "white-coats" are born in June and try to get between the tideline and a seal and its baby. The wee chaps are blind for ten days. They are just a nice armful, about fifteen pounds, and as chunky and cuddlesome as a big soft flippered kitten. We often watch the big dark-eyed mother teaching these white-coats how to swim. She gets her lips under its tiny jaw and props it up and tries to make it swim. She lifts it with her lips and teeth and makes a great get-away as we come running down. She looks for all the world like an amphibious cat carrying off her kittens. We have lots of seals out here, "ribbon" and "harp," and great big ungainly "hooded beasts—I hold that they are extracted from some New England horses the colonists sent here. The French-Canadian coastguardsmen and light-keepers say, however, that they leaped off a wreck cast on the sands many, many years ago and that these are descended from some fine-blooded French stock. Be that as it may, they are devils.

"A nice squad of men on fairly well broken, long-service ponies, left early one morning to round up a squad and pick out the ones they wanted for Halifax market. That's all we get out of them. Some two or three dozen are sent in there and they sell for thirty to forty dollars a head and kick up lots of excitement for handlers and buyers. You watch the columns of the Herald a few weeks after a Sable Island horse sale and you will see this most unique advertisement: 'For Sale—a partly-broken Sable Island pony.' Was it the owner or the pony that was partly broken?

"The squad of horsemen saw just about as many horses as ever, some six hundred. Some severe winters many die from starvation and old age and exposure. This October island is an entirely different thing from Sable Island under a winter storm, with 'glitter' covering every bit of sand and dead grass and moss, and the poor beasts pawing away for food. If the storms are late and the colts come early these first young ones die, either from cold, or kicked to death by the mare that never bore before or unable to get enough shelter and milk to keep its wavering spark of life alive. I

Continued on page 48

Like Grime on Ivory

Those film-coats on your teeth

THIS is to offer you a test of a new way of teeth cleaning. Millions now employ it. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show you how much it means.

New beauty, new protection come to users. No woman will ever go without the results when she knows them. Nor will she let her family go without them.

To combat the film

This method combats film on teeth —that viscous film you feel. It clings tenaciously. Unless you combat it, much of it remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. That is why so many teeth lose luster

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles.

New ways to combat it daily

Dental science has found two effective film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods by many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

This tooth paste has brought a new dental era to millions of homes the world over. And largely through dental advice.

Two other great effects

Research proved two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

These combined effects are bringing people everywhere a new conception of clean teeth

You cannot doubt

No one can doubt these benefits. They are quickly seen and felt. One who once knows them will never again go without them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out this coupon so you don't forget.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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Pepsodent CANADA REG IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

1431 Can

10 - DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 900, 191 George St. Toronto, Can.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

For That Dark Closet

—Use Your Flashlight

Safe, instant light for all the dark places in your house. Keep an Eveready in each much-used closet. Keep one at your bedside for sudden needs at night. Evereadys are made in various types. Select the one which suits your needs and purse. For sale at Electric, Hardware, Drug and Sporting Goods Stores.

Eveready Unit Cells Make all Flashlights Better

Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. Eveready Unit Cells come in two sizes to fit every tubular case flashlight. Know the Eveready size that fits your case. Then you can buy new Eveready Unit Cells without bothering to take you flashlight along

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., Limited

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

"After Meals—*Eat Chocolate*"

—The Doctor's Advice

Do you know why?

The best cocoa beans, such as are used in making Moir's Chocolate coatings, contain from 40% to 50% of cocoa butter, an oil remarkable for its freedom from rancidity and its very bland character.

This oil is not only a highly nourishing food itself, but it helps your system to assimilate other foods. That is why the doctor advises "eat chocolates after meals."

They aid digestion.

Start the habit to-day of eating a few Moir's Chocolates after each meal. Moir's Chocolates contain only the purest ingredients and their coatings being thicker, you get more of the nourishing chocolate.

MOIRS LIMITED · HALIFAX

Moir's Chocolates

for the good of your Health

76

Russian Interest in

NOW then, that's just where you are wrong," the noisy individual with the half-smoked cigar was saying. Bound for the observation car, I caught this fragment as I passed the smoking compartment, and hearing, decided I should step into the compartment for a cigarette. I must admit that "listening in" on other people's conversation, and witnessing poor misguided individuals being set right by some superior fellow creature, are attractions which are difficult for me to resist. I pushed past the noisy individual who occupied the only arm chair in the compartment, and crowded myself into a seat by the window where I might look out on the grain fields through which we were passing, and at the same time get the benefit of the conversation.

"Yes sir, that's just where you are wrong. I guess you must have been reading some of those articles our Independent lady member has been writing. Take it from me as one who knows, that this newspaper stuff is all bunk. Say," and he leaned over and tapped his unfortunate victim on the knee, "you don't believe all you see in the newspaper, do you?" Here he digressed in order to tell his audience a joke, the point of which depended upon the words, "you don't believe all you see in the newspaper." After the general laugh which followed this joke died down, he continued:

"Most of these people who write articles like you've been reading, don't know what they are talking about. They get a theory into their heads and they think it must be right because they thought it up. You take this particular scheme of educating the foreigner; now, I know as a fact, that it won't work. It won't work because these Russians don't want education. Did you ever hear of a Russian district asking the government to start a school for them? I ask you, did you?" He paused and looked about him to see if anyone was bold enough to answer his challenge. "Of course you didn't. They don't want more education. What those fellows want is less education. The only way the government can get a school in a foreign district is to compel the people to build one. And after it's started the only way it can be kept going is for the government to appoint someone to run it for them and to force the children to attend. That's just how interested foreigners are in education. Yet these reformers writing in the newspapers have the nerve to say that we would have no foreign problem if we had more schools. It's no use talking about solving our foreign problem in any such easy fashion. So long as we have foreigners we will have a foreign problem. We made the mistake in letting these people into the country, only of course, we didn't have much to say about that. The C. P. R. needed cheap labor and they were responsible for bringing them here. A bright and shining example of C. P. R. graft." At this point the conversation changed from foreigners to examples of government and corporation graft. Being no longer interested I carried out my original purpose by journeying to the observation car.

DURING the week end the weather had suddenly turned soft. All of the preceding day the rain had descended in torrents, playing havoc with a snow-covered countryside. Now that it had ceased, there was a cold, damp mist penetrating everything; a mist that seemed to worm its way through the stoutest of garments and succeeding in making one feel exceedingly damp and uncomfortable. There will be no school tomorrow we thought, and hence no need of an early rising. At a quarter to eight I leisurely looked out of a window to catch a glimpse of the weather's promise for the day. To my astonishment I beheld groups of children gathered about the school house steps, patiently awaiting the opening of the door. It was evident that Annie Kouchmak, blue with cold and spattered with mud, had just arrived. Her coarse boots obviously intended for some boy with feet much larger than those Annie laid claim to, were soaked with much tramping over frightful roads. Two miles and a half this thin, little wisp of humanity had trudged that she might attend a school where she counted herself fortunate if she understood a dozen of the many words spoken during the day. The gaudy shawl that served the dual purpose of overcoat and hat, was loosened, and the little red hands brushed back the straggling golden locks, a mass of shining hair that might well have formed the proud possession of some gentler bred little girl. As I watched, Steve of fur coat fame arrived, clothed in that garment which was at once the envy and despair of all who beheld. True it was obviously a hand-me-down from his elders and it was in an advanced stage of disintegration, but for all of that it was a fur coat, and the only fur coat in the school. One by one the others trudged in, coming over roads that defied the passage of a vehicle (not that anyone would ever think of bringing his children to school in such state) braving hardships that would have daunted many a stout-hearted city lad.

"PLEASE sir," said Pearl Lenkoski one morning, "this is Sophie K. and her brother Nick," indicating with her pointed finger, the two latest arrivals. "They ain't never been to school before and can't speak it the English language. And we ain't got no seats left for them. Please what you going to do with them?" Thus Sophie K. and her brother Nick entered our school, bringing with them two more problems to add to the already overlarge list. The first was readily solved by installing a packing box in one corner of the room and seating them on it. The second which had to do with their standing in the school, appeared the more serious, but in a short time it became evident that it too, would be readily solved. These children were very quick in their work, and soon they were not only abreast the best in the class but were rapidly outstripping the others. Phonetics seemed their special delight. I would place a new word on the board and slowly Sophie K. would spell it over to herself, pronouncing it syllable by syllable. When she was ready to pronounce the word, up would go her hand, but at the same instant she would steal a glance at brother Nick to see if by any chance he too had been clever enough to get it. Seldom, however, she caught brother Nick unprepared for an answer. Her look always indicated her surprise at finding his hand up and to this look brother Nick returned one that plainly said, "Oh you needn't think that you are the only member of this class who can get these words. I want you to understand that I had my hand up just as soon as you had yours."

THEIR progress had been so rapid that I commenced to doubt the veracity of the statement that they were attending school for the first time. I knew it would be of little use to question them on the matter, as their store of English was still very meager. I therefore called upon one of the older girls to act as an interpreter. "Pearl," I said, "these children must have attended school before. Ask them what school they went to and how long they were there."

"Please sir, Sophie, K. and her brother Nick say no, they ain't never been to school before. But this is the first time they ever been to the school."

This seemed final enough and no amount of questioning would elicit any other answer. I therefore proceeded to satisfy myself on another score. "Ask them Pearl, why it is they know the words so well."

A rather lengthy conversation followed, one that seemed to be highly amusing to those who were listening, and after a good deal of questioning and answering Pearl reported as follows; "Please sir, Sophie K. and her brother Nick says her papa make them learn the words. He get a book just like they

Education By V. Bryan Robinson

got and every night when they go home their papa say to them, 'what you learn to school today?' and they got to tell him everything and show him the book. If they don't show him everything and show him the book he give them a good beating."

This was rather upsetting news, inas-much as I now felt that I must see that Sophie K. and her brother Nick made a definite amount of progress each day. There was the problem though, what in Sophie K's papa's estimation constituted a satisfactory amount of progress? I decided that the answer to the problem lay in seeing the gentleman in question and pointing out to him that any progress made must be dependent upon the progress made by the class as a whole. I felt it quite laudable on his part to take an interest in the education of his children, but I also felt that this interest should not manifest itself in too violent a form. I could not help but wonder how many Canadian parents were following the intellectual development of their children with such a close interest.

SEVERAL days ago we had a visitor. Such an unusual event made a profound impression on the children, and for several days they could talk of nothing but Mr. Mazaranko and his visit to the school. Mr. Mazaranko is the father of Steve of fur coat fame and who, in addition to being one of the more progressive spirits in the community, is a member of the school board. Somehow or other he must have learned that trustees are supposed to call on schools and he was therefore doing what he considered his duty. It was difficult to say though, who was the more surprised at this unusual interest in the school and its affairs, the children or myself. Certain it is that it required my best efforts to prevent eleven little Russians in the primary class from dislocating their necks in an effort to mark the progress of their visitor from the back door to the chair of honor that Adam had placed near my desk. As for the geography class, which was at the time gathered about the large floor map of Alberta, they were completely dumbfounded, and Steve Leckochinsky, who was half way between Warsilino and Edmonton, was forced to stop short in his journey. Surprised as the children were, I do not think it in any way measured up to the surprise shown by our visitor. Wishing, I suppose, to be friendly and at the same time gratify his curiosity, he asked, "What you got on the floor there, some kind of game, eh?"

"Please sir," and up went Lodick's hand, "can I tell him?" Permission being granted he proceeded to explain that the little blocks of wood stood for towns and the bits of colored string for railroads. "This here little green block of wood, she is Warsilino, and that big yellow one over there is Edmonton."

"Please," interrupted Pearl, "we're going to Edmonton. Please, Mr. Robinson said we were. We're going on that railroad too," pointing to the yellow string that served for the railroad con-

"Please sir," up went Steve's hand. "can I start all over again?" and without waiting for the necessary permission he started the journey over, explaining to our visitor that we were to spend the night in Edmonton and the day following in seeing the sights and in shopping. "Please, Mr. Robinson gave us some money to buy our tickets and to buy things with. I'm going to buy a Boy Scout hat, I am. And we're going to see the High Level bridge where the trains go."

"And the man on top of the hotel," spoke up Lodick. "You can see him up there drinking beer. He pours it out of a bottle and you can see it go right down his throat." Steve Lekochinsky was no longer to be interrupted in his journey and at last our purple train drew up alongside of the station at Edmonton. As we stepped onto the platform the excitement was intense. Steve's eyes grew as round and as plump as his rosy cheeks, and all but popped out of their natural abiding place. His hand plunged deeper into the pocket of his new blue and white overall jacket, clutching more tightly the imaginary coins that rested there, and that represented the good time he was to have. I could see that Pearl looked with longing eyes on the modish suits worn by the trim young ladies who hurried by us. How nice it would be to have smart clothes like that! However one couldn't get things like that unless they had the money, and that she lacked. "Never mind, she was going right to the fifteen-five-ten cent store and buy oh! the loveliest things. Her sister Katie buy her the grandest things there when she made it the marriage with Maurice." The round eyes and wrinkled noses over the railroad station made me wonder what would happen when we reached the up-town section and saw some of its buildings. And built of stones! How long was it, how high, how wide, and what was it used for, and a multitude of other questions was the direct fruit of my description of the station. Novel as this building was they were eager to press on to the hotels where they were to spend their first night away from home, and where many of them were to sleep between sheets for perhaps the one and only time in their lives. At the hotel our first problem arose. No one could see the need or justice in charging so much for a room and bed for a single night. Pete Sikerski, who together with his seven brothers and sisters, made the one room of their home do for themselves and their parents, couldn't see the need of a room all to himself. I could see that others felt the same way. Little time now, however, could be spent in such thoughts as we had to hurry out for our evening meal. From the moment we entered the cafeteria until we left it,

Continued on page 46

A summer scene at Jack Miner's, showing large pond with two old pair of geese and young. Notice net in corner of pond at right where he catches the birds and liberates them with a tag on their legs.

Five Mistakes

We corrected for you in a Shaving Cream

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

The five main complaints men made about some shaving soaps were these:

1—Lather too scanty

So we made Palmolive Shaving Cream to multiply itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit—just one-half gram—suffices for a shave.

2—Slow action

So we made a Shaving Cream to act in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a hard beard wax-like.

3—Dries on face

The lather of Palmolive Shaving Cream maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4—Hairs lie down

That is due to weak bubbles. Strong bubbles are essential to support the hairs for cutting. We discovered that fact, we believe. And Palmolive bubbles are strong.

5—Skin irritation

The blend of palm and olive oils makes Palmolive Shaving Cream a lotion. It brings one fine after-effects.

Let us prove this

We ask your permission to prove these things—to send you a tube to try. We are masters of soap making. One of our soaps — Palmolive — is the leading toilet soap of the world.

We have worked hard to excel in a Shaving Cream. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we attained our ideal.

Now Palmolive Shaving Cream is a sensation. Millions employ it. Tens of thousands write to thank us for it.

Do us the kindness to mail this coupon, for your sake and for ours.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

Follow with Palmolive After Shaving Talc.
An invisible way to that well-groomed look.

Made in Canada

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10 Shaves Free Simply insert your name and address and mail to THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Dept. B-599, Toronto, Ont. 2233C

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THE POSTMASTER

By Nellie Richner Campbell

MARJORIE APPLETON pushed back her chair from the table and looked earnestly at her husband. "Joe," she said finally, "do you realize that we haven't had any mail since we moved here. Two whole weeks without any mail, not even a newspaper," she continued. "Today is mali day and I'm going to hustle through my work and drive down to the post office this afternoon. I hope I'll get enough mail today to last me another two weeks," she laughed, as she began to clear away the dinner dishes.

Joe rose slowly from his chair and reached for his hat, which hung on a nail by the door. "Well Marj.," he said, "two weeks isn't so long to wait after all. You know we're a long way from town, and we're lucky to have the mail brought out as often as that."

"I suppose we are," Marjorie assented as she began to wash the dishes.

Marjorie Appleton's ideas in regard to life were undergoing a rapid change. Her father had been a very prosperous business man in a large Eastern city, and Marjorie had always enjoyed all the advantages a large city could offer her. Then Joe had come into her life. He had come east on business, and she had met him at the home of a friend. After his return to the west Marjorie had tried to settle down to the social life to which she had been accustomed, but theatre parties and dances no longer held their former interest for her, and afternoon teas simply bored her. She began to look forward to Joe's letters, and then one day she suddenly realized that Joe Appleton had come into her life to stay. Then Joe had asked her to come to him and she had left her home in the city to share the life of a farmer in Saskatchewan. Joe had met her at the station of a small Western town and they had been married at the minister's home and then driven endless miles through sparsely settled country to the quarter section Joe had bought on the edge of the small timber lands.

Marjorie emptied the dish-water into a pail by the door, hung the dish towel to dry, and then donning her prettiest gown—a soft flowered voile with ruffled skirt and dainty organdie collar and vest and a long coat of peacock blue, she started for the post office three miles away.

The day was clear and sunshiny, one of those bright, sparkling days in early spring when everything has a "springy smell," and one begins to look forward to warmer days, although a little chill still lingers in the air to remind one that winter is not yet far past. The horse ambled slowly over the winding trail that ran through a long coulee, and Marjorie looked at the stretches of rolling prairie beyond, dotted here and there by bluffs of poplar and balm of gilead with a few tall spruce trees showing dark against the blue sky. "What a glorious day, and what a beautiful country," Marjorie murmured to herself, contentedly.

As she neared the post office she noticed vehicles of every sort and description in the yard and several saddle ponies were tethered to the corral fence. "Well, I guess I'm not the only one anxious for the mail," she said to herself as she drove to the corner of the fence, and after tying the halter-rope around a post, made her way to the house. The low kitchen with a slanting shed roof and mud walls seemed dark after leaving the dazzling sunshine, and Marjorie paused for a moment in the doorway. She was aware of five or six women seated about the room, and a small thin woman standing by the stove with a large mixing spoon in one hand and a tin cover in the other. At her appearance the hum of conversation ceased abruptly, and she felt five or six pairs of curious eyes travelling from her little flower-covered toque to her small patent leather slippers. She felt a warm red suffuse her neck and face as the curious eyes continued to stare. "I came for my mail," she finally faltered.

The woman standing by the stove jerked her spoon in the direction of a small room just beyond the kitchen, from whence issued the sound of masculine voices. Holding her head very erect, Marjorie hurried through the dirty kitchen to the small room adjoining. There were several men sitting about on upturned boxes of various shapes and sizes. Across the further end of the room was a rough wooden counter which was piled high with papers, magazines and parcels. A large, pleasant-looking individual with a much be-whiskered face and a genial smile, stood behind the counter chatting amiably with a tall, lean man, whose legs seemed much too long for him. Suddenly, the conversation ceased for a moment and the stout man began to search through the papers on the counter before him. He passed one to the man and then the conversation was resumed. Three times the conversation stopped and the search among the papers began, only to end again before its completion.

The talk of the men seated about the room stopped for an instant when Marjorie entered, but was hastily resumed. She noticed inquiring glances cast occasionally in her direction, but they were not like the curious stares of the women in the kitchen. As the conversation between the long, lean man, and the stout, genial faced one was once more begun, Marjorie sank upon the one remaining empty box. Almost wishing she had remained in the kitchen, but dreading to face the curious stares should she return, she sat upon the box hoping that the lean man would soon pick up his mail and leave. After a fourth, and this time fruitless search among the papers, the lean man gradually unwound himself from the counter over which he had been sprawled and started for the door.

"Jim! say, Jim!" called the postmaster, "I got a couple bags of flour for you in town. You'll find 'em in the back of the democrat. Sorry I didn't have room to bring more but that will last you awhile. Need any help?" he called, coming from behind the counter and gazing after the retreating Jim.

Marjorie arose quickly from the empty cracker-box upon which she had been sitting, but an alert little man with beady black eyes and a small moustache was already standing before the counter. The postmaster returned to his post, and once more began his search among the papers and parcels on the counter.

"I expect a parcel today," said the little man in a brisk voice. "Yes, I know," drawled the soft, pleasant voice of the postmaster, "but you won't get it till next mail day. You know its funny about that there parcel," he continued, "'Member the day you come in for a money order to send away, I didn't happen to have any so I told you I'd fix it up when I got to town. Well, sir, I laid that letter right there,"—he indicated a pigeon-hole in the wall behind him. "Yes sir, I put that letter right there, so's I'd be sure to take it with me and when I got to town that letter was still there in that pigeon hole where I put it the day you gave it to me. I took the money all right. There that money was right there in my pocket when I got to town but the letter was here. If I'd-a known what you wanted to send for, I'd-a made out a new order and sent it, but I didn't, so I couldn't send it till today. You bet I took the money and the letter today," he chuckled, "so you ought to get the parcel in a couple o' weeks."

"Two weeks longer to wait," thought Marjorie; when the poor man has waited two weeks already. She expected a tirade to burst from the lips of the little man, but he merely nodded and picked up his papers. "Any letters?" he asked crisply. The postmaster took a bunch of letters from a pigeon-hole behind him and began to look at the address upon each one. Suddenly he laid the bunch upon the counter before him. "Why, here's a letter for me!" he exclaimed. "Funny I didn't see it before. I've been over that bunch twice already," he continued. "Guess it must-a stuck on to the one right on top o' it." He tore it open and turning to the end, read the signature. "Well, what do you know!" he ejaculated, "this here letter is from Sim Corbett. You all 'member Sim." He leaned back and settled his broad shoulders comfortably against the wall and began to read. "Boys," he exclaimed, "Sim's sold his old place—sold it to some city folks round Prince Albert way—got a good price too, he says." There was a pause for a few moments. "Wants I should go over and get a mower and a set o' harness he left there and sell 'em for him if I can. Any of you want to buy 'em," he asked, glancing about the room.

"Don't know as I do," responded a man sitting in a far corner, "but I'll take a look at 'em next time I come for the mail."

The postmaster folded the letter and slipped it back into the envelope, which he thrust into his hip pocket and then began once more to look over the pile of letters. "No letters today," he said as he reached the last one, and collecting them into a pile he shoved them back into the pigeon-hole behind him. The little man uttered a few common-place remarks, and, picking up his papers, departed.

Marjorie sprang up as quickly as possible, determined to get her mail and leave.

"I guess you must be the new missus that's just moved onto the old Jake Smith place," he said. "How d'you like this part of the country?" he enquired, without even waiting for Marjorie's affirmation to his first statement. "I think we shall like it very much," Marjorie replied, "as soon as we get a little more settled. Have I any mail?" she asked quickly as the postmaster had settled himself comfortably against the wall for a long chat. He shifted his position and reached for the pile of letters he had so recently thrust into the pigeon-hole and began once more to scan the address on each letter. One by one he took the top letter and laid it on the counter before him. "Found things in pretty bad shape, didn't you," he asked, pausing in his work and looking over the top of his spectacles at Marjorie. "Used to be a pretty fair house on that place," he went on, "but land's sakes, no one lived on it for going nigh on six years now. Old Jake Smith took up that homestead and after he proved it up just went away. That was when folks first began to settle here, 'bout nine years ago. Pretty lonely country then. I heard some one tore the house down and stole the logs. I ain't been up that way myself for most three years now. Was a good barn there once too, but that burned down in a forest fire 'most five years ago—or was it only four? Say Joe," he asked, turning to a man seated near the window, "was it four or five years ago old Jake Smith's barn burned down?"

"Summer after old Jake left, wasn't it?" responded the man. "That would be five years this coming summer."

Marjorie made a little movement of impatience, but the postmaster paid no heed. "You know it's funny whatever became of old Jake Smith," he continued. "He just left his homestead and went off, no one seemed to know where, either. Didn't leave no address with me and his mail came here for over a year and I had to send it all back to the senders or the dead letter office."

There seemed to be a second's pause and Marjorie's voice broke in coldly: "Is there any mail for me?"

"Oh yes," replied the postmaster, smiling genially and beginning once more his task of looking over the letters he still held in his hand. Marjorie picked up the letters he had thrown upon the counter. The postmaster thrust the bunch of remaining letters once more into the pigeon-hole and leaned back comfortably against the wall.

"There should be several papers and magazines too," Marjorie volunteered, glancing along the counter. He slowly withdrew his hands from his pockets and once more began to search among the papers.

A man rose from one of the boxes and started out the door. The search for the

Continued on page 44

Try This Over on Your Flivver

By Edith G. Bayne

IT WAS a fine afternoon and Mr. Sol. Shafer of Shafer, Spielmann and Shantz, retail clothing for ladies and gents strictly cash, had decided to give his car which was a new second-hand, scarcely used whizzabout that he had purchased at one of the (ab-) used-car sales, its initial try-out.

The neighborhood was all agog and standing-room around the curb at a premium. In the tonneau, placed somewhat compactly, even as the succulent sardine, were Mrs. Shafer resplendent in all the glory of her new Saturday-go-to-synagogue finery and looking like a scrambled rainbow, Mrs. Moe Spielmann only less dazzling, the Spielmann twins, and Miss Ray Bloomgold the fiancee of young Jakey Shafer, who with his father and Mr. Spielmann and their week-end visitor Mr. Marcus Liebenholtz, traveler for sports' shirts, sat at the wheel exhorting the reluctant bus to show a little life. Advice and suggestions came in great variety and continuously from the closely-grouped spectators.

"Sol, if I was you I'd give her more water. Whatcha think she is—a camel?"

"Hey Moe! Stop tickling her! D'you want she should laff herself t'death?"

"Mr. Shafer, I give you my honest opinion free of charge, *she's musclebound!* For *only* a dollar-and-a-half I tow her by the hospital for you."

Mr. Shafer, optimist by nature, pessimist by profession, veered alternately from hope to gloomiest despair, now clutching his head in his hands and moaning, and then shouting excited orders to his lieutenants and aides, his arms waving like windmills.

"She's *gotta* go—ain't she guaranteed?" he cried. "Moe take another look at the engine!"

Mr. Spielmann got out and after some gingerly poking about at her innards drew from the car a fluttering gasp, but further response there was none. He and Jakey discoursed fluently and perfervidly on the subject of her technical shortcomings—Jakey had wanted his sire to buy a roadster—and Miss Bloomgold climbed, not without considerable difficulty, over her hostess and lent them a hand, or thought she did, by holding up the hood. Mrs. Shafer and Mrs. Spielmann, enjoying to the full the prestige their opulence had created sat back and viewed the *hoi polloi* with smiles of marked condescension, leaving the worrying largely to their lords.

"Lorie, run back and bring here the monkey-wrench," ordered Mr. Shafer. "Max, step round by Mintzer's and ask Levi would he lend us his oil-can—*only* a lend y'understand—and you, Moe, see is them tires O.K. Jakey, Jakey, mine son, I'm surprised by you! On account there's ladies present you should oughta manicure your language! (You gotta excuse us, Mr. Liebenholtz, ain't this an elegant way we should entertain our visitor yet!) *Nu* Louie, did I ask for a screw-driver? Where's that oil-can, Max? .....What's that?.....Mr. Mintger's got six customers on his store and says we should wait? *Nu*, do we look like we're going t'run away? Sarah, *gotsollhuten*, I would take it a favor, understand me, if you'd only a minute keep them kids quiet! Not so *rough* Louie—"

Somebody remarked that maybe the springs were overtaxed but this suggestion was scoffed at and the group of volunteer experts continued to hold noisy consultation, over, around, in, and under the car, Mr. Shafer every minute or so imploring them not to scratch the paint, not to jar her like that, not to unscrew so many nuts.

"That lowlife Louie if he had it his way," he complained to his patient guest, "he'd take us all apart and leave us lying here on the street, Mr. Liebenholtz, for Ikey Rothenberg the junk-dealer to gather up! A car, it's like a watch, Mr. Liebenholtz, if you don't understand machinery you should leave it alone, ain't it?" He spread out expressive hands and shrugged. "*Oi!*" he exclaimed as the machine gave a sudden, violent snort. "Treat her gentle, boys—she's anyhow alive!"

The ladies screamed, the crowd shouted, and for the space of sixty full seconds the bus whirred with vitality and the long-deferred start seemed about to materialize. But alas! she died again and once more was cold and still.

They gave her water—they gave her gas—they gave her air.

EVERYBODY took the wheel in turn and tried to start her. Jakey tried. Louie tried. Moe tried. Mr. Shafer tried. Max tried. Miss Bloomgold tried. A gentleman in a white apron, with three yards of frankfurters around his neck, tried.

The ladies climbed out of the tonneau and declared that they'd stay home, so there! The Spielmann twins lifted up their voices in a loud duet of protest and were alternately cuffed and shaken by their mother. Mr. Sol Shafer groaned and wrung his hands and said his prayers aloud.

It was at this stage that Mrs. Gruntz ambled up. Mrs. Rebecca Gruntz kept a little *Kosher* bakeshop nearby, and from its doorway had been a more or less interested looker-on, fearing to sally forth into the thick of the excitement in case she might miss a customer. She strolled along, arms akimbo, a faint smile of amusement creasing her face and her jaws moving rhythmically as she ruminated her customary chicle. On the edge of the ringside she paused, craning her neck and peering over the heads of the crowd at the refractory car. Then she proceeded, by strong-arm tactics, to clear a way for herself through the throng, a feat she accomplished with ease, everybody, the men in particular, falling back respectfully on the slightest application of her elbows.

Mrs. Gruntz commanded deference by sheer force of personality plus a good right that "packed a punch" and a left that wasn't far behind. She was a creature of generous lines and curves and of mighty muscles and she had a reputation in the land. In silence she regarded the bus for a moment and then she requested Mr. Shafer and his guest, who alone remained in the machine, to get out and be quick about it.

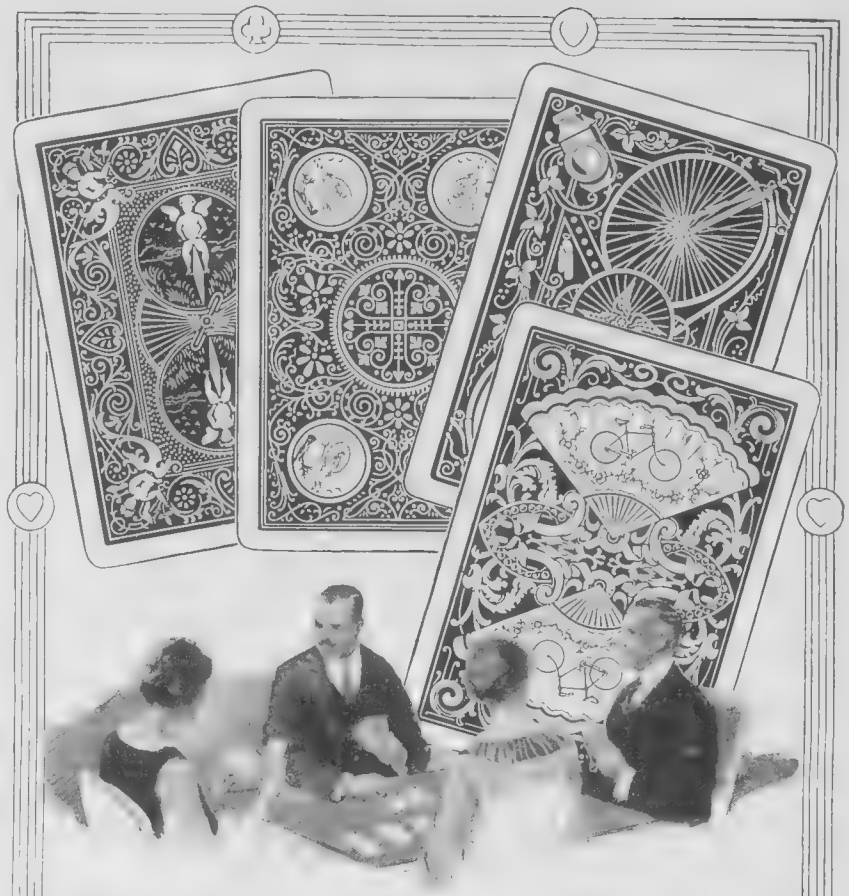
"Wh—whatcha going to do, Mrs. Gruntz?" quavered the owner as he made haste to obey. Then, as the lady deigned no reply: "Treat her gentle, Mrs. Gruntz—she's a costable machine, so help me, delicate like a watch, Mrs. Gruntz! Treat her *ladylike*."

By way of answer Mrs. Gruntz rolled up her sleeves and flexed her arm muscles. She shifted her gum to the other cheek, spat on her hands and, bending down, seized the car by its rear axle-rod and lifting it clear of the ground several inches shook the machine—shook it very thoroughly, once, twice, thrice. By just such heroic measures has many a balky watch been made to go.

And lo! the bus responded! It had recognized the touch of a master hand and it began to play good doggie. It breathed. It purred. It hummed and sang and throbbed. It shook all over like prune jelly in a strong breeze The powerful Katrinka lady stepped back and the late occupants of the car rushed forward and clambered in again.

"You should live, Mrs. Gruntz!" called Mr. Sol Shafer. This is by way of being a fervent Hebrew benediction and gratitude had triumphed over the first anxious shock. "You should live, and honest, Mrs. Gruntz, you should believe me, Mrs. Gruntz, if I had it stronger springs I'd right away took you also on this here joy-drive, Mrs. Gruntz!"

The crowd cheered, the car leaped blithely forward, and before you could say *kalbschnitzel-metzelsuppe* it had sped like a dizzy arrow up the street and disappeared from view in a cloud of dust.



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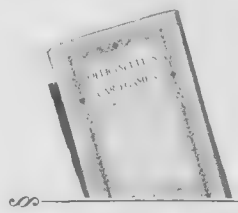

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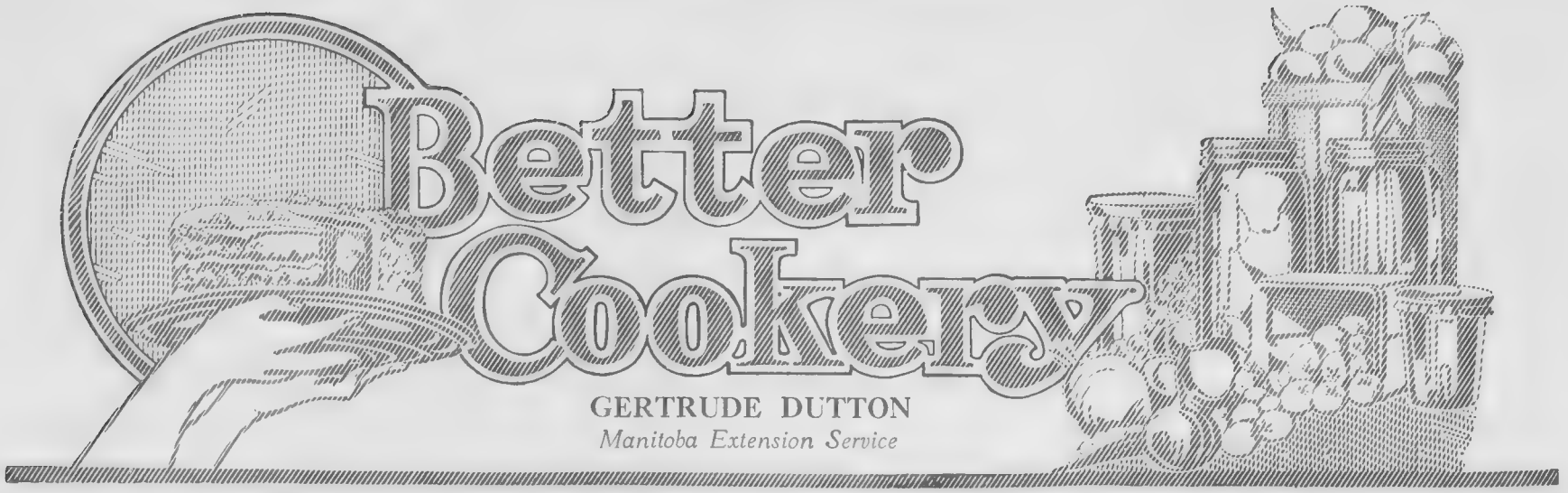


THE ECONOMICAL USE OF MEAT—Continued

Swiss Steak

1½ lbs. of tough cut of steak
1c. flour
1 t. salt
1 t. pepper
1 tb. chopped onion

Have the meat cut 1½ inches thick; wipe it and place on a food board, and beat the flour into it with the edge of a saucer. Continue till the meat will take up no more flour. Put a little fat in a frying pan, and sear the meat on both sides, in the fat. Add 1 c. hot water, cover, and simmer 1 hour. Add the seasonings and cook another half hour, or till the meat is tender. Serve with the gravy which is in the pan.

Creole Roast

Rub a little flour, salt and pepper into a round, or rump roast of beef. Sear on all sides in a frying pan. Place in a kettle, or the cooking vessel of a fireless cooker. On top of the meat put slices of onion, a cup of canned tomato, sliced green pepper or pimento, and a little parsley. Put in hot water to about 1 inch in depth. Cover closely. Bring to a boil, then simmer, or cook in the fireless cooker till the meat is tender. If cooked on top of the stove, care must be taken not to let it boil dry.

Beef Steak

The best cuts of beef for steak are porterhouse, sirloin, crosscut of rump, and the second and third cuts from the round. Porterhouse and sirloin steaks are the most expensive, owing to the large amount of bone and fat. The round steak is juicy and well flavored, but is not so tender. Steaks should be cut at least an inch thick.

To Broil Steak

Wipe the steak with a cloth wrung out of cold water. Grease a wire broiler or a frying pan, with some of the fat. Place the meat on the broiler or pan, and cook over a clear fire. Turn very frequently the first minute, in order to sear the surface, to keep in the juices. Then turn less frequently till done, which will take from 12 to 15 minutes according to how well one wishes it done. Remove to a hot platter, spread with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and serve at once.

Planked Beef Steak

Wipe a thick steak, remove surplus fat, and pan broil it for 7 minutes. Butter a plank, and around the edge of it, arrange a border of Duchess Potatoes, using a pastry bag and tube. Put the steak in the middle of the plank, and place in a hot oven till the steak is cooked and the potatoes are browned. Spread the steak with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and chopped parsley. Garnish with sauted mushroom caps, or thick slices of ripe tomato sauted in butter, or stuffed baked green peppers, or small piles of potato balls, or cauliflower flowerets.

Duchess Potatoes

To 2 c. of hot mashed potato add 1 tb. butter, ½ t. salt and 1 beaten egg yolk. Mix lightly together and shape with pastry bag and tube, in any form desired.

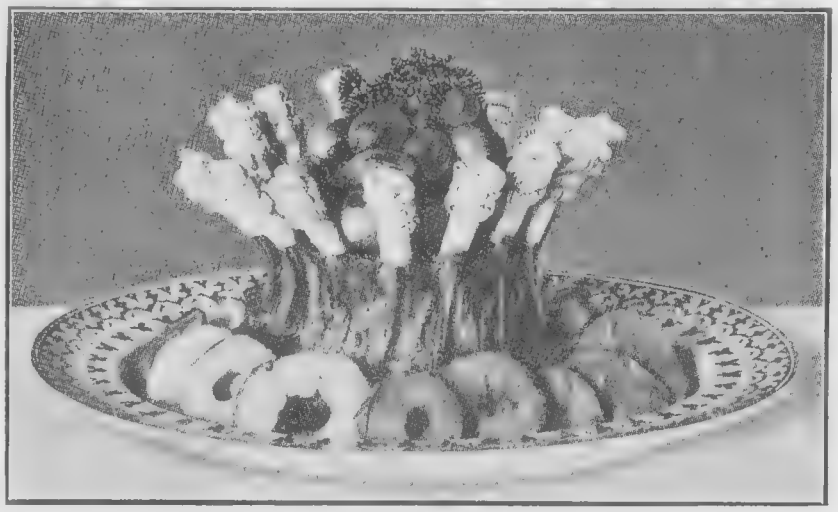
To Roast Beef

Wipe the meat with a cloth wrung out of cold water. (Do not wash fresh beef). Dredge with flour, salt and pepper, and place on a rack in a roasting pan. Put in a hot oven to sear the surface quickly, in order that the juices may be retained. The heat should then be reduced, and the meat basted occasionally, if cooked in an uncovered pan. It may be necessary to add fat if the meat is too lean. Twelve minutes per pound will be required for a rare roast, twenty minutes per pound if it is liked well done.

Roast Beef Gravy

Leave a few tablespoons of fat in the roasting pan. Add an equal amount of flour, and stir till well browned, taking care not to let it burn. Add 1½ c. of liquid to each 4 tb. of fat. Stir, season with salt and pepper, and strain if necessary. Water in which vegetables have been cooked, is good, but if not available, plain boiling water may be used.

Many people enjoy Yorkshire pudding with roast beef.



Crown Roast of Pork with Apple Rings

Beef-a la-Mode Pot Roast

Beef, 4 lbs (from the round)
Vegetables, ½ c. of each, carrots, celery, etc.
Fat salt pork Salt and pepper
Flour Bay leaf Parsley

Lard the beef with the fat pork, dredge with flour, salt and pepper, and brown in pork fat. Place in a kettle and surround with the vegetables cut in dice, a small bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, and enough water to half cover the meat. Cover closely and cook slowly till the meat is tender (about 4 hours). Thicken and season the liquid for gravy. A pot roast is not larded, and is cooked in a smaller amount of water. Frequently the bone is removed, and the meat is rolled and tied or skewered in shape.

Pressed Corned Beef

After boiling corned beef, let it cool partially, in the water in which it was cooked. Separate the lean and the fat and put them in alternate layers in a pan, and press with a weight.

Boiled Corned Tongue

If very salty, the tongue should be soaked in cold water over night. It is then boiled in the same way as corned beef. After cooking, it is slightly cooled in the water in which it was cooked, and then skinned.

New England Boiled Dinner

Wash corned beef and tie securely in shape, place in a kettle, cover with cold water and bring slowly to the boiling point. Boil 5 minutes, then reduce the temperature and simmer till the meat is tender. Put various vegetables, such as cabbage, carrots, turnips, onions and potatoes in the kettle to cook long enough before serving to insure their being done. The turnips may be cut in slices, the cabbage in quarters, the carrots left whole or cut in two, the onions and potatoes left whole. The fat should be skimmed off before adding the vegetables.

Boiled Ham

Soak the ham in cold water over night; wash it well, and trim off the hard skin. Put in a kettle of cold water, bring to the boiling point. Cook till tender allowing about 20 minutes to the pound. Allow the ham to cool in the liquor in which it was cooked. Skin and cut in slices.

Casserole of Lamb

Wipe slices of lamb, and put in a hot frying pan. Turn frequently till well browned on both sides. Put in a casserole, spread with melted butter, season with salt and pepper, and bake till tender (about 20 or 30 minutes). Parboil carrots cut in strips, potato balls and small onions. Add to the lamb with 2 c. of hot soup stock or water, season and cook till the vegetables are tender.

Pork Chops

Wipe the chops, sprinkle with salt and pepper, place in a hot frying pan and cook slowly till tender, and brown on both sides.

Apples cut in thick slices, may be fried in the fat which fries out of the chops, and served with them.

Baked Ham

Boil a ham. Remove from the liquor, skin, brush over with the beaten yolk of an egg, sprinkle thickly with fine crumbs, stick cloves in about half an inch apart. Baste occasionally to prevent burning. Bake an hour, and serve either hot or cold.

Broiled Ham

Cut the ham in thin slices. Soak in warm water for an hour, or simmer in hot water in the frying pan for 5 minutes. Drain, and wipe with a cloth before boiling or cooking in the frying pan.

Stewed Kidneys

Use beef, calf or lamb's kidneys. Be sure that they are fresh. Remove all fat and white centre. Soak for an hour in salted water. Slice, dredge with flour, and saute in butter. Add ½ tb. of onion juice, ¾ c. water, and simmer about 10 minutes. Add salt and pepper. 2 tb. of currant jelly may be added if wished. Kidneys should be cooked either for only a few minutes, or for several hours, or they will be tough.

Meat Pot Pie

Cut the meat (beef, chicken, veal, etc.) in pieces. Cover with boiling water in a closely covered kettle, season, and simmer till tender. Just before serving, drop dumplings on top of the meat, and when they are done, serve at once.

Tripe

Either pickled or fresh honeycomb tripe may be used. Wash, and wipe it dry. Cut in pieces. For pickled tripe, wash, cover with boiling water and simmer 20 minutes. Drain. The process may be repeated if it is very salty.

Broiled Tripe

Fresh tripe is best for this. Wipe dry. Dip in cracker crumbs, melted butter, then again in crumbs. Place on a greased broiler and cook the smooth side 3 minutes, then the honeycomb side 3 minutes. Put on a hot platter, spread with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and serve at once.

Tripe in Batter

Tripe may be dipped in batter and fried in deep fat.

Sauces to Serve with Meats

Roast Beef—Brown, tomato or horseradish sauce.
Roast Veal—Brown, tomato or horseradish sauce.
Roast Mutton—Jelly, curry, mint or caper, or piquante sauce.
Roast Lamb—Jelly, curry, mint or caper, or piquante sauce.
Roast Pork—Apple, brown or piquante sauce.
Beef Steak—Maitre d'hotel butter or mushroom sauce.
Goose or Duck—Apple sauce, jelly or orange sauce.
Roast Chicken or Turkey—Cranberry, giblet, celery or oyster sauce.
Fried Chicken—Brown, celery or egg, sauce suprême.
Boiled or Baked Fish—White of an egg or tomato sauce.
Fried Fish—Tartan sauce.

Horseradish Sauce

Milk, ½ c. Butter, 1 tb.
Cracker crumbs, 1 tb.
Grated horseradish, 1½ tb.
Salt, ¼ t. Pepper, ⅛ t.
A few specks Paprika

Cook the milk, cracker crumbs and horseradish for 20 minutes over hot water. Add the butter and seasonings.

Jelly Sauce

Currant or grape jelly, 1 glass
Butter, 1 tb. Lemon juice, 1 tb.

Melt the jelly over hot water. Stir in the butter as soon as the jelly is hot, and just before serving, the lemon juice.

ECONOMICAL USE OF MEAT—Continued from page 18

Mint Sauce

Mint leaves, chopped, 4 tb.
Powdered sugar, 2 tb. Vinegar, ½ c.

Dissolve the sugar in the vinegar. Pour over the mint leaves and let stand in a warm place for half an hour. If wished hot, heat the vinegar and sugar, and pour over the mint leaves just before serving.

Curry Sauce

Chopped onion, 1 tb. Salt, ½ t.
Butter, 2 tb. Curry powder, 1 tb.
Flour, 1½ tb. Boiling water, 1 c.
Lemon juice, 1 tb. or Vinegar, 2 t.

Melt the butter and cook the onion in it till yellow. Add the flour and curry powder. Stir till smooth, then gradually add the hot water. Bring to a boil. Add the seasonings, strain and serve.

Sauce Piquante

Brown sauce, 1 c. Vinegar, 1 tb.
Chopped pickle, 1 tb. Salt and pepper
Slice of onion, chopped
Chopped capers, 1 tb.

Add the other ingredients to the brown sauce, and serve hot.

Caper Sauce

Butter, 2 tb. Flour, 2 tb.
Soup stock or hot water, 1 c.
Onion juice, 1 t. Salt and pepper
Capers, 1 tb. chopped

Make a sauce of the butter, flour and soup stock or water. When it boils, add the capers and let stand over hot water a few minutes. Add the seasonings.

Maitre d' Hotel Butter

Butter, 2 tb. Pepper
Salt, ¼ t. Lemon juice, 1 tb.
Parsley, chopped ½ tb.

Cream the butter, work in the other ingredients, gradually adding the lemon juice.

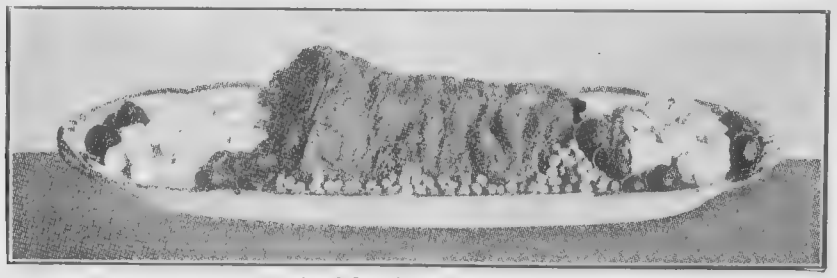
To Lard Meat

By larding we mean putting small pieces of fat salt pork through the surface of uncooked meat, using a larding needle. The flavor of lean dry meat is much improved by this means. Fat pork is chilled that it may be firm and cut with a sharp knife in strips ¼ inch thick, ¼ inch wide, or a little less, and 2 inches long. Insert one end in a larding needle, make incisions in the meat to be larded, with a skewer, and draw the lardoon through the flesh, leaving equal lengths projecting at each end. Place then parallel to each other, about 1 inch apart. The lardoons are placed with the grain of the meat. Thin slices of fat salt pork, or bacon are sometimes laid on the surface of the meat, instead of inserting lardoons.

Braised Beef

Beef from the round, 4 lbs.
Fat salt pork, 2 slices
Vegetables, ½ c. of each desired
Salt and pepper

Try out the pork and remove the scraps Wipe the meat, dredge with flour, salt and pepper, and brown all surfaces in the pork fat. Place in a deep dish, and surround with diced vegetables, using any kinds desired—such as carrots, onions, celery, cabbage, turnip, etc. Cover closely and cook in a very slow oven for 4 hours. Baste occasionally. Thicken the liquid of the fat from the roasting pan has been poured. Bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. When well risen, baste with some of the fat from the roasting pan. Cut in squares and serve at once with the roast beef. If allowed to stand any length of time, the pudding is liable to fall. It may be baked in well greased hot muffin pans or in custard cups.



Rack of Lamb with Vegetables.

Mushroom Sauce

Add chopped fresh mushrooms to cream sauce. Cook 10 minutes.

Orange Sauce

Butter, 1 tb. Orange, 1
Flour, 1 tb. Salt and pepper
Soup stock, 1 c.

Make a sauce of the butter, flour and stock, simmering pieces of orange peel in it. Just before serving, add the orange juice. Strain out the pieces of peel.

Sauce Supreme

Butter, 2 tb. Chicken stock, 1 c.
Flour, 2 tb. Lemon juice, ½ t.
Hot cream, 1 tb. Chopped parsley, 1 tb.
Salt and pepper

Make a sauce of the butter, flour, cream and stock. Just before serving add the seasonings.

Tartan Sauce

Mayonnaise, ½ c.
Chopped olives, ½ tb.
Chopped capers, ½ tb.
Chopped pickles, ½ tb.

Combine the ingredients.

Oyster Sauce

Cook the oysters in their liquor till the edges begin to curl, after straining the liquor. Add to white sauce, just before serving.

Celery Sauce

Celery, 1 stalk Salted water, 1 c.
White sauce, 1 c.

Cut the celery in half inch pieces. Cook in the salted water till tender. Add to hot cream sauce, after draining.

Yorkshire Pudding

1 c. milk 2 eggs
1 c. flour ¼ t. salt

Mix the salt and flour, add the milk gradually, to make a smooth batter, then add the very well-beaten eggs. Pour into a hot dripping pan, in which a little in the pan for gravy. Serve surrounded by the vegetables.

Beef Stew with Dumplings

Tough cut of beef, 5 lbs (Aitch bone is good)
Potatoes 4 c., sliced
Vegetables 1 c. of each, diced
Flour, ¼c.
Salt Pepper

Wipe the meat, cut in cubes, dredge with flour, salt and pepper, and put in the frying pan in which some of the fat has been tried out. Stir the meat till it is browned on all sides ; put in a kettle, rinse out the frying pan with boiling water and add to the meat in the kettle, with the remaining fat and bones that were with the meat. Put in enough boiling water to cover the meat. Boil 5 minutes, then reduce the temperature so that the meat will simmer for about 3 hours. An hour before serving, add any desired vegetables cut in cubes with salt and pepper. Half an hour later add the sliced potatoes. Remove the bones, and skim off the fat if there is too much of it. Thicken the gravy with the flour, stir in enough cold water to pour.

Dumplings

Flour, 2 c. Shortening, 2 tb.
Baking powder, 4 t.
Milk, ¾ c. or a little more
Salt, ½ t. Egg, 1

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in the fat, add the beaten egg and milk using enough milk to make a batter which can be dropped from a spoon. Put by spoonfuls on top of the meat and vegetables, after removing part of the liquid, so that the dumplings will not rest in it. Cover closely and cook for 15 minutes, being very careful not to remove the lid of the kettle.

To serve, arrange the meat and gravy in a deep platter, and surround with the dumplings.

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Medical science prescribes various modifications for the purpose of rendering the milk more easily digestible. By far the most valuable discovery in this connection is "gelatinized" milk, which means the addition of one level tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine to a quart of milk.

Soak the gelatine in ¼ cup of the cold milk 10 minutes. Place the cup in boiling water stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; then add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk or regular formula. Ask your physician about this.

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The findings of the scientific investigation which brought to light the great importance of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in the human diet, have been collected in a booklet, "The Health Value of Gelatine." This, together with "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" will be mailed you, free, upon receipt of 4 cents for postage and your grocer's name.

Health Dept.
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal

Candies for Serving at Your Afternoon Tea Party

Chocolate Delights

1 lb. of Dipping Chocolate
Shelled nuts, pitted dates, marshmallows, raisins, candied ginger for centres

Break the chocolate in pieces, and put in a bowl or saucepan over hot water till melted. Remove from the fire, and beat till smooth and thick. With a fork, dip the nuts, or bits of fruit in the chocolate. Drain a moment, and place on waxed paper, or a marble slab, to dry.

Stuffed Prunes

Select large prunes—wash thoroughly, steam till soft. Remove the pits and fill with the following mixture:

In a sauce pan put 1½ c. sugar, ½ square of chocolate, ¾ c. milk, and boil to a thick syrup. Add ½ c. chopped nut meats, ½ t. of vanilla, ½ t. rose extract and beat till creamy. Dip the stuffed prunes in beaten egg white and roll in colored sugar.

To make colored sugar for candies and icings:

Put 1 c. of granulated sugar on stiff white paper. Sprinkle over it a few drops of the desired color, and rub with a wooden spoon till the grains are all colored. Place in a moderate oven to dry, and store in a dry bottle.

Chocolate Marshmallows

1 envelope Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups granulated sugar
¼ teaspoonful cream of tartar
1 teaspoonful peppermint or vanilla

Soak the gelatine in three tablespoonfuls cold water five minutes. Mix sugar and cream of tartar together; add one-half cup cold water and boil until syrup is clear. Stir softened gelatine through syrup and turn into a pan to cool. When partially cool, whip until light and stiff enough to form in centers. Place small pieces of confectioner's dipping chocolate over hot water until melted. Remove and drop centers, one at a time into chocolate and place on paraffine paper. If centers are not dipped in the chocolate at once, place same in a covered dish to keep from hardening. These candies may be kept for a long time perfectly fresh if covered and not exposed to the air.

Chocolate Cream Drops

½ envelope Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups granulated sugar
¼ teaspoonful cream of tartar
1 teaspoonful peppermint or vanilla

Soak the gelatine in two tablespoonfuls cold water five minutes. Mix sugar and cream of tartar together; add one-half cup cold water and boil until syrup is clear. Stir softened gelatine through syrup quickly and turn into a pan to cool, but do not scrape pan. When partially cool, beat until creamy and stiff enough to form in centers. Place small pieces of confectioner's dipping chocolate over hot water until melted. Remove, and drop centers one at a time into chocolate and place on paraffine paper. If centers are not dropped in chocolate at once, place in covered dish to keep from hardening.

Note—Syrup may be used in place of sugar in these recipes, using ¾ of a cup of syrup instead of one cup of sugar.

This is the home of Miss Getrude Dutton, editress of this department, at Birtle, Man.

Cream Fudge

Milk, 1 c. Sugar, 2 c.
Corn Syrup, 4 tb. Rose Extract, 1 t.
Butter, 4 tb. Candied Cherries, ½ c.

Put the milk, syrup and sugar in a sauce pan and boil a few minutes. Add the butter and continue cooking till the soft ball stage is reached. Take from the fire, and add the flavoring, and beat till creamy. While beating, add the cherries cut in quarters. Pour into buttered pans, and when cool, cut in squares.

Honey Nut Candy

Mix ¼ c. honey and ½ c. rich milk. Add to 2 c. granulated sugar in a saucepan. Cook till the sugar is dissolved, add 2 tb. butter, and continue cooking without stirring till it reaches the hard ball stage. Remove from the fire, add 1 c. of chopped nuts, and beat till so thick it will merely pour on to a platter. It should be rough on top. Cut into squares, with a hot knife before it becomes quite hard.

Honey Fudge

Sugar, 2 c. Whites of 2 Eggs
Honey, ⅓ c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Water, ⅓ c.

Boil the sugar, honey and water together to the hard ball stage. Pour while beating, over the stiffly beaten egg whites, and continue beating till partly cooled—add the vanilla and beat till it will hold its shape when dropped by spoonfuls on waxed paper.

Cocoanut Creamed Rocks

Sugar, 2 c. Melted Chocolate, 2 sq.
Cream of Tartar, ⅛ t. Cocoanut, 1 c.
Water, ½ c. Vanilla, ½ t.

Boil the sugar, water and cream of tartar 3 minutes, after the boiling commences. Remove from fire and stir until the syrup becomes cloudy. Then add the cocoanut. Flavor half with vanilla, and the other half with vanilla and chocolate. Drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper.

After Dinner Wafers

1 teaspoonful Sparkling Gelatine
2 teaspoonfuls cold water
3 teaspoonfuls boiling water
2 cups confectioner's sugar

Soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the boiling water. Add the sugar and mix thoroughly. Put mixture on a board dredged with sifted confectioner's sugar and knead until perfectly smooth. Separate, and to the parts add the desired flavor, adding more sugar to make stiff. Then roll as thin as possible and cut in rounds. Peppermint, clove, cinnamon, sassafras, wintergreen or any flavor may be used. Vary by using different colorings.

Maple Kisses

1 envelope Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
2 cups maple syrup
1 cup confectioner's sugar
1 cup chopped nuts
2 teaspoonfuls vanilla

Soak gelatine in the cold water ten minutes, and dissolve by standing in dish of hot water. Place on fire and when hot add the maple syrup. Remove from fire and beat with a whip until it begins to cream; then gradually whip in the cup of confectioner's sugar, vanilla and chopped nuts Allow to stand a few moments before dropping on waxed paper.

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California Fruits

By Francis Dickie

I WALKED along a California road late one afternoon nearly twenty years ago. The dust was heavy beneath my feet, and I was hot and dry. Though the time was late December, the soft moist air was like a Canadian June night. On one side of me the Sacramento River purled softly over a stony bed, on the other fields on fields stretched away, some of fruit crops, some of agriculture. I was a green Canadian boy moving in a land which to me, accustomed to snow and ice at this time of year, was a place of wonder. As I have said I was hot and very thirsty. Presently I spied an orchard. There were trees upon trees heavily loaded with a little red fruit. "Cherries!" I said to myself, green boy from the Manitoba prairies that I was. Now that farmer evidently had little faith in his fellow men, judging by the fence he had erected. Nevertheless, I got through the barbed wire barricade. Hungrily I plucked a great handful of these cherries, and stuffed them in my mouth. Oh, war, oh, woe! Man o' cat, I paid for my ignorance and willingness to believe in cherries in December! I had filled my mouth with olives, bitter, puckering little red olives.

So much for my introduction to California fruit. I have seen much of it since, and appreciated both the olives and a dozen of the varied fruits that wonderful land produces.

At the time of my experience with the olives nearly two decades ago, California was producing even then about one-fifth of the fruit crops of the whole United States. To-day she produces more than a half; and before prohibition came in her output of wines was worth about $10,000,000 annually.

On that day nearly two decades ago when I filled my mouth with olives, I thought were cherries, I was the consumer coming direct to the producer. And this little parallel was true also of the condition of the fruit business in general in California at the time. It had been growing rapidly since 1885, and, once the great orange boom had changed to careful production around 1889, the wonderful possibilities of the state began to be realized. But it needed one thing to make it one of the most important industries in the whole United States: co-operation of the various growers. Just as the farmers of the great western prairies slowly through years of struggle arrived at co-operation, so did the fruit growers of California, though the progress of the latter was swifter. And co-operation was more essential in the handling of perishable tropical and semi-tropical fruit than grain. Through co-operation the California fruit growers had a common fund to further a national campaign of advertising—placing the uses of all the fruits in every known way before every housewife in the Union and in Canada. Through co-operation they were able to command consideration from the big shipping companies, both as to rates and cars; and with a common fund at their disposal they were able to experiment in packing and shipping till this department became the last word in efficiency. Through co-operation, backed by a great growing campaign, the state built up an output which to-day is more than half the entire product of the Union.

But though the benefits which the consumer derives in luscious fruit brought to his table in perfect condition, even so far away as Nome and Dawson City, is largely due to the co-operation of the California Fruit Growers, all the credit must not go to them. It is well to render unto Caeser the things which are his, and to do this we have to go a very long way back, back to the eighteenth century to those wonderful days of the Franciscan Fathers' Settlement in 1771. From far-off Spain most of them came, men of education, filled not only with holy zeal for the wellfare of the natives, but with sound common sense as to how it should be worked out. They brought with them grape seeds, olives and pears; raisin grapes and wine grapes from which through the gathering years the fame of California has been built.

Of course these three form only a small part of the varied fruit crops which are now produced, fruit crops all of which imported, yet equal and are even superior in some instances to the fruits grown on the original soil.

TO the average reader California is best known for its oranges. And how countless many people of to-day getting along to middle age will remember the great "orange boom" of their younger days. Indeed, I venture not a few have stored away somewhere some still shiny, but somewhat yellowed stock certificates in certain orange groves, which have never paid dividends. The California "orange mining"—there seems to be no better word to describe it—was a remarkable fever, and caused as much excitement as did the earlier gold rush of '49. The orange industry began in earnest in 1873. It was in this year that a few trees of a seedless orange were imported from Brazil. From these have developed by budding the millions of trees which to-day produce the seedless fruit called "Washington Navel," the finest orange upon the American continent. The particular value of the orange lies in that shipments can be sent out the year round.

Without California, where would the profits be for two-thirds of the boarding houses on this great continent? For California sends forth the lowly prune, the stock joke of vaudeville artists for the last twenty-five years. But joke though the prune is on the stage, and a rather tiresome staple of diet on certain tables, it was still neglected for almost thirty years after its first cultivation.

From a largely wheat growing country in 1840, California through the work of the fruit farmers, fostered by the completion of a vast system of irrigation, to-day produces more than one half the product of the entire Union. The major portion of her arable land is given over to horticulture.

California produces the finest oranges, lemons, citrons, olives, figs, almonds, walnuts, plums, grapes for wine, raisin grapes, nectarines, apricots and pomegranates. In addition enormous crops of pears and peaches are now produced annually. The growth of some of these fruits is not confined to the Southern portion alone. Citrous fruits flourish in the Sacramento Valley, and it is mainly from the north that there are shipped almonds, pears, plums, cherries and apricots. Santa Clara is famed for its prunes; and in nearly all the valleys olives thrive.

To-day the California fruit grower, through hard work, and one of the greatest co-operative movements in the history of any industry, places his fruit in every part of Canada and the United States. Every housewife has been taught new ways of serving. The food values of the various fruits are fully set forth. And with the aid of the most up-to-date transportation systems on the face of the globe, the fruit perfectly packed is moved, so that the hard working logger in the deep forest of British Columbia to-day has a grape fruit for his breakfast as well as the man of wealth in the city.

We live in an age of wonders. What were luxuries to our fathers, have become such commonplaces to us that we no longer even give them a thought. I am strikingly reminded of this when I think of a November day not so very long ago in a little Canadian town. Some poor children seeing oranges on the table asked if it was Christmas. To them oranges and Christmas were synonymous. "But them days are gone forever." Oranges are no longer the treats they were in the days of our childhood. Modern methods have made them an everyday thing, just as they have made the grape fruit almost a necessity to so many people.

Canned fruits and other foods have become a staple necessity in our lives, and the industry is a most important one.

During the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, as a military measure, the French Government offered a bounty of 12,000 francs for a method to insure the better preservation of foods. The need of such knowledge was very great at that time in order to reduce the loss through

Continued on page 23

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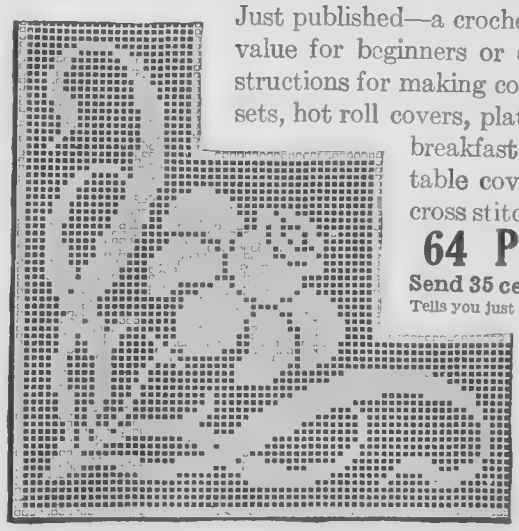

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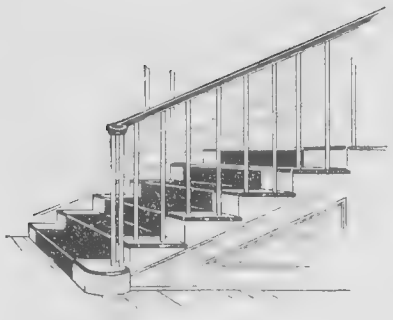

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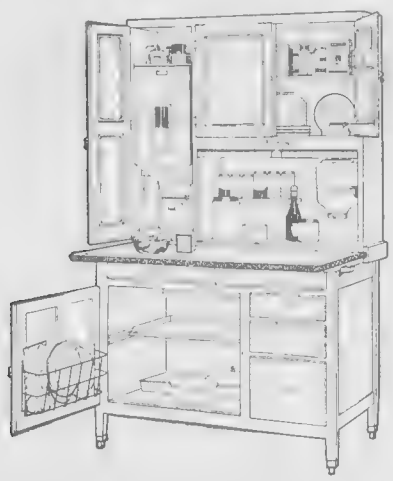

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MOTHER'S PAGE

How to Overcome Shyness in Children

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

I WENT to see a friend lately and when I was with her I remarked that she had an unusually bright little girl. As I approached the child to talk to her, the mother remarked: "You won't get her to say anything to you. She is dreadfully shy."

After that, I could not make the child speak to me *when the mother was present*. We were left alone for a few minutes and then I spoke to the little girl. She answered me brightly. All her shyness was gone!

In the first instance the mother had suggested shyness to the child's mind, so, naturally, the child reacted to the suggestion.

Many a time a child is not really shy, and she never would be so if the idea were not put into her head. Some children are shy with one person and not with another. I have never known a child to be shy with me, unless her mother were present!

If you want to overcome shyness in children, you must never assume that it exists. To tell a person, in the child's hearing, that your child is shy, is to bring about a shyness which probably never existed before.

Some children are a trifle self-conscious in the presence of grown-ups. This is probably because too much attention is paid to them. Leave them to play alone or with other children, and they will soon forget you are in the room! In this case they will be natural, and all evidence of shyness will be gone.

When I have to manage a child who has been spoiled and made shy by her relations, I do not question her before the other children, nor do I make her read first or recite poetry until the others have done so. When she sees how all the others take things as a matter of course, she is eager to do the same.

Another thing which makes a child seem shy is to offer her something every time she recites. If she knows she will be begged to recite and finally offered candy or five cents to do so, she will always give herself airs at the start. She wants the candy and realizes that she will not get it unless she holds out against reciting at the beginning.

It is not natural for a child to be shy. It is the product of our civilization. There should be no such thing as a shy child. A shy child is a selfish child. Teach a child to consider others besides herself, and her shyness will vanish.

If a child will not recite gracefully and naturally when she is asked, you must not beg her to do so. You could say: "Never mind. I'll ask Mary instead. She always does things so nicely when she is asked." If you make a remark like this and show the self-conscious child that you can get on very well without her, she will soon dislike being left out of things, and want to do as the others do.

Some children are shy in the presence of a person they dislike. I can understand this. Well, try to make the children like you, and they will never be shy with you.

If you have laughed at a child for a peculiar way she has, you are again encouraging shyness. It is very unkind to laugh at a child. I never could understand how a woman could do such a thing. I have seen men do it, but men do not understand children as women do. At least, most men do not.

Kindness, gentleness, patience and love all go to the understanding of a child. When you have all these, you can overcome shyness in any child. Of course, you must have tact, too. You must remember that shyness is an absurdity. You must not pamper it. The best you can do is to ignore it. If you do this, you will often surprise the child's own mother. I have had people remark to me: "I don't know how you got this child to talk to you; she will never talk to anyone."

When this is said to me, I take it as a compliment.

Really, there is no mystery about it. I just reached the child's heart, that was all.

Woman's Worst Enemy

By Winifred N. Whitlock

WE always admire the Micawberish type of person who absolutely refuses to worry, come what may, who clings obstinately to the belief that something will turn up—and it usually does.

Worry is so absolutely futile because the future is veiled. The mother who is always worrying lest her child will be run over undermines her strength and is separated from her child by the hospital doors opening to receive—not the child she worried about, but herself, a victim of that scourge that takes toll of its thousands and tens of thousands—worry.

Do you know the type of woman who is always worrying about what will happen if....? Her imagination would do credit to a novel writer, but somehow she never manages to think of anything nice. Her husband buys something on time, and she greets the news of the purchase with: "Yes, its very nice, but what will happen if we can't meet the payments?"

What is the worst that could happen? If the company from whom you bought the implement or piece of furniture were appealed to they would give you an extension on your payments, and if you were absolutely unable to meet your obligations they would repossess the article. You would have had the use of it for a time.

Worry is the cause of most nervous and mental disorders, and yet people rarely worry lest they become nervous wrecks or lunatics.

We know a woman who worried lest her daughters should not marry. She pursued eligible young men relentlessly, and so patent was her desire to get these girls married that the young men gave the mother, and incidentally the daughters, a wide berth, and they are both unmarried today.

Do you know the woman who is always worrying about what will happen when she is old? She conjures up visions of the poorhouse; deplores her inability to save, and regrets that her parents were not millionaires. She cannot enjoy the present because she is always worrying about the future, and in many cases she does not have any old age, because she is worn out mentally and physically long before reaching the allotted span.

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WOMAN'S WORST ENEMY—Continued from page 22

"I've a worrying nature," says a woman; "I can't help worrying."

The best antidote for worry is work. Don't give yourself time to worry. Go from your daily work to your hobby, and if you have more time, have another hobby. Find some occupation that requires all your thinking powers and when you find yourself worrying, fly to it. This will at first require every ounce of will-power you possess, but it will gradually come easy and the interest of the hobby will eventually supersede your mania for worrying, and you will find yourself turning instinctively to your hobby when worrying thoughts beset you.

Worrying is not only an enemy to your own health and happiness, but a deterrent to the happiness of others. Do you know the mother who is always telling her children not to do this and that, or they will get hurt or killed or something? Do you know the wife who spends her vacation harping on the expense of the boarding house, or wondering what will happen at home, if the pipes will burst or the roof fall in? We pity the husband of such a woman. Even if she is one of those noble individuals who wear a halo in silence, he knows by the wrinkles on her brow as she eats the nicely cooked cutlets, that she is thinking what an expensive dinner he has ordered.

If we study the lives of a few of our worrying friends we see that Fate has a sense of humor. It is nearly always something they didn't worry about—the one thing they missed, perhaps—that happens.

Another curious thing is that very often the things that we most dread, even if they do happen (and, of course, they sometimes do), turn out blessings instead of curses. There is that man who lost all his money; the family thought it a dreadful calamity—but it proved the making of the son who was forced to earn money instead of spending it.

It is strange that so many parents deny themselves luxuries; in many cases even stint themselves of necessities, to leave their sons and daughters well off. Money is a handicap to young people, because they do not know how to use it wisely. Very few rich men's sons have risen to high places. Read the biography of the world's richest or most famous men, and what do you find? They were not born in rich homes. They had to work—and work hard. Edison says that when he was young he had no time to get into mischief—he had to work too hard. The richest man's son has plenty of time to get into mischief, and usually does. Therefore, why worry about the financial future of your children? Give them the heritage of good health by refusing to worry, and the example of a contented mind. The child who is brought up in a happy home is more to be envied than the son of rich people.

Worrying is not a natural or inherited vice, as some people seem to think; it is a habit, and a very bad one. It is far easier to smile than to frown, and yet smiling faces are the exception rather than the rule.

If worrying cannot make things better, it can undoubtedly make them worse. An invalid isn't made any better by seeing a woman with a worried face beside his or her bed; the fretful baby isn't soothed by querulous tones; it may not know what its mother is saying, but it knows how she is saying it. Poverty isn't ameliorated by whining and railing at fate, but by the courageous heart behind the smiling face.

If you want to look old, and perhaps there are a few women who do, worry as much as you can. There is no surer route to grey hair and a wrinkled brow and if your aspirations include seeing the interior of a lunatic asylum, worry about anything that comes into your mind. You will surely have your ambition gratified. But if you value your health, good looks, and want to be happy and make others happy, there is nothing like refusing to worry. Remember that every cloud has a silver lining, when the dark cloud is turned towards you, look beyond the cloud to the silver lining, and when the silver lining shows, enjoy it, for it will give you courage and strength to face the dark cloud if it comes again.

Resolve to make 1924 a non-worry year. It is going to be a prosperous year for Canada, and therefore it must be a happy one for us. What is there to worry about?

CALIFORNIA FRUITS—Continued from page 21

waste and spoilage in foods used in military and naval stores.

Among the many capable men attracted by this offer was Francois Appert, a French scientist, who began experimenting in 1795. In 1804 he attained his first success by heating the product and then hermetically sealing the container. He was awarded the prize, and has since been honored as the discoverer of the art of canning.

There is nothing secret in the process of canning. Appert, when he made his discovery, did not know why food kept when treated according to his method, although he ascribed it to the exclusion of outside air after applying sufficient heat to the food. Science had not progressed sufficiently to determine the real cause, and it was only a few years ago through the application of the science of bacteriology to canning that the true explanation was brought to light.

The modern cannery is as sanitary as a dainty woman's kitchen, as it is constructed strictly on sanitary principles and is kept immaculately clean through the use of heat, water and live steam. Mechanical genius has developed with the industry to such an extent that there is practically a machine or mechanical device for every detail in handling, preparing and processing of every kind of food canned to-day.

Canned foods are absolutely wholesome, nothing whatever being used in their preservation except the great natural sterilizer—heat. In fact, nothing but heat is necessary, and no canner would ever thing of using anything but pure heat to accomplish perfect sterilization and preservation. To use chemical preservatives is illegal and is prohibited by our federal and state laws and, besides, it would cost more and be less reliable than the simple method of heat.

PROMINENT in the packing of Pacific Coast food products is the California Packing Corporation, producers of Del Monte canned foods, the largest canners of fruits and vegetables and packers of dried fruits in the world.

The personnel of this Company comprises many of the men who have materially assisted in making the California canning business what it is to-day—pioneers in the business who have grown up with the industry and who, through lifelong study, have learned to pack fruits and vegetables as they should be packed.

It operates over one hundred canneries, dried fruit packing establishments and other properties in the best fruit and vegetable sections of California, Idaho, Utah, Oregon and Washington, including large orchards and farms in California, pineapple plantations and canneries in the Hawaiian Islands, and its operations extend to the very rim of the Arctic Circle through nearly a score of canneries for the packing of salmon.

The advantage of such a wide-spread organization is easily seen. In the single state of California, there are thousands and thousands of fruit producing acres, but as soil, temperature, moisture, and general climatic conditions have everything to do with the production of food fruit it is not surprising to find the best of California's fruits restricted to certain districts where all of the conditions are ideal.

In the most favored districts, and in the very heart of the producing fields you will find California Packing Corporation plants, and here fruits and vegetables are "packed where they ripen the day they are picked." As a result, this organization secures the very highest type of California fruits and vegetables and all its products have a freshness and natural flavor hard to equal.

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—easy to take care of
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Wax is by far the most economical finish for floors—a 1-lb. ($1.00) can of Johnson's Polishing Wax being sufficient for 300 sq. ft.—one coat. With waxed floors, expensive refinishing is never necessary for walked-on places can easily and quickly be re-waxed as they appear, without going over the entire floor. The finish obtained with Johnson's Polishing Wax is sanitary, durable and disinfecting.

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Johnson's Polishing Wax imparts a hard, dry, velvety finish which is impervious to water, dust, scratches, heel-marks, finger-prints, etc. It cleans, polishes, preserves and protects—all in one operation.

Johnson's Liquid Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It covers up surface mars and prevents checking—Removes the bloom and takes all drudgery from dusting — Forms a thin, protecting finish coat. Johnson's Wax adds years to the life and beauty of varnish. Easy to apply and polish.

Your Linoleum will last longer—look better and clean easier if polished occasionally with Johnson's Paste or Liquid Wax.

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To wax floors and linoleum use a Johnson Weighted Polishing Brush. It spreads the wax evenly—polishes the wax easily—and is an ideal floor duster. Price $3.50 (In Alberta and British Columbia $4.00). Dealers are authorized to give a pound ($1.00) can of **Johnson's Polishing Wax FREE** with each brush.

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Johnson's Polishing Wax is conveniently put up in three forms—use the PASTE wax for polishing all floors—wood, linoleum, tile, etc. We recommend the LIQUID Wax for polishing furniture, phonographs, woodwork, linoleum, and automobiles. Johnson's POWDERED Wax will immediately put any floor in perfect condition for dancing.

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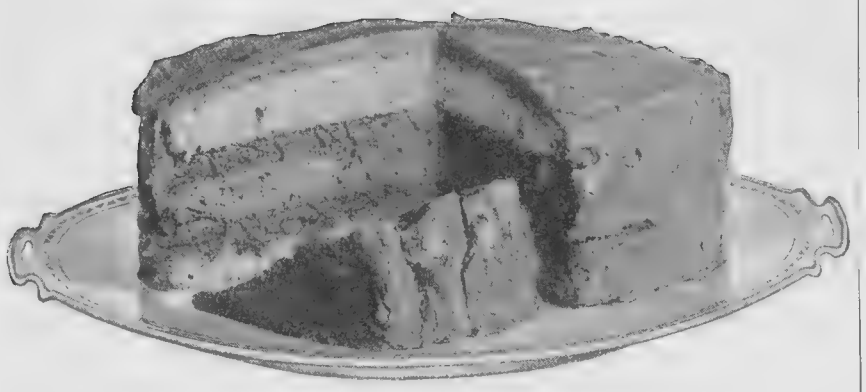

TROPIC-AROMA

The Cake that took the country by storm!

Its new and delightful flavor has won it instant popularity with all who have been privileged to eat it.

Tropic-Aroma is another tribute to the wonderful results achieved by using

ROYAL Baking Powder

Although Tropic-Aroma takes no more time to make than does the plainest cake, it is of such inviting appearance and captivating taste that it is a complete dessert in itself.

To get the even texture and delicious flavor of Tropic-Aroma you must use Royal, the Baking Powder which stands for Purity, High Quality, Healthfulness and Reliability.

Royal Tropic-Aroma Cake

½ cup shortening
1¼ cups sugar
2 eggs
2½ cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup milk

Cream shortening; add sugar and beaten eggs. Mix well and add sifted together half the flour, Royal Baking Powder, salt and spices; add milk and remainder of dry ingredients. Bake two-thirds of batter in two greased layer tins, and to remaining third add one tablespoon cocoa which has been mixed with 1 tablespoon boiling water. Use this for middle layer. Bake layers in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Put following filling and icing between layers and on top and sides of cake:

3 tablespoons butter
3 cups confectioner's sugar or very fine powdered sugar
5 tablespoons cocoa
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
5 tablespoons cold strong coffee

Cream butter until of creamy consistency. Add sugar and cocoa very slowly, beating until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and coffee slowly a few drops at a time, making soft enough to spread.

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Write for the free Royal Cook Book, containing 400 recipes covering the whole field of Cookery.

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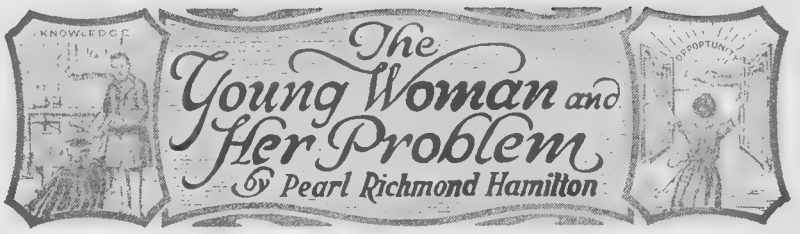

A POET—a Canadian poet—gave a reading of his poems in Winnipeg recently, and the Auditorium was packed with people to hear him.

This speaks well for a place in Western Canada, where people are accused of being too material. Bliss Carman is honored as no other poet in Canada.

The great, quiet man with the broad vision of beauty—of God—comes in our midst, and we feel the power of his personality. He is a builder of beauty, and he lifts us above the prose of life. His work throbs with pictures of Divine creation. Somebody told me one time, when I expressed my admiration of Canadian poetry, that poetry was not ethics. If I cannot find God in poetry, then it is not poetry to me.

When Dr. Allison, of the University of Manitoba, placed Vestigia in large type on the front page of the Literary Supplement of the Free Press, I cut it out and pasted it above my kitchen table. This position did not mean a sacrifice of the dignity of the poem. Some of the best literature in our home is above the kitchen table. It is the business corner of our home. The children come in, and, while waiting for dinner or lunch, they learn a few lines—perhaps we discuss it. Literature above the kitchen table is the best antidote I know of for malicious gossip about one's neighbors.

In this way Vestigia has become in our home a hymn—a hymn of inspiration and love—a hymn of gratitude.

If Dr. Carman had never composed another line, this poem would make him a great poet.

He is like other men who have achieved fame of the sincere kind. He is extremely modest, and does not realize the height of his attainment. His vision is too broad for any shade of personal egotism. He sees the world in "lacquered gold" full of surprises—full of power—full of beauty. He has no time for self-thoughts.

It is like a magnificent blessing coming into one's life to see and hear him. I am quoting a few lines from his poems, here and there, that have helped me. I would urge every young woman who reads this to learn them.

Thoughts of envy, self-pity, jealousy and hatred cannot poison the mind of a girl who admits mental food of this kind.

In the poem "The Givers of Life," we have a wonderful tribute to motherhood. It were well for every young woman to see the picture of the type of womanhood that strong men honor. One verse from the poem reads:

"Who strengthened our souls with courage, and taught us the ways of earth?
Who gave us patterns of beauty, our standards of flawless worth?
Mothers, unmilitant, lovely, moulding our manhood then,
Walked in their woman's glory, swaying the might of men.
They schooled us to service and honor, modest and clean and fair—
The code of their worth of living, taught with the sanction of prayer.
They were our sharers of sorrow, they were our makers of joy,
Lighting the lamp of manhood in the heart of a lonely boy.
Haloed with love and with wonder, in sheltered ways they trod,
Seers of sublime divination, keeping the truce of God."

Any girl who has the above picture of womanhood in her mind will develop into a woman of character such as men admire.

Following are verses from his poem, "To a Young Lady on Her Birthday":

"The marching years go by
And brush your garment's hem,
The bandits by and by
Will bid you go with them.

"Trust not that caravan!
Old vagabonds are they;
They'll rob you if they can,
And make believe it's play.

"Ask not for gauds nor gold,
Nor fame that falsely rings;
The foolish world grows old
Caring for these things.

"Make all your sweet demands
For happiness alone,
And the years will fill your hands
With treasures rarely known."

Then here are a few thoughts gleaned from other poems in his book, entitled "Later Poems." I wish every girl who reads this department would buy a copy of this book for her room. Every morning a thought learned from its pages would be the best of tonics for a day's work. Lines like these:

"Yesterday was not earth's evening
Every morning is its prime."

"Who shall set the bounds of puissance
Or the formulas of creed?
Truth awaits the test of beauty,
Good is proven in the deed."

From Bliss Carman's "Earth Voices," we quote:

"I heard the spring rain murmur
Above the roadside flower,
The world is made forever
In melody and power.

"I am the master builder
In whom the ages trust.
I lift the lost perfection
To blossom from the dust.

"This is the law of being
That links the threefold chain:
The life we give to beauty
Returns to us again."

Again:

"The starry midnight whispers,
As I nurse before the fire,
On the ashes of ambition
And the embers of desire.

"Life has no other logic,
And time no other creed,
Than 'I for joy will follow
Where Thou for love dost lead.'"

I often feel, when girls come to me, that they need more poetry in their minds, to help them through their problems. If any girl who reads this would like a copy of Vestigia, which is the first poem in Bliss Carman's "Later Poems," I will mail the poem to her.

The Teasing Tragedy

SO many letters come to me from girls who want to come to the city, because there is no opportunity in their country home. Sometimes these letters are very difficult to answer. When I see a girl struggling for existence in the city, I feel a girl in the country, who has a comfortable environment, can develop a finer future than one who comes to the city. I have experienced that loneliness in the country myself when a girl. I know how restlessness nags at one until it becomes unbearable.

But the fight is often an opportunity that we do not see.

Today there are so many advantages for the country girl, offered by Agricultural Colleges in their extension work, that, if I were a lonely girl, I would write to the one nearest my home. I believe a girl on any farm could begin a kind of work that would be a source of future power and remuneration. Boys and girls club work challenges any girl to join in all kinds of farm interests. Surely something could be found in their

Continued on page 49

What Happened to Ruth

By Beatrice Imboden

Illustrated by WILL GREFE

The story of a secret that is too good to keep

IT WAS spring on the campus! But there was no spring in the heart of a slender, dark-eyed girl crossing the quadrangle. Her sombre expression caught the eyes of a friend.

"Cheer up, Ruthie! Maybe it's not so bad as you think," laughed this rosy-cheeked maiden, slipping her arm through Ruth's. But there was no answering raillery.

"Dot, what's the use of it all?" passionately burst out Ruth. Dot looked startled.

"I'm going to give up—quit college! I'm young, alive! I don't want to grind away three more dull years!"

"Why—gracious me!—college is just the place where one can have good times!" began Dorothy.

"You know it is not—for us!" Ruth repressed her almost sternly. "Let's be frank, for once. You and I don't have good times. We just study, and go to poky lectures, and slip into the back seats at concerts so no one will notice our clothes, and study some more, and go to classes. I w-wouldn't care if I could have just one new spring suit—I wouldn't ask for *many* clothes!"

"Oh," murmured Dot, knowingly. For a couple were approaching—a tall, laughing boy with an attractive girl who wore jauntily a pretty spring costume.

"Why, hello Ruth!" exclaimed the boy. "Say, I had a letter from home yesterday. Want to hear the news?"

"I—I haven't time now." Ruth hurried on, dragging Dot with her.

"Why won't you let Alex talk to you?" reproached Dot. "He's a dear—and about the most popular boy in the University."

"In my old blue suit—and Grace Morrison all togged out?" demanded Ruth icily. "A lovely contrast!"

"She isn't as pretty as you," declared Dot, with warmth. But Ruth's gloom was compliment-proof.

"Well, good-bye; I'm going upstairs to study," she said as they reached their boarding place. In her room at last, the books lay untouched. She was wistfully recalling a moonlight night last August when she and Alex had planned to spend this spring together.

THEY were from the same little town, and for years Alex had sent her wonderful valentines and deserted his fine, big home on the hill to spend evenings in Ruth's rather threadbare little sitting room, where her school-teacher father and dear mother made him welcome. But in Millersville it had been different! There everyone knew and loved the Allisons—clothes didn't count. Here it was different.

Alex had tried his loyal best to take her into the circle where his good looks, good clothes and good car had quickly placed him. But after one or two unhappy evenings, she had refused his invitations. Finally, cut by her refusals, he had ceased to see her.

"I don't care!" muttered Ruth. To prove it she flung herself on the couch and sobbed.

Saturday, Ruth's Aunt Susanna ran down from the city to see her.

"She's wonderful!" Ruth told Dot. "Uncle Harvey lost his money three years ago, but she manages to dress even better than before. She's so clever!"

Aunt Susanna proved chic and fashionable—and wise. She attended a lecture or two, visited classes, and eyed Ruth critically.

"Where are the parties and athletic events and such?" she asked. "I thought college nowadays was one glad dream."

"Not for me," said Ruth shortly.

"Well, well, I must look into this when you come to visit me in June." And Aunt Susanna deftly turned the subject.

College dragged out to the year's end. Ruth left, declaring she was not coming back.

Dot heard little from her that summer. A mysterious card came in June bearing the word "Eureka!" Then one in August, "Meet me at the train in September," which Dot did eagerly one crisp fall morning.

"Where is Ruth?" she was wondering as passengers filed off the train, not recognizing a smart, slender figure in a blue traveling dress whose tailored touches and good lines simply cried "Style!" Then Ruth hugged her.

"You dear, to come back!" cried Dot. "Why, how stunning you look—and how happy!" Yes, Ruth was more than pretty, she was beautiful now! Some miracle had touched her.

AFTER lunch, two trunks came for Ruth, much to Dot's amazement. Last year one small one had sufficed.

"I'm dying to know what's in them," Dot said. "May I see? I scent a surprise—you seem so mysterious!"

At once Ruth unlocked one. Then she drew from its tissue-paper wrappings a miracle of a three-piece costume—soft, lovely cloth in leather color, Frenchily set off by a tiny vest of gold and brown brocade. With this went a tan georgette blouse, embroidered in gold, leather color, and old blue.

"Where in the world did you get that beautiful costume?" Dot was wild-eyed now. "It's too lovely to wear, almost!"

Ruth smiled, then lifted out an evening dress, crimson silk covered with petal-like tiers of tulle, ranging from rose to flame color, shoulder-strapped with tiny hand-made silver roses.

"Ruthie Allison, you don't mean that dream of a gown is *yours?* Haven't you gotten Miss Vanderbilt's trunk by mistake?"

Not answering, Ruth took out another party dress, with plaited tiers and quaint peasant bodice. "Corn color! The color I always said you should wear!" exclaimed Dot.

"Here is my favorite," smiled Ruth, calmly, displaying a dainty creation of cream-colored canton and silver lace. Dot gasped again.

"But who *made* them? Has a Fifth Avenue modiste adopted you?"

"Why, *I* did!" came the astounding reply.

"You!" was all Dot could utter.

"Yes. You see, Aunt Susanna told me her secret. She learned to sew wonderfully right at home, and she insisted that I could too. And I did! Why, it seemed I had hardly started when I made some dear 'undies,' two waists, and this crêpe kimono!"

"How did you learn all this at home? Who taught you? I'm breathless to know!"

"Why, the Woman's Institute, of Scranton. I was soon able to make really elaborate things, so I took a trip to the city and copied some of the beautiful new things, models that were priced at three or four times the cost of my whole outfit. Dad and Mother were wild with delight. They had guessed my unhappiness. During Christmas vacation I've promised to help on a bridal trousseau—and thereby earn my spring suit!"

"DO YOU think I could learn to sew too?" Dot's voice was unsteady now and Ruth knew that underneath her friend's saucy manner all the while had been the hurt a normal girl feels when wearing shabby clothes.

"Learn!" exclaimed Ruth. "Why, you couldn't *help* learning! The text-books seem to foresee and answer every possible question. The pictures are simply marvelous and the teachers take just as personal an interest in your work as they do here in the college classrooms!

"It isn't necessary to know anything at all about sewing—the instruction is so complete! And the course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two a day. You see, it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish.

"I know that the Woman's Institute has really made me as capable as many professional dressmakers—after just these few months of study at home! I really feel able to undertake the most difficult things and I know just how to get any style effect that I want to create or copy."

"Well, you won't be able to keep Alex away *now*," said Dot meaningly. Ruth's eyes grew dreamy. She saw herself in a rose-and-flame dress which turned her into a vivid, glowing gypsy, transformed her lips to scarlet petals and eyes to deep dark pools of allurement, listening to an ardent question. And she knew her dream was really a prophecy!

For a sequel to Ruth's story, peep into a sorority house the following spring.

There are Ruth and Dorothy in a group of girls. They had "joined" in the fall.

"And it should have been a year earlier!" exclaimed one girl. "But we never would have known what darlings you two are had we not been attracted first by your delightful clothes! What are you going to do this summer, Ruth?"

"I won't tell," she laughed. "But just you girls bring back all the feathers and scraps of velvet you can!"

"I know," said one wise maiden, "the Woman's Institute teaches millinery too. Going to make us some bridesmaid's hats, Ruthie?" And Ruth's blush was no denial.

WHAT happened to Ruth can happen to you. Thousands of other women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats, or take up dressmaking or millinery as a profession.

It costs you nothing to find out what the Institute can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation by return mail—the full story of this great school that is bringing the happiness of dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business, to women and girls all over the world.

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The Young Man and His Problem

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

WESTERN CANADA is still a country in the making, as indeed is the whole of Canada, and because the material problems of development are so great and so numerous, there is a tendency, to neglect theory in favor of a rule of thumb practice, and to neglect idealism in the struggle with things material.

For such a situation, good books provide a desirable corrective, and with the object of directing attention to books which may yet be read and studied during the winter months, the Problem page this month is devoted to descriptions of a number of books that have come to hand recently.

Advertising as a Vocation

"ADVERTISING as a Vocation," is the title of a volume from the press of the MacMillan Company of Toronto. A vocation, by the way, is a calling or designation to a particular state or profession; a summons; a call; employment; calling; occupation; trade. The author, Frederick J. Allen, A.M., of the Bureau of Vocational Guidance, Harvard University, has written this book with the idea of presenting the important facts that characterise advertising as a vocation.

He prophesies that the time will come when even those most unfamiliar with the real operations of advertising will be forced to recognize it as a useful and economical marketing device. As a means of livelihood, or as a calling, he regards advertising as an alluring field, and in the 175 pages of his book, he describes several scores of positions that result from the advertising industry and that are open to young men of ambition who are prepared to secure the necessary technical training.

Building the Vocabulary

THE Palmer Company, of 120 Boylston St., Boston, have published a book which, while it is entitled "Handbook of Commercial English," is as much a guide to the improvement of the vocabulary. It is a compact book of 170 pages, and discusses the parts of speech, syllabication, plurals, general rules of spelling, correspondence, model of special letters spelling drill, exercises in punctuation, and rules for abbreviations. The important rules of grammar are explained and illustrated, and all of the topics discussed are followed by suitable exercises.

A Made-Easy Series

"ARITHMETIC Made Easy," "Business Letters Made Easy," and "Shorthand Made Easy," are titles from the press of Edward J. Clode, New York. The publisher plans to issue in the same series books dealing with grammar, spelling, penmanship, drawing, and bookkeeping. It should be understood that it is still true that there is no royal road to knowledge, and that an important subject is not to be learned without hard work, but it is also true that in some books the approaches to subjects are made unduly difficult. The Made-Easy Series represents an endeavor to simplify the approach to certain technical subjects.

Personality

UNDER the title "Personality in Business," the A. W. Shaw Company, of Chicago, have issued a 200-page volume which gives the experiences of fifteen of the "captains of industry" on this continent, together with supplementary chapters dealing with Persistency, Vision, Pluck, and Tact. The illustrations add considerably to the value of this book, and the fact that this work represents the experiences of men who are at the head of great industries, distinguishes from the work of the sole author. As a sample of their philosophy, we quote from the contribution of William A. Field, president of the great steel corporation:

"We put our idea of personality among our men by instilling into them the fact that, while they are a part of the great whole, the work of each counts in the total and counts for the individual—each man's work is the link of a chain, but we watch and give credit for each link as well as for the whole chain; and every link must be perfect if the chain is to be good."

The Plays of Shakespeare

ALTHOUGH the name of Shakespeare is a household word, to many, his plays are a closed book. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we record the appearance of the revised edition of a handbook, "Shakespearian Synopses," that has been before the student public for twenty years. Each of the plays of Shakespeare is summarized and put in story form, and in connection with each play, a compact group of notes has been included, which gives facts as to the date of the date of authorship, first editions, sources of the plot, duration of the action, and finally, selected criticism from some authority which may shed particular light upon the play in question. A brief life of the dramatist and a review of his poems and sonnets are also added.

As an introduction to the reading of any play of Shakespeare, this handbook is of great value and interest.

Canada may be short of mechanics, technicists, and agriculturists, but there are those who are seeing to it that there shall be no shortage of premiers.

Economics

"AN Introduction to Economics," is the title of a book by Graham A. Laing, published by the Gregg Publishing Company, of Chicago.

It is a 450-page volume that deals in detail with the meanings of economics which is defined as "the study of man in regard to his activities in gaining a living." The work is divided into thirty chapters and discusses such matters as: economic development; the competitive system; the meaning of production; value; the law of supply and demand; monopoly; money problems; the evolution of the banking system; protection and free trade; investment and speculation; rent and interest and profits, the remuneration of labor; and social reconstruction.

"The study of economics," writes the author, "is not mercenary or ignoble. The whole of the graces and beauties of life are dependent upon a sound basis of economic life. To put it crudely, the pursuit of wealth for its own sake may be unworthy and mean, but without wealth, all the better sides of life are impossible."

Writing for Print

FOR those who feel that they would like to engage in newspaper and magazine work, D. C. Heath & Company, Publishers of Chicago, have produced a book written by H. F. Harrington, Director of the School of Journalism in Northwestern University, and dedicated "to that eager company of young reporters and editors who are acquiring the art of expression by writing for print."

Included in the 250 pages of instruction are a number of illustrations that add much to the value of the explanations. An interesting and a useful feature of this book is that it shows country readers how to indulge in literary hobbies and in journalistic efforts without moving to the cities.

Some of the topics discussed are: The reporter and the news; simple news items; building the news story; football, speeches, interviews; feature and human-interest stories; the reporter's use of words; writing the editorial.

English Poetry

A CANADIAN publication from the press of the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto, is the "Anthology of English Poetry," edited by W. J. Alexander, Professor of English in University College, Toronto. It contains about one hundred carefully selected poems from the works of such poets as Tennyson, Wordsworth, Cowper, Scott, Shelley, Goldsmith, Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, Gray and Browning. Several selections from the Canadian poet Lampman.

Poetry helps to develop the imaginative life and, as Professor Alexander points out, while it is of first importance that our real life should be the best and broadest attainable, it is also a matter of no little moment for our happiness and elevation of character that our imaginative life should be broad and varied, occupied, as far as may be, with what is elevating and of permanent worth, and not with what is trivial or mean or debasing.

Although this is a book of 200 pages, it is of pocket size, and twenty pages are devoted to explanations of some of the more difficult lines in the poems.

Prairie Songs

"THE Songs of the Prairie Land," is the title given to a small and very artistic volume of selected poems of Wilson Macdonald, a Canadian poet who recently gave readings of his poems in Western cities. It is published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto.

At the risk of copyright entanglements, we quote one of his refrains:

Somewhere, sometime the glory;
Somewhere the sun.
I'll read me on to the end of the story:
God's will be done.

There is no doubt that your library will be enriched by one of Macdonald's books.

World History

"A History of the World," by G. W. and J. B. Botsford, is another book from Canadian publishers, the MacMillan Company, of Toronto. In one compact volume, world history is dealt with from remote periods of life down to the Great War.

The book is enriched by the inclusion of numerous maps and scores of illustrations. There are thirty chapters, and at the end of each one is a list of books recommended for supplementary reading, and a set of suggestions for study and review. A comprehensive index serves the double purpose of a guide to important events and to the correct pronunciation of difficult proper names.

This book is endorsed by teachers of history and should prove very serviceable to those whose interest in history has been quickened by the march of events.

In an introductory chapter, the authors write: "We read and study history in order to know how the world came to be what it is to-day. What took place yesterday and the days before that, is history for the people now living. We cannot live without a knowledge of the past. Our ability to supply ourselves with the necessities of life is dependent upon our experience, and our experience is history.

If by some great misfortune we were to be deprived of all knowledge of the past, we should be like a ship at sea without a rudder or a compass. For what we do to day and are going to do to-morrow is based on what our ancestors have done before us. If, for example, our knowledge of the steam-engine and its uses were taken away from us, we should feel almost helpless. Yet such knowledge is a part of history."

Twelve Principles of Efficiency

THE publishers of the Engineering Magazine of New York, have put out a book entitled "The Twelve Principles of Efficiency," by Harrington Emerson. The author has original ideas on the subject and says in his introduction that it is not labor, not capital, not land, that has created modern wealth, or is creating it to-day, but that it is ideas. What is wanted, he says, are more ideas—more uncovering of natural reservoirs, and less labor and capital and land per unit of production.

Getting a Better Position

HOW to Choose and Get a Better Position, is the subject of a new book by Edward J. Kilduff, published by Harper and Brothers, New York. Appropriately enough, the verse on the dedicatory page of this book is:

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight.
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.—Longfellow.

This is fair warning that a better position cannot be secured merely by the reading of one book, but that steady and well directed effort is necessary. However, Mr. Kilduff, out of a large experience in working with young men, gives much valuable advice, and supports his suggestions by quoting incidents in the lives of men who have risen to places of importance.

His chapters deal with such important matters as: Planning your future, Making the decision, Answering advertisements, The personal interview, and Opportunities near at hand. Some of the quotations he supplies are:

"Every man starting out in business will have to go over a hard road and find out its turnings for himself. But he need not go over his road in the dark if he can take with him the light of other men's experience."—John Wanamaker.

"Too many men drift lazily into work suited or unsuited for them and, when they don't get along well, blame everybody and everything except themselves."—Thomas A. Edison.

"The slow penny is surer than the quick dollar. The slow trotter will out-travel the fleet racer. Genius darts, flutters, and tires, but preseverence wears and wins."—Marden.

"The successful man of to-day is he who knows how to do one thing better than most other men can do it."—Edward Bok.

"As a rule, the most successful man in life is the man who has the most information."—Disraeli.

"The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife; it is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things."—Roosevelt.

"You can read my book in an hour, but it cost me a lifetime of concentrated attention."—Montesquieu.

Its ability to contribute to the daily life of her children, as well as her own, is a feature the modern mother is quick to appreciate in the Ford Four-door Sedan.

It opens to her a precious participation in their busy affairs. With a Ford Closed Car she can share their good times and yet hold to the necessary schedule of her day.

She finds in it the qualities she desires most, and at a price extremely low in comparison with its high value. She enjoys driving it herself; and the children look forward eagerly to their rides with mother at the wheel.

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10¢ Each

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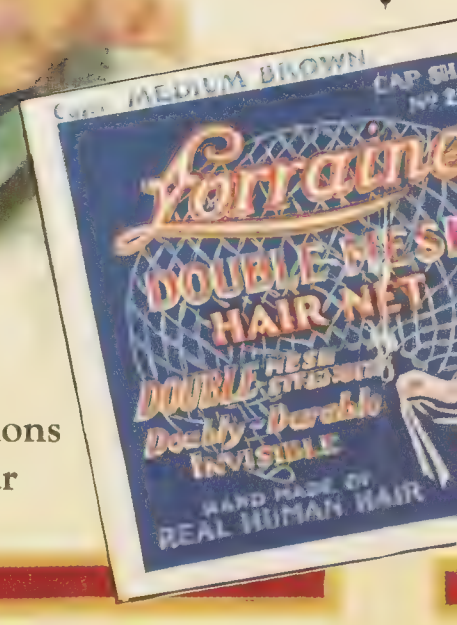

Single Mesh for Dress Occasions
Double Mesh for Sports Wear

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5-10 & 15¢ STORE LIMITED

e Hair Nets

Double Mesh Nets, as well as Single Mesh Nets are only 10c

TO pay more than 10c for hair nets is unnecessary; to pay less is unwise. For Lorraine Hair Nets—perfect in every respect—are obtainable for only 10c!

When you take a Lorraine Hair Net out of its envelope and open it over your fingers, you will see how perfectly it is made. Three inspections made this perfection possible. Three times each net was spread over a white globe and carefully scrutinized. Only after these rigid examinations was the net accepted as a "Lorraine."

Now stretch the net over your hair. The soft clinging web enmeshes the hair easily and naturally. This is because all Lorraine Hair Nets are extra large and cleverly shaped, sized to cover softly even the highest, fluffiest headdress. Fine, lustrous, weightless, a Lorraine Hair Net becomes a protecting part of any coiffure.

Today visit the nearest Woolworth store and buy a supply of Double Mesh Lorraine Nets for sports wear and Single Mesh for dress occasions. Better nets cannot be bought at any price. Lorraine is the perfect net—and the price is 10c!

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Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Combined with OLIVE OIL

A MARVELOUS new shampoo combining the purifying and cleansing properties of the finest cocoanut oil with the healthfulness and scalp protection afforded by the purest of olive oils. *A shampoo and a treatment in one,* preventing brittleness, dry scalp and leaving the hair sweet and lustrous. Another remarkable example of Woolworth value!

15¢

FANCY, guided by cultured taste, plays a more significant part every day in the arrangement and furnishing of intimate chambers in the modern home.

An heirloom rescued, treasure-trove of a holiday journey or some feature of the room itself—any of these may give the key to a fascinating scheme of decoration.

To find furniture harmonizing with the effect you desire is no longer a task. The new Simmons beds combine charm with dignity in an interesting range of modern and period designs, offering a happy solution for any problem. Alluring colors and finishes reproducing the beauty of walnut and mahogany further extend your choice.

For that vital third of your life claimed by sleep, Simmons springs and mattresses supply restful and lasting comfort. They are built in many types at prices as low as quality bedding can be built of *safe, new materials*. See the Ostermoor—the best and most luxurious mattress made in Canada.

No substitute equals any Simmons product at its price. Look for the Simmons label, your sleep and health insurance.

Varied and exquisite color gives interest and fresh charm to this unusual chamber. Draperies are azure blue taffeta The curtains on the tall French windows are pineapple cloth or net in a delicate, faint primrose. Bed covers are soft peach-bloom taffeta, with primrose flounces edged with deeper peach. Walls are warm primrose gray, with panels in gold. Lunette of French painted or embroidered silk. Taupe carpet with plum border and pattern. Black lacquer slipper seat. Chandelier and wall lights of Waterford glass. Beds are by Simmons, conceived in the spirit of Sheraton, Design No. 1819, in soft jade green enamel, with grille high-lighted and panels outlined in matt gold. May be had also in old French blue, warm ivory and finishes faithfully reproducing rich brown mahogany and walnut. For nine similar schemes of chamber decoration, write for "Restful Bedrooms" to Simmons Limited, 400 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal.

SIMMONS

Beds · Mattresses · Springs: Built for Sleep

LOOK FOR THE SIMMONS LABEL

Comfort and charm share the honors in this calm and cheery room.

ONE THIRD OF OUR LIVES IN BED

Then Let Us Look to the Comfort of Our Couch and the Charm of Our Surroundings

By Sylvia Sims

SEVEN hours for a man; eight hours for a woman: nine hours for youth—so runs the ancient admonition, bidding us sleep an average of a third of each twenty-four hours. A third of our lives in our own bedrooms? How important it makes them!

It is astonishing to note the breadth of the interpretation given the word "bedroom" by the great army of occupation. The other rooms in most houses are, roughly speaking, fairly well standardized. The living-room's note is comfort and sociability; the dining-room is, basically at least, a matter of chairs, table and a sideboard or buffet; the kitchen is the workshop before anything else. But the variety of the bedrooms——!

A room, perhaps, that is simple to the point of bareness. White of wall and bare of floor, white iron bed, the necessary quota of drawers—a sanitary, cold, uninteresting room, highly suggestive of a hospital ward. The bed may be most comfortable, but one will not take that fact for granted. There is nothing else soft enough to suggest a grateful softness there!

But how preferable to the bedroom that neighbors it—reflecting, perhaps, the personal taste of another member of the very same family. A much-patterned carpet, curtains, hangings, ruffles, trinkets, possessions and more possessions—with a final effect of crowding and pressure that is far from soothing.

What, then, constitutes the ideal bedroom? What should be its keynote?

Restfulness, first. After the busy world has possessed us for some sixteen hours, we turn from it, leave its work, its play, its excitements all behind us. We retreat, each to the spot that is most intimately our own, to seek the rest that is to restore us, mentally and physically to make us ready to meet whatever the morrow may bring.

Our modern idea, however, is that our rest may be taken under quite charming conditions. Our bedrooms, to be healthful, need not be cell-like; our beds, to be comfortable, need not be homely. Austerity makes way for simple, refreshing beauty.

So we have evolved the delightful bedrooms that are seen today on all sides.

THE wise furnisher works first to get her fundamentals right. So in a bedroom she begins with the bed. If there is to be a strict limit to the expenditure, a very large proportion of the whole will be spent on the bed—with special emphasis on the spring and mattress: remembering that no amount of beauty for the eyes to rest upon in the light of morning will make up to a tired body for the inadequate rest provided by a poor bed.

Sound sleep thus provided for, however, we are free to give consideration to the bedroom of our waking hours.

At which point—enter individual taste.

No room so truly represents any individual as does the bedroom. Other rooms are common to the family and usually the result of a composite plan, but in one's own sanctum, full play is given to one's own particular fancies—which gives rise to a great deal of charm one sees in other people's rooms.

The best method is to establish first just what one wants in one's room. The general order runs something like this:

To sleep in—necessitating a comfortable bed.

To dress in—requiring adequate cupboard and drawer arrangements or clever substitutes that will keep one's clothing in good condition; also one's toilet accessories, nicely accommodated.

To rest in during the day—making a couch or *chaise longue* or at least a very comfortable chair, a desirable part of the furnishings.

To spend busy hours in—indicating the addition of such special things as writing desk, a sewing basket, or whatever special equipment is required.

To enjoy a little privacy—a short respite, that gains in worth when spent among pleasant, intimate possessions—possibly with a book from a small shelf of favorites.

Many functions, some may murmur, for a single room. Yet any or all of them can be included at the sacrifice of not a whit of attractiveness, if care is taken to work out the details and bring everything into pleasant harmony.

TO the bed we have already accorded the place of first importance. It is, when all is said and done, the dominating influence in the bedroom. So, having looked to its comfort, it is a good move to give next consideration to its appearance.

Designers have ever found interest in the making of beautiful bedsteads. The handsomest of our own day, however, are not elaborate. Canopies, flouncings, side curtains, have been driven out by the simpler designs, as surely as the feather ticks have been ousted by the scientifically constructed mattress. We demand a judicious mixture of beauty, comfort, and furniture that is easily kept in perfect condition.

By that I do not mean that the possessor of a fine old four-poster or canopy bed should discard it for one of 1924 vintage. On the contrary, I should love to plan with such a person the delightful room that should provide the setting for such a jewel—a room of glazed chintz, lordly high-boys, quaint dressing mirrors and lavender-scented charm.

But few of us are lucky enough to have that problem to meet. Rather we are faced with the need to buy new things wisely or to use old things well (perhaps somewhat old-fashioned things, perhaps those that are partly worn and entirely unlovely, crying aloud to be altered or disguised, that they may at least strike no inharmonious note).

Continued on page 51

Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE

THE Spring will soon be here with its many occasions for sweaters of all kinds, and now is the time to begin working at them. The jacquette still remains popular in sweaters, blouses and suit-coats, and the one pictured at the left is a particularly smart one for street or sports wear. The binding of braid is quite a new departure, and the effect is very smart. Knitted of light weight wool, this sweater will be warm enough for cool days and yet not too heavy for spring wear.

The attractive blouse at the right, is knitted of lustre crepe in your favorite color, is rich and dainty enough for any occasion. The pattern is unusual, and not difficult to work.

Lady's Knitted Blouse

Minerva Lustre Crepe, 4 Balls Black Minerva Cygnet Loop, 3 Balls White 1 pr. M. M. No. 7 Needles, 1 M. M. No. 4 Hook 36 to 38.

Back. With white yarn cast on 50 sts., K. 6 rows plain, join black yarn. Row 7—K. plain. Row 8—P. across. Row 9—K. 1, * yarn over, slip 1, K. 1, drop the slip st., over the K. st., repeat from * ending K. 1. Row 10—P. across. Row 11—K. 2, * yarn over, slip 1, K. 1, drop slip st., over K. st., repeat from * ending K. 2. Row 12—Purl. Row 13—Same as row 9. Row 14—Same as row 10. Repeat these 14 rows, until there are 3 white stripes.

Now with black yarn, increase on next row to 76 sts., and repeat rows 9, 10, 11 and 12 alternately for 10½ inches, measuring from last white stripe, now decrease 1 st., at each end, every other row, 5 times, for armhole, on remaining 66 sts., follow pattern until armhole measures 6 inches. On next row work first 4 sts. on st. holder, bind off next 58 sts. for back of neck, on remaining 4 sts., work 2 repeats of pattern (8 rows), then work 8 rows on first 4 sts., now work across one side, cast on 62 sts., work across other side, having 70 sts. on needle, work 3 inches on all sts., then increase 1 st. at each end, every other row, 5 times, and on 80 sts., work 10½ inches. On next row decrease to 56 sts., and finish front to correspond with back, bind off loosely.

Sleeves. With black yarn and right side of work toward you, pick up 48 sts. around the armhole, P. 1 row, then repeat the 4 pattern row, 6 times, on next row, decrease to 38 sts., join white yarn. K. 6 rows, join black, repeat rows 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14 of border, join white. K. 6 rows, bind off.

Neck Border. With white yarn and right side of work toward you, starting in centre of one shoulder, pick up 2 sts. on shoulder, 58 across the back, and 2 on other shoulder, K. plain decreasing to 46 sts., K 1 row on 46 sts., next row decrease to 45 sts., K. 1 row, next row decrease to 40 sts., K. 1 row, bind off. Starting at centre of shoulder, pick up 2 sts. on shoulder, 62 sts. across front, 2 sts. on other shoulder (front and back border should come together on each shoulder), on next row decrease to 54 sts., next row K. plain, next row decrease to 49 sts., K. 1 row, next row decrease to 44, K. 1 row, bind off. Sew neatly together on shoulders.

Cord. With black yarn double make a ch. 1½ yards long, draw through the first row of holes, above third white stripe of border, with white yarn finish each end of cord with a small crocheted ball, tie on side as illustrated.

Lady's Knitted Jacquette

Shetland Floss, 12 Balls Color 1 pr. each M. M. No. 2½ and No. 8 Needles, 1 M. M. No. 2½ Hook. 6 Yards of Silk Braid 1 inch wide 36 to 38.

Body and sleeves are worked in pattern K. 1 row, P. 1 row, and collar, cuffs and band are K. plain.

Back. With No. 8 needles, cast on 80 sts., work 4 inches, on next K. row decrease by knitting every 12th and 13th sts. together, 5 times, work 2 inches, then decrease same as before, 5 times, work 2 inches, then decrease by knitting every 10th and 11th sts. together, 5 times, work 2 inches, decrease same as last decrease, 5 times, having 60 sts. on needle and work should measure 12 inches from start. Now cast on 10 sts. at the beginning of each row 8 times, four times at each side, having added 40 sts. for each sleeve, 140 sts. on needle. Work 5½ inches on all sts., then on next row work first 64 sts. off on st. holder, bind off next 12 for back of neck, on remaining 64 start front.

Left Front. Work 1 inch, then increase 1 st. toward the front every 4th row, 12 times, when sleeve measures 10 inches at cuff end, bind off 10 sts. 4 times for sleeve, finish front to correspond with back, increasing same as decreased on back, increasing 2 sts. on one row, every 2 inches, 4 times, after last increasing row, there should be 44 sts. on needle, when front is as long as back, bind off.

Right Front. Work same as left front, only continue to increase 1 st., every 4th row, at front edge to bottom of front, so right front will button over left front at side.

With yarn double crochet a row of S. C. down both fronts and around the neck.

Collar. With yarn double and No. 2½ needles, cast on 2 sts., K. plain, increasing 1 st., every 4th row, until there are 30 sts. on needle, K. 120 ribs on 30 sts., then decrease 1 st., every 4th row, on same side as increased until 15 sts. remain, bind off.

Bind straight edge of collar with braid, sew collar in place, having narrow end at bottom of right front, and having other end even with last increase at top of left front.

Bottom Band. With yarn double and No. 2½ needles, cast on 26 sts., K. 36 inches plain, next row K. 4, bind off 2 (for button-hole), K. 6, bind off 2, K. 6, bind off 2, K. 4, on next row cast on 2 sts. over each 2 bound off, now decrease 1 st., at each end, every other row, until 2 sts. remain, bind off. Bind band on all sides with braid and gather bottom of sweater in to fit the band, sew in place as illustrated, sew 3 buttons on left side of band, 2 inches in from edge, button in place.

Cuffs. With yarn double and No. 2½ needles, cast on 26 sts., K. 38 ribs plain, then decrease 1 st. at each end, every other row, until 2 sts. remain, bind off. Bind all sides of cuffs with braid, sew cuffs to end of sleeve.

Make 7 small cut balls and sew at side of band as illustrated with 5 leaves, for leaves ch. 12, work 2 S. C., 7 D. C., 2 S. C. on ch.

Making Curtains

THE keynote of correct curtaining for the small house is simplicity. The drapes should be carefully selected so that they soften, beautify and complete the decorative scheme.

The present mode of keeping glass curtains (the curtain next to the window) uniform in all the rooms on each floor is economical, practical, and adds much to the outside appearance of the house. A house whose downstairs windows are hung with well made, straight curtains, and whose upstairs windows are hung with crisp, ruffled curtains, all tied back at the same height, is certainly more attractive and neat than one whose every room group of windows contains a different color, type, and fabric. The inside can be varied by the fabric used in the drapes and valance. In rooms opening into each other with large arches or double French doors, spaciousness is apparently added by using the same general color scheme. Different color accents in covers, cushions and ornaments, etc., will take away any suggestion of monotony.

There is a wide variety of suitable fabrics to select from. Marquisettes, plain and figured, wear and launder well; nets come plain and figured, and are soft and dainty; pongee or lightweight casement cloth is eminently suitable for some types of windows and is comparatively inexpensive.

Glass curtains are usually made to hang straight and full just to the sill, with a one and one-half inch hem on front and bottom edges, and just a tiny hem on the back.

The way to figure the yardage is to measure with a yardstick (tapelines are inaccurate) from one inch above the rod to the sill, and then add eight inches which will give you a hem, casing, heading and a shrinkage allowance of four inches. Almost all windows require a pair of curtains made of thirty-six inch fabric. Don't try to do with less than this, as scant curtains are most inattractive.

Pull threads to cut your material by, so that the curtains will hang straight after being tubbed. Run in the two-inch tuck by hand. Let this down before laundering, as almost all curtain fabrics shrink in washing. Of course, materials may be shrunk first, but the finish is never as pleasing, and then, too, the materials are harder to stretch straight.

Side drapes may be made of Sunfast cretonne, linen, repp or poplin unlined. When, however, the pretentious materials such as velour, damask or taffeta are used it is customary to line with sateen, and in many cases an interlining of heavy cotton flannel is used to make the drape entirely opaque. Side drapes should be to the bottom of the window casing or floor length.

With the Women's Institutes in Manitoba

THE *Winnipeg* Institute had as guests the members of the Overseas Teachers' League, from Australia, New Zealand and England, who gave interesting talks on their own countries. $5.00 was sent to the Tribune Stocking Fund, to the Robertson Memorial House and to the Armenian Relief Fund. Christmas hampers to the value of $165.00 were packed and distributed. Parcels of clothing were sent to rural points.

Whitewater sent $25.00 to the Children's Aid.

Virden is supplying the children in a school near Pine River, with warm underclothing.

Transcona held a Whist Party in honor of the local teaching staff.

Sprague is paying for a piano for the G.W.V.A. Hall. They held their annual Christmas Tree for all the children of the community.

Shortdale also had a Christmas Tree.

In *Stony Mountain* while a dressmaking short course was being held, some months ago, a fire burned the hall. The Institute has finished paying for the sewing machines which were destroyed at that time.

Russell has started a Rest Room fund.

Rosser held a kitchen shower for a family who lost their home by fire.

Roseisle has equipped a kitchenette in the school.

Royston members organized the new Institute at Endcliffe.

Ranchvale sent $5.00 to the Children's Aid.

Reston and *Pipestone* are co-operating in poultry marketing.

Plum Coulee is helping to purchase a motion picture machine for the use of the school and the community.

Pilot Mound is buying a Rest Room.

Neepawa Institute members were "At Home" to the teachers and the mothers of the school children.

Ochre River bought a hall last April, on which they have made all the payments but $100.00.

Oak River held a quilting bee, when they made 6 quilts for distribution among those needing them.

Norwood has been helping Miss Crawford of the Soldiers Settlement Board pack clothing to be sent away.

Morris collected a supply of magazines which they sent to men in lumber camps.

Moore Park had a "Dress Form" meeting, where two gummed paper forms were made.

Mayfield is building a community icehouse.

Lundar members are rehearsing a play.

The *Lenore* members are making garments for the Manitoba Social Hygiene Association.

Langruth is buying a piano for the community hall.

Lake Frances W. I. entertained the parents and children on December 31st.

Inwood sent $15.00 to the Children's Home. They arranged a Christmas tree for the school children.

Hamiota sent more than 40 gifts to the Children's Aid. They conduct a "Want Corner" in the Hamiota "Echo" which should bring "demand" and "supply" into close contact with each other.

Gimli sent $5.00 to the Children's Aid and gave $5.00 to each of the local Sunday Schools for their Christmas entertainments.

The *Elva* Institute presented their librarian with a ring in appreciation of her services.

Ellenville sent $15.00 to the Robertson House.

Elkhorn sent $10.00 to the Children's Aid.

Edrans had an "At Home" to which the husbands of the members were invited.

Dugald sent $20.00 to the Children's Aid, while *Decker* and *Clearwater* sent gifts.

Cromarty is helping with the hot lunch problem in the Roblin Consolidated School. They also contributed to the local Christmas tree.

Coulter sent a supply of articles to Robertson House. They are buying a piano.

Carman distributed Christmas parcels among eight families.

Bowsman put a gift for each child on the Community Christmas tree.

Birtle held a shower for two families who recently lost their homes by fire.

Bird's Hill sent $5.00 to Robertson House.

Basswood is helping a family whose home was burnt.

Balmoral has equipped a First Aid kit for the school.

Arnaud entertained the families of the members at a social evening in the hall.

Arizona, Austin, Bowsman, Decker, Elphinstone, Katrime, Isabella, La Riviere Swan River, Makaroff, Napinka and Valley River, all report bales of clothing or hampers of food sent to those in need.

Narcisse now has an Institute.

The Song of the Stream

Mighty Mountain was my mother,
In the country's heart away;
Fickle Storm-cloud was my father,
Brief his love, and short his stay.

I was born far up in Cloudland,
In an icy cavern cool,
Where the snows and flowers mingle
Round the margin of my pool.

"Seek your father, little Streamlet,
Seek him at the sunlit Sea,
That far region, whence, he whispered
He had come to mate with me."

Thus my mother bid me wander,
Gave me goal to test my strength;
So I'll rest not till I enter
Those blue ocean waves at length.

From the sky-kissed snows I parted;
From the blue-walled caves of ice;
Down the dark-faced crags I darted;
Leaped the cliff-walls in a trice.

Mountain tarns oft tried to hold me;
Bid me stay and nestle there;
Fairy dells, too, tried to charm me
With fair fronds of maidenhair.

Down through rocky canyons rushing,
Crashing madly 'gainst the walls;
'Twixt great boulders harshly gushing;
Dashing over waterfalls;

Ceaseless, tireless, ever onward,
Through the hills I reach the plain,
Where my course is slower, calmer,
But still onward to the main.

Smooth and green the sunny meadows
Tempt me with their winning smiles;
Bending branches stretch their fingers,
Try to catch me in their wiles.

But I slip along in silence,
Curving here and swerving there,
Glancing back all greetings coyly
On gold sunbeams through the air.

Laughing down the pebbly reaches
Hear my bubbling ripples come;
Singing o'er the sandy beaches,
On to their far ocean home.

By-and-by I'll reach the ocean,
Where I'll rest me for awhile;
Wand'ring where the winds will waft me,
Basking in the sun's warm smile.

Then my father up will take me,
And on some fierce hurricane,
Back to Mother Mountain bear me,
Where I'll start my course again.

Donald A. Fraser.

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NOW···· A NEW WAY

in solving woman's oldest hygienic problem

Immaculacy, charm, exquisiteness under circumstances which most women find exceedingly trying

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

MODERN science has discovered a new way in personal hygiene. A way immaculate, exquisite, safe.

It supplants old-time "sanitary pads" and other makeshift methods.

Discovered only a short while ago, it is today used by eight in every ten women in the better walks of life throughout America.

The name is Kotex. And this offers you a test—free. Simply use the coupon.

What Kotex does

Kotex is a soft, pure white absorbent of extremely rapid absorption. Made of Cellucotton, it is far more absorbent than ordinary cotton.

Then it is easily disposed of—a point every woman will appreciate.

In comparison with old methods, it presents safety, assurance and daintiness in contrast to uncertainty, lack of poise, and frequently embarrassment. *It has five times the absorbency* of ordinary sanitary pads.

A trial without charge

I think every woman and every girl owes it to herself to try Kotex.

Once you use it and feel the peace of mind and comfort it brings, plus two other secret advantages I cannot mention here, no other method will ever satisfy.

Now I have asked the Kotex laboratory to permit me to offer women generally a trial of Kotex—free.

Simply mail me the coupon. You will receive a packet in absolutely plain, unmarked wrapper, by return mail, postpaid. Clip it now, before you forget.

Kotex is sold by all drug and department stores. It comes in packages of twelve, regular size. Also Kotex-Super, packages of twelve, extra size.

KOTEX

Cellucotton Products Company, Chicago.
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Free Sample—*Mail this Confidential Coupon*

ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G.N.
Care of Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.,
10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.

I want to accept free trial offer made by you, with the understanding that it is absolutely confidential.

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TEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE TIMES A YEAR

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TRADE MARK REG.

The New Rag Doll that can be Washed and Ironed!

Completely made ready for embroidery. One of the most wonderful dolls ever shown.

Each doll packed in individual envelope.

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The formula of this treatment is being published. It contains the rare imido—T.D.D.M.-H.C. A cooling, refreshing fluid, leaving no stains, no unpleasant odors. It vanishes into the pores—the intolerable itching disappears.

D.D.D.

(RX-Meth Sal.-AC. Sal-Phen-Glyc-Sp ec-Imido-T.D.D.M.H.C.)

Your druggist willl guarantee D.D.D. prescription. $1.00 a bottle. He also has D.D.D. soap. Do you wish to try before you buy?

Free Trial Bottle

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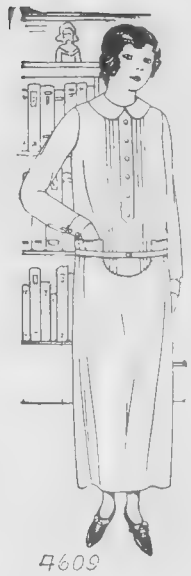
Safe Milk

For Infants & Invalids

A Nutritious Diet for All Ages. Keep Horlick's Always on Hand Quick Lunch; Home or Office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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

Obligingly adaptive are prevailing styles. The three principal silhouettes permit of many variations so that every one may be becomingly dressed.

Slim slender lines mark the "little dress," so comfortable for day or street wear, for shopping and "going about."

Very boyish and somewhat scant are these frocks, but they are none the less comfortable and very youthful. The closing may be effected at the side or at the centre front, or the dress may be in "slip-over style. Sometimes the neck is collarless, again the collar is convertible so that it may be closed high or rolled low with the fronts open in a small "V."

Afternoon dresses are usually developed with draperies more or less supple, or with gored skirts, tiers and godets. The godets or gores may be set in at one side.

Sometimes the skirt is caught up at one side of its own width, exposing to view a pretty underskirt of contrasting material.

Waists which have been most flat and unadorned now display various trimmings in the form of berthas, capes, sleeves of various "angel" dimensions. Other sleeves are close fitting to the wrist, and finished with bias flounces, or ruffles, or puffs at the elbow. Some sleeves are made of large squares of material, caught into narrow cuffs at the wrist.

The low waistline is disappearing in favor of beltless or more normal waist effects.

New tunic dresses are in vogue with or without belts or girdles:

Tunic blouses will be worn with skirt of contrasting material.

The tunic apron is seen on many dresses and in every sort of material It gives a novel effect to a dress ordinary and transforms a plain garment into one unusual and striking.

Another pretty fashion is the capelet, which was stressed about a year ago. It is most attractive when circular and hung from the back of the collar. When buttoned or tacked to the sleeve part way at the sides, it has a jaunty youthful effect.

In as much as circular and flare lines are well established, we will see many flounced and ruffle dresses and skirts as the season advances, but one should be sure in selecting such a style, that it is becoming.

When skirts are flounced the effect is better when the flounces are shaped. Irregular draperies are better than those that hang straight.

Brown is a color that is much in favor this season, for street dresses.

Soft moire and faille silk is used for coat dresses.

Added pleated sections on an otherwise plain frock give graceful fullness and an effect of length.

Silk crepes and voiles will be popular for afternoon and evening dresses.

One sees gayly pleated coats, long and short, that are fine for sports wear.

Nearly all long, or three-quarter long coats flare at the hem. The effect is very pleasing over a narrow skirt.

A pretty idea for the ornamentation of an evening dress is shown in a large velvet rose placed on the left shoulder with long ends of velvet ribbon hanging from it.

Collars of white organdie, or of fine embroidered net are worn on "little dresses" and blouses of a dark color.

The youthful Spanish type of dress, full skirted and fitted as to the waist, has been retained as very appropriate not only for evening wear, but also as a daytime dress.

One sees a great many dresses made up with the material used crosswise instead of lengthwise, and much may be said in favor of this. It is economical of material and labor, but one must be careful that the nap and gloss of a material is not affected thereby.

Stunning little frocks of pleated kasha, pleated serge, satins and taffetas are shown, all made without any attempt at trimming. Collar and cuffs may be of linen, soft leather or satin. The skirts are circular or pleated, and the colors quiet.

Striped materials are also much in evidence, and a clever dressmaker will make very effective things in the line of trimming and in fact in entire garments of such material.

The most stylish suit is the simple suit, finished in mannish style, with a narrow flat collar, fitted sleeves with narrow cuffs, and the lines of the coat semi-fitted. The skirt is plain.

Such a suit is good for town and country, and may be worn by women of slender or stout figure.

A very new coat dress shows the skirt trimmed with two circular flounces that may be omitted. The dress is closed at the side, and is finished with shawl revers.

Frocks of velvet are shown for children. They are serviceable and require little trimming, a band of fur or lace at the neck or a bright sash of ribbon.

Taffeta, either in a plain color or two toned, is nice for growing girls. One shown in a lovely peach tint is trimmed with a sash of peach and shell pink ribbon.

For a girl of eight a dress of velvet in midnight blue may be trimmed with bands of squirrel.

Any pattern sent for 15c. in silver or stamps. Address;—Pattern Department, Western Home Monthly,-Winnipeg, Man.

A Becoming School Frock—4634. Plaid woollen in brown tones was used for this model. The trimming bands are of tan color wool crepe. This is a good style for velveteen and for all wash materials. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. To trim as illustrated requires ⅜-yard of 32-inch material cut crosswise.

A Good "Cover All" Apron—4611. This attractive model may be finished to close at the centre back, or on the shoulders. The belt is slipped under the tab extensions on the pockets. Percale in a neat pattern, or unbleached muslin may be used for this design. It is also good for gingham, lawn or sateen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material.

A Popular "Play" Costume—4631. Dotted percale and white linene are here combined. This style is good also for gingham, wool jersey, wool, rep, and pongee. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material ⅜-yard is required.

A New Blouse Suit—4624-4628. This model portrays a new tunic blouse, and a smart bodice skirt with plait fulness at the sides. Twill or serge, as well as broadcloth or velvet would be suitable for this design. The blouse is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make blouse and skirt for a medium size will require 7⅝ yards of 40-inch material. For the bodice portion of the skirt of lining 1½ yards 32 inches wide is required. The width at the foot of the skirt is 2⅞ yards. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

"Play Dress" With New Features—4618. Here we have a fine romper style with a becoming panel and yoke. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, unbleached muslin, outing flannel, wool rep or crepe could be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 2⅛ yards of of 36-inch material. For collar, sleeve band and belt of contrasting material ⅛-yard 27 inches wide is required.

A Smart and Unique Style—4514—The prevailing long lines and slim effect are here attractively featured. This is a good model for velvet, satin, crepe or twill. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3⅝ yards of 54-inch material. For collar and vestee of contrasting material ¼-yard 27 inches wide is required. The width of the dress at the foot is 1⅝ yard

A Pretty Frock for the Growing Girl—4354. Printed crepe and crepe de chine are here combined. One could use printed and plain voile in combination or tissue gingham and linen. The trimming panels may be omitted. The dress slips over the head. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size requires 4¼ yards of one material 32 inches wide. To trim with contrasting material as illustrated requires 1 yard.

A Pretty "House" Frock—4612. Household duties will be lightened when one is attired in so comfortable and pretty an "apron frock" as is here portrayed. The closing is at the left side, and the right side boasts of a very convenient pocket. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. The width at the lower edge is 2 yards. A medium size will require 5½ yards of 27-inch material.

A Popular House Dress Model (With Inserted Pockets)—4426. The slenderizing features of this style will appeal to the stout woman, while the practical points will make the style attractive to all figures. Figured percale with trimming of mercerized poplin is here shown. Gingham, with an edging of rick rack would be good—or, damask, with organdy for collar and cuffs. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5 yards of 32-inch material. To trim with contrasting material as illustrated requires ⅝-yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2⅛ yards.

A Popular Model—4633. This style of dress expresses freedom and comfort. The blouse and bloomers are separate. One could join the bloomers to an underbody. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material.

A Popular Blouse or Smock Suit for Small Boys—4620. This is a good model for twill, serge, corduroy, velveteen and for all wash materials. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 3¼ yards of 27-inch material.

A Stylish Suit—4626-4418. Broadcloth or velvet would be attractive and seasonable for this model. It is also suitable for the new mohair suitings. The coat has the fronts in double breasted style, and with a collar that may be rolled low to form revers, or turned high in chocker style. The skirt is a "wrap" model. The coat pattern, 4626, is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years for misses and small women. The skirt pattern, 4418, is cut in 7 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years, and 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure for ladies. The width at the foot is 2⅛ yards. To make this suit for a medium size will require 5½ yards of 40-inch material. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Simple Frock—4621. Collar and cuffs of this neat model are of checked white and yellow gingham, the frock and sleeves are of yellow poplin. This is a good style for challie, poplin, or linen. It could also be of batiste with collar and cuffs of embroidery. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires 2½ yards of 27-inch material. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material ⅜-yard is required.

A Practical Undergarment—4406. Nainsook, crepe, silk and muslin are good for this model. It is especially suitable for stout figures, affording comfort and ease. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

A Simple, Practical Apron—4483. Figured percale was used for this serviceable model, which may be made with or without the flounce. Gingham, rubberized cloth, drill and sateen are also good for this style. The pattern is cut in one size, medium. It requires 1¾ yard of 36-inch material for the apron with the flounce, and 1⅝ yard without the flounce.

A Practical "Daytime" Dress—4609. This model is ideal for business or home wear. It could form part of a two-piece jacket or cape costume. The blouse portion may be of contrasting material. Pongee silk or crepe de chine could be combined with wool rep, twill or jersey. A good feature of this model is the inserted pockets at the top of the skirt. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 4⅛ yards of one material 40 inches wide. To make the blouse of contrasting material requires 1⅝ yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards

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DOLLARS AND CENTS
BANKING — INSURANCE — FINANCE

By J. Alex. Aikin

Prospect for Reparations Settlement

THERE was irony of fate and an absence of benevolence in the coincidence which timed the low quotations for the franc with the opening of the Allied experts conference on reparations. With the franc at approximately 23 to the dollar and 96 to the pound, the lesson was driven home to Frenchmen that the time had come to put an end to the unsettled conditions. It was an emergency that brought Allied co-operation in the great war, General Dawes pointed out, and the present emergency, made more acute by the fall in the franc and the pound, will urge all nations to speedy action. And as the situation now exists France can no longer play the part of the stolid sheriff towards Germany; for France has to look to her own house.

The year 1923 was one of remarkable prosperity for France, one in which there was general activity and plenty of employment. The domestic demand for commodities was good and the foreign trade kept up well. Added to that was the large expenditures on restoration of the waste places devastated by war. The total national debt of France amounts to 400 billion francs, of which about 126 billion is owed abroad, the balance being held in the country. More than half of the total expenditure goes for interest on national debt, amounting for the past year to 12,057,378,586 francs. There was a gleam of light in the last budget figures adopted by the Senate which for the first time in years showed a favorable balance. The returns were: revenue 23,054,000,000, as compared with expenditures of 22,151,000,000, leaving a balance of 896,000,000 francs. But all thought of contentment and security has been banished by the determined fall of the franc, which on January 15th was quoted at the figures given above.

It has been stated that the past year has finally convinced the Germans that they lost the war. It is being brought home to the French people that they have for some reason not gained all it was expected by the victory, despite the strong arguments made to support the policy of Poincaire, and they are being compelled to reconsider the entire situation.

In opening his campaign for the general elections due in the spring of 1924, ex-Premier Briand recalled that France has advanced most and been more secure when in co-operation with her Allies and argued that the policy of Poincaire had lost some good friends and had failed to secure reparations. A Liberal victory, he declared, would dissipate the atmosphere of distrust, end the notion that France is a nation of militarists and start France anew on her old devotion to the ideals of progress, liberty and peace.

The year 1924 was most disastrous for Germany and drove the blind leaders of the blind to recognize the mad folly of the false policy which had been followed. It is believed that Germany will recover somewhat during the current year, and that under the new currency of rentenmarks, which are backed by gold up to 25 per cent., it is claimed, the commerce of the country will be able to take on renewed life. But the hill is long and steep for Germany.

Under these circumstances and conditions the Allied experts should be accorded the sincerest good wishes of all the Allied nations for success in seeking the way out of the impasse into which, not only France and Germany have come, but in which the entire world has become involved. Times have been moderately good in Canada and quite good in the United States, during the past year, but it is being stated by eminent men who are capable judges that general conditions cannot improve until there has been some comprehensive settlement in Europe.

Royal Bank of Canada

THE annual general statement being sent out to the shareholders of the Royal Bank of Canada carries information of a welcome character to all concerned. To the Canadian business and financial world in general the report tells of the rising tide of prosperity and larger things. In a time of severe strain during the past year the deposits of the Royal Bank have increased $50,000,000, now standing at $311,759,127 interest bearing and $109,575,137 non-interest bearing deposits. The total assets of the Royal Bank are now at $538,358,554 as compared with $479,362,366 a year ago. Liquid assets stand at $233,125,474 as compared with $216,048,331, being 49.3 per cent. of the total liabilities of the Bank. Cash holdings are at 27.87 per cent. of liabilities to the public. Canadian federal and provincial securities stand at $28,783,050 as against $22,950,224 a year ago. All of which unquestionably shows that the Royal Bank of Canada has made gains not only in business but in the confidence of the Canadian business and financial world.

The earnings for the year were well maintained, the profits amounting to $3,909,316. The usual 12 per cent. dividends were paid to shareholders, plus a bonus of two per cent. After all payments are made to shareholders, transfer of $100,000 to pensions fund, $400,000 for bank premises, there remains $1,085,830 to be carried forward in the profit and loss account. The paid up capital stock of the Royal Bank of Canada amounts to $20,400,000, and the Reserve Fund to the same amount.

In harmony with the general expanding tendency of the Royal Bank of Canada the current loans and discounts in Canada stand at $157,738,785. Current loans and discounts outside Canada were at $104,487,764. In addition to that the Royal Bank has call and short loans in Canada amounting to $16,307,367 and call and short loans outside Canada amounting to $30,065,207.

An important feature of the annual address of the President, Sir Herbert S. Holt, was the reference to the increased Pan-American trade which Canada has to her credit and which promises to increase still further. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Royal Bank of Canada is now an international Bank of importance, and this is the more creditable to the directors and the management of the institution when it is considered that unusual prosperity marked the operations of the Royal Bank in Canada in 1923.

Increased Financial Strength

The financial achievements of Canada in the war period proved a revelation to Canadians as well as to outsiders. Once the war had ended and the financial situation had been readjusted it was generally supposed that Canada would have to return to the pre-war status of being an importer of gold when it was needed for national finance. But the past year has upset that expectation. In discussing the Canadian Bond Market of 1923 in the Annual Financial Review of The Montreal Gazette, Joseph H. Copeman of Greenshields and Co., points out that while for last year the sale of bonds in Canada had passed the half billion mark, the highest since 1919, just 82 per cent. were absorbed in Canada as compared with a trifle over 50 per cent. in 1922. In 1922 purchases of Canadian bonds to the extent of 49 per cent. were credited to Americans, but in 1923 the amount bought in the United States was only abut 15 per cent. of the total.

The Last of the Caesars

By Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck)

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DOMITIANUS, the son of Vespasian, was the last of the Caesars. He passed the greatest part of the day in catching flies and killing them with a bodkin, so that it was wittily answered by Vibius to a person who asked him who was with the Emperor, "Nobody; not even a fly."

Domitianus was not, however, a mere fly-swatter, as some historians would have us believe, but a student of entomology and a graceful writer who was distinguished for his love of learning.

Neither is he necessarily a small-minded man, stingy, or engaged in an unworthy occupation, who saves his every cent. The chances are he is saving for his life assurance premiums that he may have a competency, by and by, for himself and his family.

It is foolish to think meanly of a man and to call him "tight-wad" or other ungentle names, because he does not always purchase tickets for sports or even for charities. Indeed, he may even refuse to lay out his money for a motor car, a fur coat, a gramophone, or a vacuum cleaner, thinking it better to forego the less pressing needs of the present in order to provide for the more pressing needs of the future.

Besides, it is astonishing how "the needs" of the present are forgotten once we decide to forego them. Like the story of the old lady who kept a "Wish Book" so that she could see at a glance how soon one ceases to outgrow their ungratified wishes.

In denying yourself to provide for your heirs, the compensations are more than the sacrifices. Presently, you are conscious of an ease of mind unknown before, realizing that there will be competency for old age, and in the event of your early death, a protection against disaster for your children. To the manly-minded this is, indeed, a heart-cheering satisfaction.

It is well to calculate at the outset how much you wish to accumulate and then decide on the kind of policy you want to carry.

Be careful about this. Proper selection on the part of insurants is important. Take time to study this out with the insurance missionary, usually called "the agent."

Unfortunately, the i n s u r a n t, whom the agent calls "the prospect," is often hard to hold. He nearly always has "an engagement" elsewhere, or having made with the agent, breaks it easily. It was a dolorous but experienced agent who said,

"I know where my prospects go
in the summer time.
Each year o'er the golf links
steadily they climb;
Drive a ball then walk away,
Don't come back at all that day;
Break their dates and make us
swear—
First we hope and then despair—
They they say: 'We quite forgot
Your business when practising a
mashie shot.'
So now you know where prospects
go
On an anxious Agent's morning."

Don't wobble about once you have decided to insure. Give your whole mind to it. Do you want straight life, endowment, joint life, monthly payment plan, or a business policy? You will find the subject a most interesting one—just as interesting as was the study of entomology to Domitianus, the last of the twelve Caesars.

Emily F. Murphy.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

59th Annual Statement, 30th November, 1923

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance to credit of account, 30th November, 1922	$ 483,175.55	
Transferred to Contingent Reserve Account, 19th June, 1923	331,910.69	
		$ 151,264.86
Net Profits for the Year, after deducting expenses of management, interest due depositors, reserving for interest and exchange, and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, have amounted to		1,033,432.15
		$ 1,184,697.01
Which has been applied as follows —		
Dividends 144, 2½%; 145, 2½%; 146, 2%; 147, 2%		720,000.00
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund		10,000.00
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation, and Reserve for Income Tax		137,622.28
Balance of Profits carried forward		317,074.73
		$ 1,184,697.01

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock		$ 8,000,000.00
Rest Account	$ 1,750,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	317,074.73	
	2,067,074.73	
Unclaimed Dividends	6,160.68	
Dividend No. 147, payable 1st December, 1923	160,000.00	2,233,235.41
		10,233,235.41
Notes of the Bank in Circulation	10,357,650.00	
Deposits not bearing interest	28,179,661.01	
Deposits bearing interest	67,441,589.77	
Advances under the Finance Act	8,100,000.00	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	565,760.01	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	2,090,234.22	
		116,734,895.01
Letters of Credit outstanding		1,329,993.94
Liabilities not included in the foregoing		1,555.00
		$ 128,299,679.36

ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin	$ 1,108,196.90	
Dominion Government Notes	8,977,191.00	
		10,085,387.90
Deposit with Minister of Finance for purposes of the Circulation Fund		396,000.00
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves		2,800,000.00
Notes of other Banks		743,215.00
United States and other Foreign Currencies		42,761.27
Cheques on other Banks		4,192,561.55
Balances due by other Banks in Canada		97,514.22
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada		1,818,572.22
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities not exceeding market value		16,194,856.43
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value		7,035,660.77
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value		3,505,471.06
Call and Short (not exceeding 30 days) Loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks		1,096,035.25
Call and Short (not exceeding 30 days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada		462,181.51
Demand Loans in Canada secured by grain		9,407,471.93
		57,877,689.11
Loans to Governments and Municipalities		7,219,529.68
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)		53,488,949.19
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)		2,484,836.72
Real Estate other than Bank Premises		252,855.86
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank		107,529.60
Non-Current Loans, estimated loss provided for		701,266.64
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off		2,377,507.39
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra		1,329,993.91
Shares and bonds of and loans to controlled companies		2,149,744.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing		9,777.23
		$ 128,299,679.36

NOTE—Bonds of the Canadian Realty Corporation, Ltd., to the extend of $2,550,000, secured on premises leased to the Bank, are in the hands of the Public. These Bonds do not appear in the above Statement, as the Bank is not directly liable therefore.

W. R. ALLAN, President. **J. W. HAMILTON, General Manager.**

AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS

We have audited the above Balance Sheet and compared it with the books and vouchers at Head Office and with the certified returns from the Branches.

We have checked the cash, and verified the securities representing the investment of the Bank, at its Chief Office and principal Branches at a date other than that of the verification at the Chief Office on the 30th of November, 1923, and found that they were in agreement with the entries in the books of the Bank relating thereto.

We report that we have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, that in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank, and that in our opinion the above statement discloses the true condition of the Bank and is as shown by the books of the Bank.

Winnipeg, Dec. 19, 1923.

T. HARRY WEBB, F. S. READ, Auditors, of the firm of GEORGE A. TOUCHE & CO.

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The Philosopher

A New Year Begins

THE beginning of a new year may well make us pause and consider for a few moments the unanswerable question, "What is time?" Even the commoner, everyday question, "What time is it?" is not so easy to answer, if we consider it from every side. It can be answered by giving minute as well as hour, according to standard time. But standard time is not solar time. Looking at it more largely, we might answer the question by saying that we are living in the first month of the twenty-fourth year of the twentieth century of the Christian era. Then again, without considering either clocks or calendars, we may say we all, who are now alive in this world, are contemporaries. We are all living in the present line. But do we all belong truly to the present time? Are you, reader, and the writer of these words and all our fellow-beings living today all over the world, really and truly contemporaries? Are we, all of us, actually of the present time, in every way? Do we, all of us, live now, actually and responsibly? Are we up-to-date and on time, not merely in our existence, but in our will and our action? Time is the stuff our lives are made of, and our lives, which are journeys from eternity into eternity, are responsibilities. In one sense, they can be measured by the ticking of the clock, as they can be measured by our heart-beats. But in another sense they cannot be so measured. Nor can they always be dated by the calendar. Some of us live at times ahead of our time, more or less, and some of us live behind our time. One thing we know, and it is that for us all, with every moment, time passes.

The Count of the Days

THE year which ended on the first stroke of midnight on December 31st, a year in which for many millions of living people thirteen days passed in the hours between the last sunset in September and the first sunrise in October. They went to sleep on the 30th of September, according to their old calendar, and waked up to find it was the 14th of October, according to the new one. This extraordinary flight of time was due to the substitution overnight of the Gregorian for the Julian calendar, for all the peoples of the Eastern Orthodox Church in Europe, following a decree of the Pan-Orthodox Congress last spring. That same shift was made in England and all the rest of Western Europe and in North America in 1752. When eleven days were cut out of the month of September in that year by Royal proclamation in England, there was some rioting in London. "Give us back our eleven days!" shouted the mob. It is curious to think of some of the results of such a shift—the earlier maturing of debts, for example, the hastening of weddings, the shortenings of prison terms by eleven days, the shortening of rentals and leases, and so forth. The Soviet Government in Russia made that shift in 1918—and so, as Trotsky said jocularly at the time, "For eleven days there have been neither births nor deaths, neither newspapers nor events to record in Russia." Roumania and Serbia made the shift in 1919. This year's change leaves only the Ruthenian Catholics in Europe, who number some eight millions, as the only people whose calendar is Old Style. The League of Nations has appointed a special commission of enquiry to consider whether the present New Style calendar cannot be improved. Among the proposals made is one that Easter should be made a fixed instead of a moveable holiday, and that for greater convenience the year should be divided into months of equal length — for example, into thirteen months of four weeks each, with one annual international Saturday or Sunday added at the end of the year. A French astronomer is chairman of the commission, whose members include one appointed from the United States, one named by the Archbishop of Canterbury, one by the Pope and one by the Ecumenical Patriarch of the Eastern Orthodox Church.

One Hundred Years Ago

IN turning over recently the one-hundred-years-old pages of a bound volume of the issues of Blackwood's Magazine for 1820—the famous old magazine, which had only the Edinburgh Review as its rival in literary pre-eminence in the first decades of the nineteenth century—The Philosopher was struck by the articles of the financial editor in the issues for the closing months of that year. The financial editor of Blackwood's then was a recognized authority of the highest standing in regard to all matters of commerce and economics and finance. In Blackwood's for December, 1820, he wrote that the "unsettlement and nervousness over the business outlook was due to the mischiefs which are the object of a considerable portion of the Radical tribe," and complained that "laborers were deriving more advantage than employers" and that "the misfortunes of agriculture cancelled the industrial gains"—which industrial gains were not what they should be, he lamented, because "wages were too high and profits too small." He explained at great length that in view of the uncertainties overhanging the whole European outlook, the manufacturers of Great Britain were under the necessity of seeking new markets altogether. "It is to Africa," he proclaimed, "that we ought to turn our attention, where vast territories are open to the operation of commerce, through the great river Niger and its tributaries." That year 1820 was the fifth year after Waterloo, as the year which ends this month is the fifth after the ending of the Great War. The years that followed the ending of the Napoleonic wars, like the years following the Great War, were years of financial chaos on the continent of Europe. The first quarter of the nineteenth century was the blackest period in modern British history. Public men and economists advocated emigration from Great Britain as the only remedy for the existing distresses; they declared then, as they have been declaring again, that the British Isles could not continue to support so large a population. But the revival came, and British prosperity flourished as it had never flourished before, as it will do again when the continent of Europe settles down again to peace and business.

Looking Forward

PROFESSOR A. M. LOW, the English scientist and inventor who did important work during the Great War in the development of the applications of science to warfare, has been writing his impressions of what war will be like one hundred years from now. He sees wireless transmission of electric energy as the dominant factor. Heat, he predicts, will thus be transmitted to make whole regions uninhabitable. Ditches will be full of water holding high charges of electricity. The use of appliances which will make both seeing and hearing at great distances possible by wireless transmission will, Professor Low believes, make the conditions which will prevail a hundred years from now so inconceivably different from present conditions that it is impossible to imagine today the warfare of a hundred years from now. He adds that an invention which has already been perfected for the wireless control of automatic airplanes will make it possible to use thousands of such airplanes without aviators, from which gas bombs can be dropped in immense number, for the destruction of all life in a great city or throughout a populous extent of country. But is it too much to imagine that by a hundred years from now there will have been devised some means of disposing of such airplanes by which, for example, they can be swept out to mid-ocean? It is not difficult, when the actual facts of the Great War are kept in mind, to imagine endless ways in which the applications of science a hundred years from now may make war a thousand times more terrible and devastating than the Great War was. But the wisest thing in Professor Low's predictions is his remark that it is really impossible now to imagine how different a world this may be in a hundred years, with conditions of human life and activity which are beyond our imagination now, far more than the conditions of the present time are different from the imaginings of the people who were alive a hundred years ago, to say nothing of those who were alive two or three centuries ago. Is it too much to imagine that the progress of mankind will by that time have arrived at the stage when it will be realized that there are better ways than war for settling differences and misunderstandings between groups of the human brotherhood inhabiting this planet?

Middle Age and Eating

THE proper diet for people who have arrived at middle age was the subject of a paper read at the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association by Dr. M. Hindhede, the Director of the Danish National Laboratory for Nutrition Research at Copenhagen. Dr. Hindhede's declaration that "nearly all middle-aged people eat far too much animal food—they consume vastly too much meat, both lean and fat" is being actively discussed in the British papers. Denmark is a country in which food is abundant, and from which great quantities of rich food are exported to Great Britain and other countries. During the war the Danish people, numbering three and a quarter millions, found themselves with a little more than 40 per cent. of the usual food supply for man and beast. Under the direction of Dr. Hindhede the whole nation was restricted to a diet from which animal food was almost wholly eliminated. The pigs were killed off, and their food saved for man. There was no starvation, nor even semi-starvation, as in Germany, where the pigs were not killed off; but it was found that there was a remarkable decline in the death-rate of people of middle age in Denmark. After the war was over and the urgency was passed, the food supply became abundant again, rationing was abandoned, the products of the pig and other animal food became freely available again; and the death-rate of middle-aged Danes, especially of men, has risen again to its old level before the war. Dr. Hindhede says that this rise in the death-rate of middle-aged people in Denmark to what it was before the war is due to excess of food which is good in itself, a too great amount of animal proteins and fats, such as are contained in meat, which produce hardening of the arteries and kidneys and other serious troubles in people who are past what are regarded as the middle milestones of the normal earthly pilgrimage. The old saying about the possibility of graves being dug with the teeth is worth keeping in mind.

In Regard to the Moon

THE midwinter night in Manitoba on which these words are written is far removed from the soft Italian night on which Juliet, leaning from her balcony, heard Romeo protesting:

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

and interrupted him to say:

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

But the moon and the stars in the vault of heaven over the midwinter prairies do not yield in beauty and wonder to the moon and stars which shine down on Italian fruit orchards. The Philosopher has been gazing at the sky, and thinking many pages might be written about the blunders which great writers have made about the moon. In the Rhime of the Ancient Mariner, for example, Coleridge makes two astronomical blunders in three lines. After the Ancient Mariner saw the spectre bark disappear, he watched

Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

The Ancient Mariner could not see the moon rise in the east; that is a sight which neither he nor anybody else ever beheld. If the new moon were to rise in the east, it would be displaying a degree of inconstancy far beyond anything Juliet could have had in mind. Stranger still, the Ancient Mariner saw a star climb the sky within the lower horn of the moon. In this Coleridge was as badly astray about the stars as about the moon.

The moving moon went up the sky
And nowhere did abide;
Softly was she going up,
And a star or two beside.

As if moon and stars moved across the sky together, like so many electric lights fastened on a vast moving curtain of black velvet—to say nothing of the new moon going up, instead of down! But some people seem to think they can say anything about the moon, even to the length of saying it is made of green cheese.

Intelligence Testing

WE Canadians have to be thankful that there have not been applied to us the so-called "intelligence tests" about which so much was heard in the United States when conscription was established for the Great War. The statistics of those "intelligence tests" have been made the basis of tabulations of the population of the United States which show some results which would be amazing, if they were true. In a speech before the Canadian Club at Toronto recently, Dr. William Starr Myers, who succeeded Professor Woodrow Wilson in Princeton University when Professor Wilson entered public life to become Governor of New Jersey and afterwards President of the United States, said: "Of the 105,000,000 people in the United States 45,000,000 are sub-normal and have intellects equal to those of normal children of fourteen, 15,000,000 are feeble-minded, and 25,000,000 have only mediocre minds." Did you ever wonder, gentle reader, how you would be rated, if you were submitted to some of those "intelligence tests?" Take a pencil in hand, have some one, with his eye on the second hand of a watch, give you the word to start, and when he calls out that fifteen seconds have elapsed, count how many of the "a's" you have marked in the following lines:

rvsth yraea zaqwb qiajc mgvpa ehiah
grhng nayvk zlaah spqva iaucf akiwr
bjezw uvaru oajba jmzao totzb zkapd
baxap szoab emfaz qatma aqizl Wdaks
Lskse evavy dawma kzaje xatzs cnjaf
angaogao ymljd fnazd gsbnc iumgwahra
laehu qhnra kaqul Vaiso ruhay thema

This is one of the "intelligence tests." If you struck out all the "a's" in fifteen seconds, you would be classed as having an A1 mentality, so far as that test goes. The thing looks easy enough, but when it was tried on a group of people in Winnipeg recently, there were some surprising results. The extremists in belief in these "intelligence tests" make the mistake of placing too much reliance on the tests they devise, and of not realizing the possibility of tests being devised which they themselves might fail to pass, and in which people whom they consider inferior to themselves in mentality might do very well.

COME LET US READ A WHILE

By W.H.M. Librarian.

THERE are nine interesting books on my desk at the present moment, I don't know how many I shall tell you about this month, it just depends how much space I use for a very remarkable novel, "Graven Image," by Margaret Widdemer (Toronto, George J. McLeod, Ltd.). This is not a story for an hour's enjoyment; it took me many hours to read it carefully; to read it without care would be to deny oneself great mental enjoyment. There is much thought and imagination in this story of family life. Margaret Widdemer—is she not a poet of great distinction?—I think so—has chosen a subject that had to be handled with great care. It is not easy to portray the evil effects of certain phases in religious upbringing without being flippant or hurtful or unjust. Margaret Widdewer has avoided all these pitfalls, yet I would not be a truthful reviewer if I did not point out that the "Graven Image" (the very title implies this) deals with the theological attitude of a certain family, the Gaylords.

Unless I have quite misunderstood the author, it is clear that the Gaylords in adult life are suffering from too much "religion" in childhood. I have put religion in inverted commas purposely; of true religion there cannot be too much; the trouble was that the Gaylord children were brought up to worship a Graven Image; they were brought up in fear rather than in love, and as a result they are a very distressing family to meet. Just reading about them made me wish to run away from them. How awful it must have been for the clever, loving, truly religious, high idealed Anne to be married to one of these Gaylords, to perhaps the most difficult of them all, Anthony, an artist by profession, but the victim of hysteria, egoism, hallucinations, all brought about by the worship of the Graven Image and by the discipline of a father who tried to whip religion into the souls of his children.

This is really a book of agony; one cannot possibly see Anne suffering without loathing the whole Gaylord outfit. I really think if the very ordinary, matter-of-fact, bread-and-butter honest John hadn't turned up on the last page to marry Anne, whose neurotic husband had by this time poisoned himself,—I should have had a fit of melancholia! I don't want to be over-serious about this book, just because I feel it does strike so deeply into the heart of a certain section of humanity. This is the type of book that will arouse discussions around our imaginary fire, so please do read it and let me know what you think of it.

The Prairie Poet

HERE are two stanzas taken from "The Prairie" by Robert Stead;

Where wide as the plan of creation,
The Prairies stretch ever away;
And beckon a broad invitation
To fly to their bosom, and stay:
The prairie-fire smell in the gloaming:
The water-net wind in the spring
An empire untrod for the roaming—
Ah, this is the life for a king!

When peaceful and pure as a river
They lie in the light of the moon.
You know that the Infinite Giver
Is stringing your spirit a tune;
That Life is not told in the telling,
That Death does not whisper adieu;
And deep in your bosom up-welling,
You know that the Promise is true!

Let us flee from fiction with its strange "birds" for heroes and vain peacocks for heroines into the realm of our feathered friends, the birds! Jack Miner, known throughout the United States and Canada as a "Bird Man" of remarkable gifts and profound knowledge, has completed a most fascinating and instructive book entitled "Jack Miner and the Birds" by Jack Miner Himself. This handsome volume should be in every home where there are young minds asking questions about the life around them and in every library belonging to one interested in natural history. Mr. Miner's most unusual experience coupled with uncanny powers to make friends with these little shy folk have made it possible for him to write a book, every word of which is interesting. To add to its attractiveness, Mr. Miner has illustrated his volume profusely with photographs taken by himself and all who love books will congratulate Mr. Miner for having seen to it that his printers (The Ryerson Press of Canada) have employed the finest possible paper.

This book has taken Jack Miner a half dozen years to compile and it covers all his experiences with birds. It is also autobiographical, telling how and why this noted ornithologist became interested in birds and describes how his work with the feathered family has progressed. Throughout this volume there are interspersed quaint "Jack Minerisms" bits of philosophy and aphorisms that those who have heard him lecture, will recognize as part and parcel of this striking personality.

The illustrations in the volume are of particular interest. Reproduced from photos, most of which were taken by Jack Miner himself, they show the

Continued on page 40

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Miner in their rose arbor

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Concerning Aerials

A SHORT antenna has the advantage over a long antenna inasmuch as the shorter antenna permits sharper tuning, i.e., the short antenna permits the operator to select the desired station more readily than a long one would. For this reason, owners of short antenna often get results superior to those obtained on a long antenna. For the reception of broadcasting stations operating below 360 meters a shorter antenna than was formerly used is necessary. It would be a very good idea to keep the total length of the antenna — this includes lead-in and ground lead — under 100 feet so that amateur signals from American Radio Relay League stations may be received as well as amateur code. For best results the antenna should not exceed 120 feet for broadcast reception, or 80 feet for amateur reception.

Apparently the height of the aerial makes little difference to most radio fans. A very high one will be able to pick up more radio frequency energy than a low one; however the high aerial, beside being able to pick up fainter signals, also collects more static, which may seriously interfere with reception, so that too high an antenna is to be avoided. It is the effective height of an antenna that counts; not always the height above ground, but 10 feet above a grounded tin roof, would have an effective height of 10 feet, not 50 feet.

The antenna wires should be kept as far away from the aerial supports as possible. The antenna insulators should be of a good grade, and should be so designed, so that they do not absorb water, and have low capacity between their terminals. Glazed porcelain insulators are the best with genuine Electrose second. Avoid purchasing porous or unglazed porcelain, or cheap imitation composition insulators. Keep the antenna insulators clean and preferably replace them every year; they don't work so well when dirt gets an inch thick on them. The long thin shaped insulators are better than short thick ones, as the capacity is much lower. See that the lead-in enters the house through a good porcelain tube, and that it does not touch the house other than at insulated points.

The antenna should be a wire conductor of large area and should be selected with care. Flat copper ribbon, copper stranded cable and large size copper wires are all good. Don't use iron wire that has a mere film of copper plating on it. Copper plated iron wire is used much, but in view of the fact that copper wire is so cheap, it would be advisable to use number 12 or 14 copper wire throughout the entire antenna system.

What a Crystal Fan Made at Home

A CRYSTAL set in De Walt, Texas, which receives programs from Denver and Memphis is described by Raymond Clift.

"On almost any clear night," he writes, "I can hear from five to twelve broadcasting stations with a home-made crystal set consisting of a vario-coupler, a variable condenser, a fixed condenser, a crystal detector and a pair of phones.

"My antenna is a one-wire T type, 150 feet long and approximately 40 feet above the earth. Poor results with either a crystal or a tube are often due to a poor ground connection, I find. This is particularly true when only a short joint of pipe is driven into the earth for a connection. When the ground becomes dry a poor connection will result. I keep the earth around my ground connection in a moist condition and I think this helps my reception.

"My crystal detector is mounted on the wall and is connected into the circuit with flexible wire. By this means the crystal will not lose its adjustment easily when the instruments on my table are jarred. Instead of testing my crystal contact with a buzzer, I adjust it while a local station is broadcasting."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Squealing

S. T., Pincher Creek, Alta., says that his set howls and squeals continuously when his hand is brought near any of the controls. He asks:

Q. 1. How can I eliminate this and will a vernier condenser be of any assistance?

A. 1. You can probably eliminate the trouble you mention by shielding the back of your panel with aluminum and grounding the shield. The trouble is due to the capacity of your body and can be eliminated as mentioned above. If this work is done a vernier condenser shunted across your antenna condenser will be of assistance in accurate tuning.

Storage "B" Battery Query

L. E. Langfier, Brandon, Man., asks:

Q. 1. In making a storage "B" battery should the plates be pasted in the same manner as those in a large storage battery such as used in automobiles?

A. 1. Yes.

Q. 2. What kind of wood should be used for separators?

A. 2. Practically any kind of wood could be used, but white pine or spruce is best. Even better than wood are perforated sheets of thin hard rubber.

Building a Neutrodyne Set

N. Randall, Calgary, Alta., is interested in neutrodyne sets.

Q.—I contemplate building a neutrodyne three tube set and would like to know: 1. What tubes to use? 2. If dry cell tubes would be as satisfactory as any other? 3. If it would be possible and practicable to convert your receiver to the C. W. receiver by cutting in a variometer in the plate circuit by means of a switch? 4. How should this variometer be arranged in the set? 5. If local and closer stations could be heard on a loud speaker (not Magnavox) using no audio-frequency amplification?

A.—The "A" type amplifying tubes give the best results with the neutrodyne. Dry cell tubes will work very satisfactory. A switch can be arranged as you suggest to obtain regeneration with a variometer. Put the variometer at the right of detector tube in the plate circuit. It is quite possible to hear local stations very satisfactory on a loud speaker without the addition of audio frequency amplification.

COME LET US READ AWHILE—Con. from page 39

growth of the Miner institution at Kingsville, Ontario, illustrate the methods Jack Miner uses in dealing with the birds, and throw a good deal of light on the points of the story. They are scattered through the book as a complement to the points they illustrate in the letterpress. This book is sold only by Manly F. Miner, Kingsville, Ontario, Canada.

"The Commandment of Moses"

THIS striking title belongs to Stephen McKenna's new novel (Toronto, The Ryerson Press). I warrant that no one willingly lays aside this book until the last word has been reached. Just a little bit of life portrayed with tremendous force and skill. A young girl doing a man's work during the war, with her brain, and a woman's work with her heart, which is well nigh broken when the man she loves is killed in action. But really, the most poignant part of the story is not Joan's loss of her lover, Colonel Anker, but our loss of respect for him. As the story proceeds on its tragic way we see so clearly that Anker was a cad to have made of Joan's life what he did. Luckily Joan is of too fine a metal to be completely ruined by her experiences.

MUSIC AND THE HOME

How Pianist's Playing Now is Perpetuated

TO play the player piano properly, taste, musical instinct and considerable practice are necessary. Sufficient justification for the last will be found not only in the increased power and fluency of expression that result, but also in the vast fund of knowledge that is acquired in the process.

Through a highly sensitive electrical device it is now possible for a pianist while playing what appears to be an ordinary piano, to cut simultaneously an exact record of his playing upon a paper music roll. The result is an almost uncannily truthful reproduction of the pianist's performance, which, after the roll is duplicated, becomes available to every owner of an instrument fitted with the mechanism.

The accuracy with which these instruments reproduce the pianist's own interpretation, the phrasing, the rhythmic peculiarities, the niceties and delicacies of shading is amazing.

It is surely no trifling contribution to culture that the all too fugitive art of the pianist may thus be preserved for the benefit of vast audiences of persons he may never see, or that the music lover of 1924 may enjoy in the seclusion of his home the playing of the greatest contemporary artists.

Music Not Only For Girls

IN the days of the war many a young man learned to regard his little bit of musical accomplishment, however small it was, as a valuable possession. Behind the lines, innumerable hours which were hours of weariness in the absence of some interest to fill them, found that interest in the music made by somebody or other. For the men themselves who could play an instrument or sing a song this accomplishment was a possession well worth having, while they had the satisfaction of knowing that it gave pleasure to many others. Their popularity in the regiment was by no means lessened by reason of this possession, and it will be an aid to their popularity in all the walks of life. Ability to make music is not at all an accomplishment suited only to girls. Young men will find it a password to many desirable things.

Says Church Folk Like Music "With a Swing"

Author of "Carrie" Becomes Writer of Hymn Music that Attracts People to Church

GOSPEL Hymns set to lively music, a sort of glorified ragtime, instead of the traditional tunes in vogue, will bring worshipers, new and old, to the Churches," says the New York American.

Scott Lawrence, a hymn writer and nigh a score of years ago known nationally as the author of the ditty, "Carrie," that was sung and whistled all over the country, is the author of the new departure in church musical services and predicts its drawing power. He has more than 100 songs and hymns, but his greatest pride is in "He Loves Even Me." For it was through that composition that he and his wife, separated fourteen years, were brought together again.

More than eighteen years ago the name of Scott Lawrence was known throughout the country as the author of "Carrie." It had a tremendous sale and the chorus was as popular as the most popular of the war songs. Lawrence sang it himself in many of the plays in which he appeared and well-known vaudeville artists made it their own.

'Tis a long way in spirit and sentiment from "Carrie" to "He Loves Even Me," but the writer suddenly switched from vaudeville songs to hymns. To make the change popular, he said recently, he found it necessary to adapt the new songs to music more lively than that to which the standard hymns are written. His investigation, he said, proved to him that one of the reasons that keep people from church is that they have been "fed up" on the airs that go with the old hymns.

While many friends of the writer consider "Whisper a Prayer" his most successful song, he and his wife cling to "He Loves Even Me." Far different from the "Carrie" of eighteen years ago, it is set to a ringing air that holds the attention of the singers; proof, said Lawrence, that church folk like their music with a swing just like people who do not go to church at all.

Evolution of Musical Culture

ALL music that affords a true medium of expression is good music. Even as the evolution of mankind is represented by groups of people at different stages of development, yet all progressing, all grades of music that form the true expression of any set of people, have their place in the evolution of musical culture, from the lowliest ragtime to the most elevated chamber music.

As in the greater evolution, some people more fortunately disposed than others, move more quickly through the lower grades, and are apt to be impatient with and intolerant of the more slowly moving individuals. Here, as in all else, trouble arises from those in advance who, through lack of sympathetic understanding, question the sincerity of the others. This results in recrimination and rebellion by the more advanced, and an aping by those behind—the worst of all things, since it stops progress and begets the only bad music; that which is insincere.

It Was Lucky

Kelly was a fiddler in the vaudeville team of Kelly and Monaghan, of which Monaghan was the pianist. Kelly died with the request that his violin be buried with him. At the funeral Monaghan saw the fiddle being put away with his partner and broke into laughter. Everybody of course was horrified, and looked toward him for an explanation.

"I couldn't help thinking," said, Monaghan, "how lucky it is that he didn't play the piano."

HAWAIIAN RETURNS HOME WITH FORTUNE

—Continued from page 10

Questioned as to the probable effect the change from the Arctic may have on his family, Emslie is of the opinion that no evil will result. Away up north, thanks to the yearly visits of the supply ships, the Arctic folk can buy the same groceries, canned goods, and meats which we of the "outside" are accustomed to: fruit even penetrates to within a few hundred miles of the pole, and his boys, at least, are acquainted with apples and oranges. To all intents and purposes the climatic change is the only one to be faced.

Of the boys, George is thirteen, Joe nine and Tommy four; they have never known the inside of a school house, but once they reach Honolulu both they and their mother will commence a study of the rudiments of education. On the Hawaiian Islands, Emslie has two brothers and two sisters, who by this time probably imagine that he has long since perished in the Arctic blizzards, and they will no doubt be surprised to see their long lost relative marching in with an Eskimo family.

Mrs. Emslie is quite unperturbed by the fact, however; all day long she smokes unlimited cigarettes, enjoys the shops, and is entirely oblivious of the fact that she is the first Eskimo woman who reached the tropical islands.

The world is a small place after all, and though east and west may never meet, it is patent that the north and south will, and do.

Frankness

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"Supposing one of you stole a piece of sugar and put it in your mouth, and someone came in—what would happen?"

"I'd get a thrashing," said one boy.

"Yes, but your face would become red, wouldn't it? What would make it do that?"

"Trying to swallow the sugar quick, sir."

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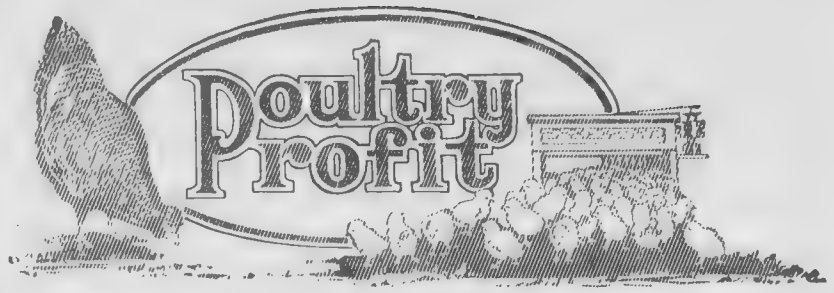

By H. E. Vialoux

THE official records of perfection sent out from the Dominion Live Stock Branch are coming forward for the year 1923, and show a wonderful progress in egg production throughout Canada. The reports are summaries of the year's work, kept by the various breeders who enter their flocks in "The Record of Performance" and trap-nest them to keep an accurate account of all eggs laid within the year. I may say the R.O.P. means that all birds entered must produce at least 150 eggs per annum. The records are accompanied by affidavits from the various breeders. Many of the birds entered in the R.O.P. laid from 250 to 270, up to 283. The largest number of birds entered by one owner was a flock of 15 White Leghorns from "Centre" B.C. A Manitoba farm flock of "Barred Rocks" entered in the R.O.P. for 1923-24 has so far smashed all records in the various egg-laying contests in Canada. The highest records coming forward for the eight weeks up to January 1st, 1924, show an egg production of 58 per cent. at Agassiz, B.C., and 47.7 per cent at Ottawa, but the Manitoba flock of 100 Barred Rock pullets (incubator-hatched) and raised by Percy Stacey of Melita in Southern Manitoba, have a record of 79.07 per cent. during the last week in December. The temperature varied from 10 degrees above zero during this period.

In Southern Manitoba, there are a number of flocks of hens entered in the R.O.P. under the watchful eye of A. C. McCulloch, Dominion Live Stock Branch. As poultry promoter for this province Mr. McCulloch is getting some very interesting results, and doing valuable work on behalf of the poultry industry of the country. Mr. Stacey is one of the poultry men who understand the game from a practical viewpoint, and makes good profits in the business though he keeps only between 200 and 300 hens on his place, which is only an acre in extent. These approved flocks are periodically inspected and free from any trace of tuberculosis, which is becoming a serious menace to profitable poultry keeping. Trap-nesting is done when the flock is entered in the R.O.P., so Mr. Stacey divided his best layers, all pullets, into two flocks of 50 each on December 15th, and is keeping an accurate record. The last week in December this flock laid 538 eggs, or an average of 5.058 per bird, or, expressed in other words, a production of 79.07 per cent. Not a single bird failed to lay in the entire flock, but two birds only produced 2 eggs each in seven days; 3 hens laid 3 eggs apiece, and all the others laid 4 or more eggs in the week. 25 birds, or 25% of the flock laid every day in the week.

Pen No. 1, which contains Mr. Stacey's early-hatched pullets, has maintained a 50 per cent. egg production since early September, and a 75 per cent production from early in November. Pen No. 2, consisting of a later hatch, commenced laying in October and gave a production from Nov. 15th to Dec. 15th of 66.44 per cent., when the pens were broken up for trap-nesting in the R.O.P.

Mr. Stacey, who is getting such outstanding results, uses an ordinary poultry house, made of lumber and fairly comfortable, using some cotton front windows as well as glass. Electric lighting is also part of his equipment and the days are lengthened by means of electric light, which increases the egg yield materially. Grains are fed in the litter and egg mashed fed at the Melita Henery, as the owner firmly believes in feeding for heavy egg production. Feeding and breeding along egg-producing lines are Mr. Stacey's hobbies. For pen No. 1 Mr. McCulloch has secured for him two high class cockerels with a long line of high-producing blood behind them. In the East, from whence they have been shipped, each of these birds has at least 13 hens in its immediate ancestry that have produced 200 eggs in a year. There is one "grandma" with a record of 283 eggs to her credit. It is stock from pedigreed flocks like this that Mr. McCulloch is securing to head the Manitoba approved flocks, and several have been imported this season, ready for Spring breeding.

The price received for all of the eggs produced up to January 1st, on this plant, was 75c f.o.b. Regina and Winnipeg, which were the market places. Last Spring no less than 5,000 baby chicks were sold to farmers in the country from the Live Stock Train which toured the province. Should this feature of improved methods of farming be carried on during the Spring of 1924, A. C. McCulloch will be in a position to again place pure bred, disease-free chicks in the hands of Western farmers. The Canadian hen is forging ahead as a money maker. In 1921, 160,049,154 dozen eggs were produced in the Dominion. These were valued at $40,968,841. 1923 showed an increase to 194,058,468 dozen eggs, valued at $40,490,578; quite a tidy sum, to be sure! Ontario leads in egg production with 67,683,734 dozen, valued at $20,305,720, so here 9,555,633 hens show a good record, but our Western Saskatchewan comes next, with 6,778,826 hens. Manitoba has 2,438,243,laying hens. Alberta has 4,066,274, and British Columbia 1,388,326. In the whole Dominion of Canada there are 29,945,484 in the hen family. This is quite an increase over the previous year, all of the provinces showing an increase but Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

In the States, some interesting investigations have been going on at various poultry stations, including Storrs, Connecticut, to determine the effect of artificial light on egg-laying, fertility of eggs in the breeding pens, and on the general health of the hens. The results show that a laying hen does not need any more rest or sleep in winter than in summer to keep in good health, and the only reason the birds spend so much time on their roosts in enforced idleness, is because of the darkness. Practical experience has proved that fowl in good health come to no harm when allowed 14 hours of artificial light, and their vigor is not diminished, while egg production is increased 50 to 60 per cent. in the dark months, when a certain number of hours, night or morning, artificial light is used in the pens. The hens begin to respond to the light conditions in a week, and in three weeks are usually laying well. About March the hens fall off in egg production, and frequently molt for a couple of weeks to one month. Needless to say to produce heavy laying an extra feed must be given late at night to exercise, for in the litter when the light is turned on at 4 or 4:30 a.m., of course, to get results the birds must be well fed and kept busy. All of these new methods must be used with common sense. In California, extensive experiments are being carried on in regard to the use of light in breeding pens, and the consensus of opinion seems to prove that better batches of chicks and a greater percentage of fertility is obtained when breeders are not forced by heavy egg production and the use of electric light, and if the light is used at all it should be turned on in the morning for a couple of hours only.

Co-operative marketing of dressed poultry has been considered a real success again this season in the Western provinces, but the actual data in regard to the financial returns are not yet available, upon going to press.

About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

Facts About Poultry Keeping

THE slogan "100 hens to every farm and 10 hens to every back yard," comes as an exhortation from the National Poultry Association. There is a decidedly increasing interest in poultry keeping today, and those who have become recruits to this industry, do not seem to be disappointed with their choice of occupation. There is no doubt about the market demand for the produce from the poultry plants of this Dominion, the main trouble seems to be that there are not sufficient quantities of new laid eggs to begin to meet the demand. Poultry thrive in practically every climate and under almost any conditions.

Little expense is required to start a poultry plant and in some towns there are vacant lots and back yards that would be found to be just the place for a poultry plant, and with reasonable care, the keeping of poultry will add interest as an occupation and bring profit to the household.

There are always a quantity of meat scraps and other waste from the table of every family in town and country, and this material might just as well be turned into eggs as thrown away. There is always the sporting feeling of the hunter shared by the individual with the basket when he or she goes to the poultry plant to collect eggs. For the business man in town it is nice to have eggs coming in fresh from the poultry house when they are scarce in town and the grocers are telling you that they have eggs—at a price—but cannot recommend them as strictly fresh. The feeling of being able to get eggs from one's own poultry house give a fine feeling of independence.

Of course, there are likely to be objections to poultry keeping, especially where birds run at large, by neighbors who have a leaning toward horticulture, and find that hens scratching over their land to be more of a hindrance than a help. When such a state of affairs is likely to be the cause of strained relations between otherwise friendly neighbors, there is still an alternative, and that is, to go in for half yearly poultry keeping by buying well matured pullets in October and November, feed them heavily throughout the winter for eggs, and after the luxury of winter eggs, one may enjoy a succession of poultry dinners in the spring, or the birds may be sold off. For the town amateur poultryman, this plan has many advantages as it utilizes the table scraps in return for eggs when the latter are high in price, and it leaves the backyard free for the poultryman to turn his attention one hundred per cent. to horticulture during the summer season, and it is not impossible to sell his birds in the spring for a fair price that will go toward replacing them with pullets in the fall.

Much better results may be obtained with poultry on the farm if the houses are well ventilated, sanitary, and constructed so as to admit as much sunlight as possible. A good plan is for a farmer to have movable colony houses that may be drawn by a team of horses from one location to another. For instance, suppose there has been threshing done at a reasonable distance from the barnyard, where the mill set is bound to be scattered with good feed for poultry; the colony houses can be drawn up to the set and the poultry may help themselves to their complete satisfaction. Should the farmer possess an orchard, that too, is an ideal place to have the colony houses in the summer where the birds may obtain shade from the sun, and scratch among the trees. If the birds are properly fed, they will do very little damage to the grain and vegetable crops. Even should the hens destroy some of the grain or a few tops of the vegetables, the damage will be amply repaid by the resulting benefit from poultry products.

Birds as Crop Defenders

IT is not a generally appreciated fact that the birds that frequent our farms and on which our boys try to improve their marksmanship, are really a benefit to the farm by the good work they do in devouring insects and weeds injurious to the crop. The millions of weed seeds eaten by the birds is a check to a serious menace, while failure on the part of the birds to consume vast quantities of insects, even for a short period, would plunge the country into disaster.

A better knowledge of the habits of our birds, especially on the part of the boys of the "22" rifle class, would contribute greatly toward the preservation of the crops through the agency of the birds.

There are many birds that have a bad name for destructiveness and such characteristic may be true, but their destructive work is also very much constructive as the farmer's interests are concerned inasmuch as they make war upon the enemies of his crops.

It does seem somewhat inconsistent to make an outlay for the purchase of insecticides, which may, of course, be very necessary in spite of the good offices of the birds, and at the same time endeavor to shoot indiscriminately at birds that visit the farm.

Nature establishes a fine balance, and if either side of the balance is tampered with by man, there is usually abnormal conditions with an eventual swing back in the course of time to normal, while the author of the trouble learns a lesson in nature study, and though wiser, is possibly sadder.

There are numerous birds that keep a vigilant patrol over certain regions and but for their presence, insect plagues would run riot throughtout the districts in question. Some figures given by authorities on the number of insects eaten by birds are certainly astounding to the lay mind. For the purpose of scientific investigation, a number of birds of different kinds have been examined; one Nighthawk for instance, was found to contain over 200 grasshoppers in addition to other insects. It has been estimated that about $125,000,000 loss is caused annually by insects to crops and trees in Canada, and that being the case, we may well sincerely hope that 300 grasshoppers will form the meal of every Nighthawk. The Chicadee is heartily welcome to its three or four hundred insects per day, while the Meadow Lark should have free access to all insects that compose its varied diet, such as cutworms, army worms, grasshoppers, etc.

The Kingbird, the Flicker, the Catbird, and the Franklin's Gull do good work for the farmer, as they have a large capacity for insects and eat those kinds that are a source of worry to the farmer.

A list of birds that are working in the interest of the farmer, horticulturist, etc., would take considerable space to enumerate, and while the insect eaters are keeping a serious menace down, the short-billed weed-seed eaters, such as the sparrows, snowbirds, juncos, grosbeaks and waxwings are doing excellent work in another sphere.

A man who shoots an innocent dove may do so under the impulse of the urge of the hunting spirit that has been handed down to him through generations, but if he be a farmer, he is certainly making a rod for his own back, as over 7000 weeds seeds have been found in the crop of a single dove.

A Clydesdale Mare of Quality

Mares and Colts

WHEN a farmer buys a good brood mare, he has within the limits of his farm the starting point of a line of horses which may be a credit to the district or not, according to the management the mare may receive. In this mechanical age, the cry for good horses does not seem to slacken and the breeder who carries first class stock does not find them a "back number," as the prophets of ten years ago may have predicted.

The man who owns a good brood mare should set the ideal of his future horses in his mind and endeavor to attain that ideal by selective breeding; in fact, he should choose a mare that bears promise of producing foals that will develop into the kind of horses that the country needs. If he be careful in the choosing of the mare and less careful in the choice of the sire, his ideals will be likely to receive a severe setback.

If a mare is to raise a colt that will be a credit to the farm, she should receive the care that is her due, or she should not be used for anything else than a work animal. It is a mistake to allow brood mares to be idle for a number of days at a time in the stable and then plunge them into the strenuous work that involves straining and pulling. Regular exercise of not too violent a nature is much better, and if there is no work that will necessitate the hitching up of such mares, they should be let out to obtain their own exercise in a yard that will keep them in a healthy state. When they are worked, they should be driven only by trustworthy men. Deep snow and slippery footing should be avoided, and the whip should be left at home before pulling out for the trip.

The uncertainty that the tractor has established in some minds in regard to the future of the horse market is to a certain extent responsible for the falling off in the raising of good draught horses, and an overdose of poor-type animals, the result of indifferent dams, sires, and management, has tended to aggravate the situation.

It is not on the farms alone that the demand of the future will come from, but the cities have not finished with horses nor does the future seem to indicate that they will abandon their use, for there are various business concerns that find horse power as applied to delivery work, very useful, and quite satisfactory.

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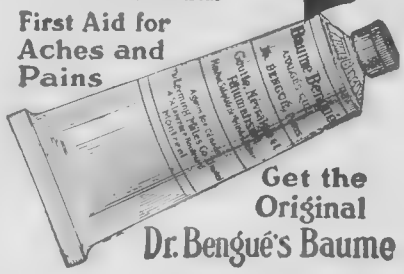

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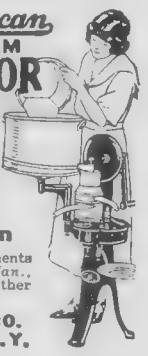

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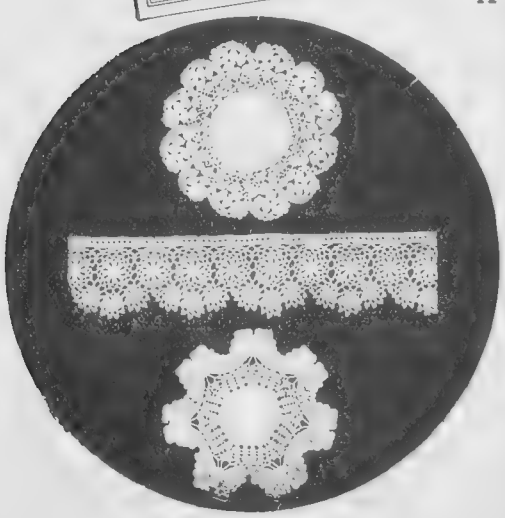

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Thistle Insertion
The Picot Insertion
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Sunflower
The Ailsa
Ring
Square Doily in Filet Crochet
The Starfish
Hexagon Doily in Filet Crochet
The Presto
The Roman
The Anemone Design
The Daisy Design
The Pearl Doily
The Star Fish Doily
The Seaweed Doily
The Lucia Doily
The Rose Spray Doily

Yokes
Evelyn Blouse Yoke
The Olivia Nightdress Yoke
The Karina Camisole Yoke
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The Fedora Camisole Yoke
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Crochet Square
Stag Crochet Square
Goose Girl Square
Mistletoe Design

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Cypress Edging
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The Elma Corner and Border
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As there are only a limited number of these books for distribution purposes, it is suggested that this offer be taken advantage of as speedily as possible.

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

THE POSTMASTER—

Continued from page 16

papers stopped abruptly, and without a word the genial-faced postmaster hurried from behind the counter in pursuit of the fast-disappearing form. He stopped in the outside door and Marjorie heard him call to the man, who had just untied his horse from the corral fence.

"Say, Sandy, I saw the doctor while I was in town, so I told him about your baby, and he said to keep her wrapped up warm and if you had any camphorated oil to rub it on her chest and then put on a flannel rag. Didn't know as you'd have any oil, so I bought a bottle as I won't go to town again for two weeks."

"Thanks," replied the man, returning to the kitchen. He paid the postmaster, took the bottle and left.

"Let's see," said the postmaster, upon his return, "I was looking for papers, wasn't I?" Once more he looked over the pile of papers on the counter, and as he handed her the last magazine that she was expecting, Marjorie breathed a sigh of relief. She quickly drew a couple of letters from her coat pocket. "I'd like to mail these now, as I shan't be down again before the mail goes out," she said. "A couple of three-cent stamps please." He picked them up and gazed at the address. "Um-hum," he said, "going to the States. Did you come from the States?" he asked, glancing up at Marjorie.

"Yes," she assented, "may I have some stamps, please," she asked hastily, before he could make further enquiries.

"Well, I don't know," he said slowly, scratching his head, "but it seems to me it takes a four-cent stamp for a letter to the States. You see," he said, almost apologetically, "I don't send many letters to the States. Most the folks hereabouts are Russians and Galatians; some French too, so I send a heap o' letters across the water, but I don't when I've sent a letter to the States." He turned around and began rumaging in various pigeonholes in the wall. "There ought to be a book here somewhere that tells," he murmured. "I don't use it very often, but it ought to be here somewhere."

At last he drew forth a paper covered volume which had been crammed into one of the pigeonholes with a pile of old papers and began slowly to thumb its pages.

"Here it is!" he cried, stopping at a page and running his forefinger down its length.

"United States—three cents," he read. "Now ain't that funny, I thought it was four." He replaced the book, and taking down a large manilla envolope, much the worse for wear, from a shelf above the row of pigeon-holes, he extracted two three-cent stamps.

Marjorie breathed a sigh of relief—at last she was through, and could leave—then an expression of surprise slowly spread over her face. She turned the stamps to the light to be sure.

"I can't use these stamps!" she cried, "there isn't any mucilage on them!"

"We can fix that in just a minute," replied the postmaster, pleasantly. He reached across the counter, and from the corner of the window-sill took a bottle of mucilage, which he handed to Marjorie. She quickly unscrewed the little metal cap; but a fresh surprise awaited her—the mucilage was frozen.

"It is frozen," she said, passing the bottle back to the still smiling postmaster.

"Now I didn't suppose that would be frozen," he said, "but there," he added, "I never keep a fire in here through the week and I only built it up since I got home from town. Must ha' been frozen pretty hard and ain't had time to thaw out yet. Today's real nice, but we've had some pretty cold days this last week." He passed the bottle back to Marjorie. "Just take it out in the kitchen and ask my wife to melt it," he said, once more settling his broad shoulders against the wall and thrusting his hands into his pockets. An angry flush spread over Marjorie's face, and for a moment she hesitated, then took the bottle and turned toward the kitchen.

THE POSTMASTER—Continued from page 44

The buzz of conversation again ceased suddenly. Somehow her presence seemed to put a damper on the talk of the women who still eyed her curiously, so after passing the bottle to the thin woman who still stood by the stove and punctuated her remarks with a flourish of the spoon she held, Marjorie returned to the other room and stood by the wooden counter, restless and ill at ease.

"You know the pesky flies ate all the mucilage off the stamps last summer," volunteered the postmaster. "Had a whole envelope of stamps, too, and not a bit of mucilage left on 'em. Flies are awful bad here," he continued, looking at Marjorie. "You ain't been here yet in fly-time. I always keep my stamps in that envelope," he said, pointing to the much dilapidated envelope lying on the counter. "You wouldn't think the flies would get in them, now would you? But they seem to like glue."

At last the woman entered and set the bottle upon the counter. "Ain't thawed much," she said, "but guess you can get enough for a stamp."

"Have you a brush?" asked Marjorie, politely.

"Did have," responded the woman, "but the baby lost it. You can use your finger," said the woman, leaving the room.

For a moment Marjorie looked extremely doubtful, then plunging her little finger into the sticky mess she quickly put the stamps upon her letters, and wiping her finger as best she could on the corner of her handkerchief, picked up her mail and hastened to the door.

"These letters won't go for a couple o' weeks," called a cheery voice after her.

Marjorie paused only a moment to respond, and then fled into the yard.

The sun was low in the sky as she urged the horse over the grassy trail toward home. As she drove into the yard she saw Joe standing in the doorway.

"Well Marj.," he said, beginning to unharness, "what kept you so long? I was just beginning to think I should have to resort to bachelor pancakes for supper."

"Kept me!" expostulated Marjorie angrily, "why that postmaster kept me the whole afternoon giving me four letters, a couple of newspapers, a week old, and three magazines. Of all the ways to run a post office! I was thoroughly exasperated before I got my mail." She hurried into the house to get supper. "I wonder how long people in the city would put up with such service," fumed Marjorie as they ate their belated supper. "I have been used to having my mail delivered regularly three times a day, and I tell you in a city a postmaster has to be punctual and know his business. To hold such a position there, one has to be very efficient, and if we had an efficient postmaster here, it wouldn't take half a day to get a little mail."

Joe laughed good-naturedly. "Wait, Marj., till you've lived in the West a little longer and things won't seem quite so long to you," he said.

"The length of time I live here won't alter the fact that a postmaster should be efficient," she retorted.

IT was a day in early summer a little over two years later, that Marjorie drove into the yard as the sun was nearing the western horizon. Joe appeared in the doorway with one of her aprons tied about his waist. "I thought sure it was pancakes for supper tonight," he laughed. Marjorie sprang lightly from the buggy and hurried into the house.

"Seven o'clock!" she ejaculated, looking at the little nickel clock that stood upon a rough board shelf, "why I hadn't the faintest idea it was so late!" She quickly untied the apron from Joe's waist and tied it about her own. "I'll have supper ready in no time," she said, gayly. "As soon as you get the horse unharnessed, come in, dear; I've had such a nice afternoon I want to tell you all about it."

Once more they sat down to a belated supper, but Marjorie's face glowed with happiness. "It's been such a nice afternoon, dear," she said eagerly. "You know I always love that drive down through the long coulee—it's so pretty there. I let Kate walk all the way today and just enjoyed the view. When I got to the post office there were lots of people there. You know the last time I went to the office I lent Mrs. Skalazub a pattern for a coat. Well, she couldn't understand how to set in the pockets. It was easy enough, but you see, dear, she can't read English, so she couldn't read the directions on the pattern. It didn't take but a few minutes, so I cut the slits and basted the pockets in for her. Old Mrs. Prestupa was there and she told me how to make those molasses cookies she had that day we drove over to her place. You know I liked them so much. I wrote down the recipe, and it's in my coat pocket."

"Oh Joe! you know that young Serhienko boy—the good-looking one? He got badly burned on their gasoline engine. I don't know just how it happened, but at first they thought they'd have to take him to the city to a hospital, but the doctor came out from town, and he says he can come out every few days. Its a long trip, but the roads are good now and it doesn't take so long with an auto. As soon as he can eat something, I must make him something good."

"Mrs. Kiwas' baby has been sick the last few days. She told me just how she was taken and I knew at once it must be measles. My doctor's book happened to be down at the post office. I took it down one day last spring when little Josephine was sick, and it's been there ever since. I looked up measles to be sure and told the poor woman what to do."

"Oh, I almost forgot! we're going to have some new neighbors. Maybe they are there already. The postmaster said someone had taken up that quarter north-east of us. I hope it isn't another bachelor. They didn't seem to know at the office, but the name is Johnson, so it looks as if we'd have some English neighbors at last."

"Did I tell you that Mrs. Rogoza promised to show me how to make sauerkraut this fall? I'm so glad we planted a lot of cabbages this year."

Joe pushed his plate away and leaned back in his chair.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Marjorie, are you through with your supper so quick? Why I've hardly begun, and I was ravenously hungry too. I shan't tell you another bit of news until after supper."

As she began to eat her supper, which was nearly cold, she saw Joe's eyes begin to twinkle and a little smile play about the corners of his mouth. He shook his head slowly.

"Such a way to run a post office," he said mockingly. "Now if we had an efficient postmaster it wouldn't take half a day to get a little mail. In the city—"

Marjorie suddenly laughed. "Joe, dear, that was two long years ago," she said, "and since then I've changed my mind. Don't you think that any man who can discourse on any subject from the care of sick horses to the latest politics, hand out all the latest news and the mail at the same time, to say nothing of doing all the errands for the whole community, and never appear the least bit excited or flustered, nor lose that genial smile, isn't efficient? Why, Joe, I've decided that man is an efficiency expert!"

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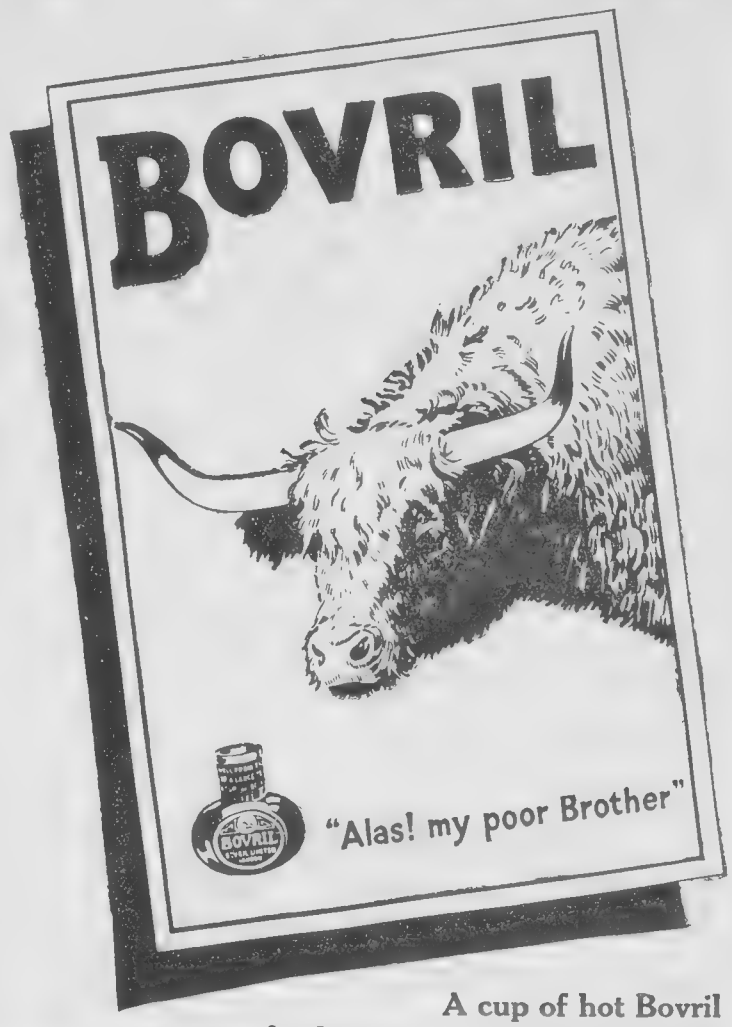

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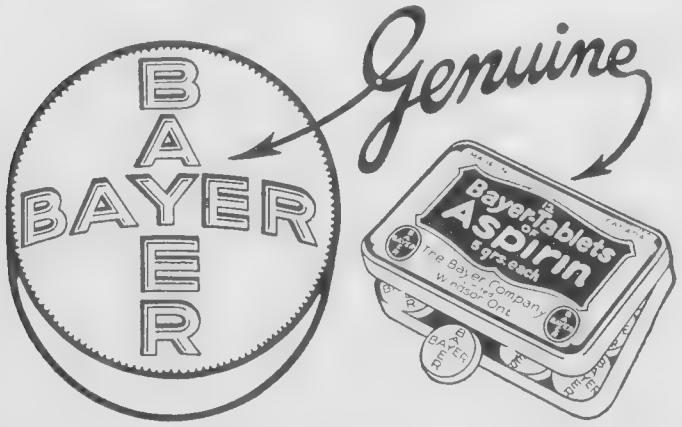

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RUSSIAN INTEREST IN EDUCATION

—Continued from page 15

some one of the children was in constant danger of being trod on. They would stand still and stare at the canaries or at the drinking fountains where innumerable goldfish played. And when it came to exercising a choice of food they were hopelessly lost. There wasn't one of them but would have gladly parted with the twenty-five cents necessary for the purchase of one of the small chocolate cakes piled high with mystic wanderings of pink icing. Almost all of the articles so temptingly displayed were new to them and thus added to the complexity of their problem. At last I had to exercise a choice and a big bowl of soup was ordered for everyone. Never in their estimation had such a feast been prepared for mortal man, not even when Maurice Choney married Annie Kilurnski and that affair, it was universally admitted in the countryside about Warsilino, had reached the uppermost pinnacle in the way of weddings. At last our meal was over and after much mental calculation the checks were paid and the change returned to the various strongholds Watching our time for a suitable opportunity we crossed the corner of Jasper and First, where we could get an unobstructed view of the one sight of Edmonton with which Lodick was familiar. Sure enough, there on the roof of the very hotel where we were staying sat Lodick's acquaintance, calmly pouring beer from a bottle that must have descended in a direct line from the widow's famous cruse. Immediately the tumbler was filled, he lifted it to his lips with great determination, drank down its contents with satisfaction and smacked his lips over the termination of what appeared to be an extremely popular pastime. What Lodick had told us was all perfectly true, and the astonishing sight at once became one of the seven wonders of more than one little Russian's world.

I COULD see that our visitor was at first a bit puzzled as to what it was all about, but by the time we were ready to venture forth the next morning, he had grasped the idea and at once volunteered to show us through the Swift Company's packing plant, where he had worked for a year or more.

"They got lots of white yards there by the railroad track," he told us, "just like they got at Warsilino to keep the cattles in. It's fine job for to work out there and take the cattles off the train only sometimes the cattles she don't want to come. Then you have to take big stick and beat them. Sometimes they want to come off the train too fast, then perhaps maybe you get hurt if you don't watch out. They don't pay so much on that job like they do in the slaughter house. That's great big building where they kill the cattles, only that job ain't no good. The badest one is where they take the skins off the cattles, my goodness that smells bad! They save the skins to make all kinds of things like boots from. They got big rooms where it is cold like winter."

"Please," interrupted Steve, "what they want rooms like that for?"

"I was just going to tell you. That's where they keep the cattle when they are all cut up. They freeze them so they—"

"Please," up went Adam's hand "how do they keep it cold? Do they put ice there?"

"No, no. They got some kind of stuff in a pipe—what do they call it now? Oh I forget. That goes in the big pipes and makes it so cold you got to wear big coat and mittens when you go in there."

"Please, what they want that cold place for? Ain't they get it enough cold in the winter?"

"I was just going to tell you that. That's where they keep the meat so it won't get bad. Then they got cars what are cold just like that and they put the meat in there when they send it away."

"Please, where do they get that cold stuff from what they got in the pipes?"

"They got a little building outside with an engine in it that makes that."

"Please, is it like the engine in the threshing outfits like we have?"

"No, this is great big engine. She don't move 'round any like, but has little house they keep her in. On top of that house is big smokepipe, biggest smokepipe I ever see. It goes way up in the air. It goes up so high that they scared maybe perhaps she blow over, so they got lots of iron ropes come from the top of that smokepipe to ground to hold it up. Once when I work there some of those ropes break and they get a man to climb up there and fix them I guess maybe you wouldn't like a job like that eh?" A chorus of decided "no's" assured him on this point.

"Well, there's ladder right up that smokepipe and that man he climb way up there and when he get to the top he looks so small that he ain't so big as little puppy dog. When he's way up there leaning way out trying to fix up some place so he can fasten them ropes, there's something happen to the plank he's walking on and up she go in the air just like that." He raised his hands with a swift gesture to illustrate, and eight pairs of spellbound eyes followed his movement. "You think the man fall eh? My, if he fall they won't be nothing left to pick up."

"Perhaps they take him to the big hospital," suggested Steve, "and fix him all up. My brother Harry say that he know a man what got his leg run over by the train and they took him to the big hospital and give him new leg only it's made of leather. Please sir, my brother Harry he see it."

"No. Well that man he didn't fall but everybody scared he do. He just grab another plank and hang on there and then bye and bye he come down that ladder. I guess they don't get me to go on job like that, not if they pay me ten dollars a day. I guess maybe I like the farm better and stay there, what you say?"

There wasn't much said. The story of the smokestack and combined with the other wonders of the day, proved too much for words. The class was dismissed in silence and Mr. Mazaranko suddenly thinking that he had made a protracted visit, smiled a farewell and departed.

Of course the noisy individual in the smoking compartment was right. How could anyone so sure of himself be mistaken?

SPURIOUS DIAMONDS

Continued from page 6

.....I.. oh God, I never expected to tell you, Mr. Rigor," Peel gasped, while great dry sobs shook his body as with the ague, "I.....oh, you will think me a romantic fool, but I've loved you and this business from the first day I came here. I..... I..... couldn't let you ruin your good name and the name of "Rigor's" .....or risk it either. I..... I am the second son of an old English family. My eldest brother died.....I came into my inheritance, and learned of it by cablegram the day I was to start.....to start sending out the fraudulent stones. I've never sent out a fraudulent stone.... I've been buying genuine stones through an agent in London. You will think me a fool.....I never expected to get my money back, cared nothing for it. I only wanted to..... to..... save the man and the business that I love."

Then another man broke down. It was Henry Rigor. Henry Rigor, suddenly released from fear and remorse and from paying the penalty for the only dishonest move he had made in over forty years of life.

Let us leave them.....for the love of a man for his business, and the love of man for man, is sacred, and not often is the curtain drawn.

Do I hear any encores?

Say not, "I know it, but cannot express
That which I know." . . . . There was a king of old
Whose treasure-hoards were useless. He had lost
The key that kept the jewels and the gold.

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TRUTH

By Roberta Edwinna Clare

LIES, LIES, LIES was all that the world was composed of; at least her particular world. Truth, sitting in front of the fireplace, where its glow fell upon her lustrous auburn hair, gave a sardonic laugh. Her companion, sitting opposite, started out of his reverie. "What is it, Truth?" he queried. "Do you think we could make it tonight?" There was a questioning hopefulness in the tone in which he spoke these last words.

"No—no!" Truth sprang to her feet, an angriness seemed to possess her. "Oh, Ken, when I look at him across the table I—I can't! He is my husband, and you are his brother; it—it would be scandal." She looked up into that clean-cut, boyish face; that straightforward face, those truthful brown eyes—and relented her anger.

"Truth, you are lovely tonight." He drew her to him. "Won't you come away with me tonight—now?" he pleaded.

"I—I can't; oh, please, Ken, give me time to think it over."

"Can't you decide now, Truth?" impatiently—then, tenderly: "There will not be time afterward, dear, for misgivings; we will be so happy together. I can give you more than he can—more of everything; money, love, and life. He has no time to love you as I would. No matter how rushed I might be, I would always take time to love you, Truth, dear." She let him kiss her; she was powerless in his embrace, for she loved those big, strong arms; they seemed to her a sheltering stronghold to which one could fly for protection. She was on the brink of scandal, tortured by indecision. Something—maybe it was his silky tone, his honeyed words; maybe it was conscience, made her push him away. Anger again came to brush away the tenderness in her eyes.

"If you wanted me very much, Ken, you would wait for me. Please go now, and give me time to think it over."

"If you really wish it, Truth, I will go, but tell me before I leave that you love me."

"I do," she said, and let him kiss her goodbye.

"I'll come for my answer tomorrow night."

He turned his car toward home, a smile on his lips, but doubt in his heart. She watched out of the window, until he was lost to view, then, turning, retraced her steps, and seated herself in the chair he had occupied. It was her husband's favorite chair. She thought she might better decide the awful problem which had entered her life, if she could be still and view it mentally. *Lies.* Truth laughed bitterly. She had not lived up to her name since she had met her husband's brother the previous summer. She had told lie after lie to her husband, so that she might be alone with the man who was alluring.

The telephone broke the silence. Truth's steps faltered as she made her way into the hall. She hesitated before taking down the receiver; then she banished the feeling which seemed to possess her. Why should she have that feeling of guilt? Nobody knew—of course, nobody knew. Reassured, and calm once again, Truth took down the receiver. It was one of her girl friends, who wanted to come over and bring a crowd. Truth did not refuse, although she shuddered at the idea of meeting her friends.

"But why should I?" she said to herself, "nobody knows but Ken and myself."

Truth hurried around, adjusting the chairs. She put her husband's favorite chair in its own special nook. It seemed to point an accusing finger at her, but she brushed aside the thought. She also rolled up the rug; they would probably want to dance—they always did. The doorbell rang, and Truth was soon surrounded by a bevy of chattering, joking, questioning friends.

"Where is Dan tonight?" came from one.

Truth started guiltily. "I—he is out this evening," she stammered. "Oh, he is such a dear!" said another. "I love to have an argument with him; he is so sane, so sensible, and always has such a fair viewpoint on all subjects."

The blood rushed to Truth's cheeks. She hoped they did not see her confusion. She wondered how fair a viewpoint he would have on what she was about to do. But he would never know in time to bring her back. It would all be over before he knew it had happened. As she talked and danced with these friends, she could not help wondering what they would say if they knew. She could picture their horrified faces. They would shun and scorn her, but once she went out of their lives, she would never return. Had not Ken promised her that?

"Here is Dan now," came through the haze of her brain. She looked toward the door. He stood there watching with an amused smile on his face, a twinkle in his serious brown eyes.

"May I have the next dance?" they all surrounded him with clamoring voices. He was always a favorite among both sexes, wherever he went, in business, or in social life. Truth stood alone in the middle of the room where her companion

Continued on page 49

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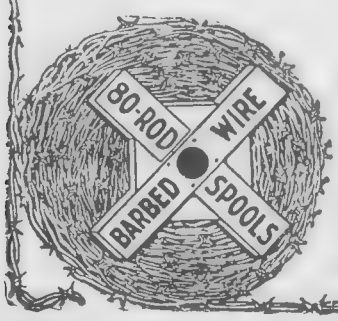

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SABLE ISLAND WITH ITS WILD HORSE RANGES

—Continued from page 14

tell you when there's a wreck in the winter months and the wires are squealing in with messages and inquiries it's a wild place. Oh, that omnivorous press! How it wants the first bit of news, be it death, disaster, human suffering — any and all are 'items' that drop into its maw. But let's get back to where I was telling you about that chase.

"The stallions spied the mounted men as soon as they got on the south beach. Each stallion has a band of mares that follow every leap and run. Off they went through the lagoons, casting up the water in long, splashing bounds. Up over the sandhills, back in behind the dunes, out over the level stretches, and, one would think, straight out to sea, the way they splashed and pounded down a dune and leaped into the water. On, out and over the sands they went. From where I sat on an old horse they looked like vagrant black clouds tearing off over the white sands. There were three squads now and a few scattered mares and colts that were breaking off and getting in behind the dunes; these were not wanted. The men knew just about what bunch of wild things they needed. Up out of the lagoon they came like a race of mad things, manes and tails sailing, water scurring away off their satin wet skins. Now the men spread, now they converged, now they had a band of about two hundred going right where they wanted them. Many of these split off and escaped, but the centre lot were right inside the wings and pounding ahead straight for the narrow neck of the corral. One great blackish stallion led with two mares, one on either hand. In they went like thunderbolts—thunderbolts of living horseflesh. It seemed a case of fence- or neck-breaking as these black projectiles leaped on. But no! the fence held, and so did the stout necks, and now the leaders turn and race across the narrow enclosure and try for the top—eight feet up. One makes it, balances, and tumbles back, and on top of him press a mass of racing mares with their eyes distended and their necks stretched out. Instantly over they go, over the stallion and right into the stout barrier! Quickly, so very quickly, did they turn and race back that the stallion was not up yet, and a melee of stallions and mares, heads and tails in the air, leaping, plunging, snapping, ensued. With spume like the windchop off a sea running from their great jaws, back came this living wall of horseflesh. At this instant another band of mares with a stallion hipbound in the lead came through the narrow gateway—*and they met!*—those two insurgent throngs. I thought of the immovable post, and expected to see dead and maimed beasts. No. In an instant they were all milling about that enclosure as you see the riding horses racing about a circus ring—but the mass was ten broad, and the pace was killing. Into this straining mass swept another band and two stallions, and they met and all turned head-on and leaped for the gate. Here men met them with stinging, cracking whips, and turned them again into a weaving circus-ring melee. Stallions met that would have fought tooth-and-hoof, if free, and passed on, while the one-time fought-for mare followed first one and then the other. For an instant all were still, struck from motion as lava cools; then out went a rope and over a proud head it passed, and this lord or lady of the free sands and lagoons was dragged ignominiously out, its legs roped and snared and bound, and laid in a barrow and carried down to a waiting boat and laid in. Out they went to the steamer, waiting outside the surf—quite a bit of a roll today—and legs waved and boats rolled; and the next thing you would see was a brailing hook descending and a horse swinging up against the blue and disappearing in the dark hull of the Laurier. Once the lashings worked loose and a beautiful mare rolled and rolled, now in danger, now back into the boat. *Now!—Splash!*—one magnificent fighting machine of horseflesh would never again race over beach and dune. It drowned before the eyes of all, lamented after its glorious struggle for freedom, for, remember, that day it first knew the touch of man's hands, the first restraining rope that ever had held that bounding bit of wild, free life.

"YOU remember when I sat beside you on the mainland, in the wireless office, and that sharp, high whine would come into your ear, and you would say: 'Is that Sable Island?' Well, we have been calling, calling, tonight, and we have got Halifax and Cape Sable, and all the U.S. calls. I could tell who was at the Key, at the Cape. It is odd, but we get to know one another's sending. That's a lonely place, that Cape, but I suppose you say the same thing about us away out here. I do rather dread being here on Christmas—no boat—no nice wee gifts. We have to send ours early or not at all, some years. There's the Cape calling now—excuse me."

—

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES

Continued from page 12

spirit, not truth to letter, is the true veracity." Even Stevenson had gone back upon her. She might as well go to bed. But before she did she put out the "penance" blouse.

At noon the next day Bob stood behind two girls who worked in the same office. They had not seen him.

"What's the matter with Miss Vane? She usually looks so stylish but the waist she has on to-day surely does look home-made. My sister has some goods like that in a last summer's dress. It was only a quarter a yard." This was said a little contemptuously.

"Well, that shows she isn't extravagant. If it hadn't been for her I wouldn't be wearing this waist to-day. I expected I'd have to pay at least ten dollars for one like this. She told me where I could get it for five. It isn't because she's extravagant she looks so stylish but she's clever enough to know how to buy."

Bob's spirits rose and by the time he left the elevator were bubbling over. To give some outlet to them he rushed to the theater before going to lunch and bought two tickets for the evening's performance. As luck would have it he met Marjorie returning from lunch.

After a little general conversation he said, "Wouldn't you like to go to the Mall tonight? I hear it's a good show."

"Yes, I've been wanting to go."

"Good! I'll call for you at seven thirty."

And seven thirty arrived none too soon for two young people that night. It was a good show but it might have been a poor one and still enjoyable to two in the audience.

After the performance a walk in the park seemed more inviting than the crowded street car.

They sat down on a bench which faced the lake and for a while silently sensed the cool, quiet mystery of the June night.

Bob broke the silence.

"Marjorie, a friend of mine asked me for some advice recently. He's a young fellow just out of college, making about a hundred a month. He wants to marry one of the sweetest girls in the world but she's used to good clothes, a comfortable home and all that. Her very cheapest waists must cost at least ten dollars. Do you think it would be wise for him to ask her to marry him?" He had meant to say more but somehow he couldn't.

All this time Bob had stared steadily out across the lake not daring to look at the quiet little figure beside him. He held his breath when he had finished.

Finally a small voice with a catch in it said, "Bob, I have an awful confession to make." (She waited an instant to allow him to prepare himself for it). "This waist only cost four ninety-five and sometimes I wear one that only cost a quarter a yard. I wore it to-day because I fibbed to you yesterday. I do like pretty things, Bob, but I've found they are just as cheap as ugly ones. I'm a great bargain finder. And—and I'd wear that frightfully home-made thing forever if—"

Bob did not wait to hear under what conditions.

TYRANT OF THE WILD—Continued from page 7.

for now he could see them not twenty feet away.

Then suddenly disaster appeared. Straight up from under a log the mother lynx bounded, directly into the face of the unsuspecting doe. Startled, frightened so that she magnified her attacker out of all proportion, she spun about on her hind feet, roughly jostled her fawn, and started off down the runway at a pace that the panther could never in his life hope to equal.

The panther did not pause. Something must have snapped in his brain. With a shriek that would have made one's spine run icy, he flung himself at the lynx. Naturally she was not there when he landed. However, this time she had not disappeared; she sat calmly on her haunches, watching him, not a dozen feet away. Again he sprang; and again she had darted to the side and was coolly regarding him. Time after time this continued, the enraged panther howling and thrashing and literally foaming at the mouth. But at last, panting, exhausted, wild-eyed, he had to stop. He gave one look at the lynx, one long look of rage and fright and wonderment. Then, still wide-eyed and staring and dumbly trying to realize that he had met something that was utterly beyond him, he turned about and slowly slunk away, a whipped and broken despot.

But the lynx was not satisfied. She made up her mind that she must see the last act. Calmly, scornfully, she followed him—this time openly. Occasionally he glanced behind him, only to turn his head hastily and quicken his pace. They passed the first cave from which she had driven him, and still he went up and up. When they came to the second lair, for a brief instant he paused and eyed it longingly. But then, with what must have been a sight, he continued on his retreat. Up and up he went, and up and up followed the lynx. Clear to the top he made his way. There he stopped, peering off into the hazy green of the range of towering mountains a good two leagues away. And again, with what surely must have been a still deeper sigh, he dejectedly started his descent of the mountain he was leaving forever.

The mother lynx watched him go, feeling quite sure that she had won her battle. Even when she could no longer see him, she still watched for the movement of a branch among the shrubs. And at last, when her sharp eyes saw him stop for a drink by a stream in the valley, she calmly turned her back on him and made for home, for the home, now, that would at last be safe from the reign of the tyrant. She had won her fight as very few fights are won in the wild—without bloodshed.

TRUTH—Continued from page 47.

had left her. Her throat had an achy feeling; she thought she would have to cry. If he would only come over, or speak to her, it would break the tension which seemed to overwhelm, almost master her. Then she caught herself. He didn't know—he didn't know. Oh, thank God he didn't know! She went half way across the room to meet him, a smile quivered on her lips, but all she could murmur was "Dan." His arms encircled her—loving arms, big and strong.

"What have you been doing all day, kiddy?" he said, looking steadily into her eyes. She returned his gaze.

"Thinking," she replied, truthfully.

"Oh, stop your spooning and let us have some fun, remember you are not newlyweds any more," chorused the girls. "I'm going to have this dance with Dan." They proceeded to take possesion of him.

"I'm very sorry," said he gently pushing them away, and, turning to his wife, "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" Truth consented. Yes, she had always come first with Dan; Truth knew she always would be first. Her decision had been reached, and with it, joy.

The next day, after seeing Dan off to work, she re-entered the house—their home—with a sigh of relief. She was glad—glad of her decision, as she gazed around the room which had seemed accusing the night before. Nothing accused now, because her conscience did not. She could face Ken and tell him; it would not be hard, for she was free. She was free! The day flew swiftly by; it was time for Dan to come home. She did not bother to wonder why she felt so light, so carefree, so elated. She felt a thrill of excitement as she heard his step approaching. Her cheeks had their old natural color as Dan opened the door; but he did not see—he did not even notice her. There was a queer look on his face.

"Ken is dead," he said in a dull, lifeless voice, and sinking into a chair, buried his face in his hands. Truth stood as if frozen to the spot.

"Ken is dead?" she repeated, dazedly, "how—when?" She grasped the back of a chair for support.

"Yesterday, crossing the track between here and the Drive about six-thirty. He didn't see the train coming." Truth closed her eyes, her face was drawn and white. Ken had been killed just after leaving her. Had she decided to go with him, she too would have met the same horrible fate. She crossed to where her husband sat; her feet dragged. It took all her strength to walk. She sank on her knees beside him, their arms encircling one another. She could utter no sound, no word of comfort; her own heart was too full. She would never tell Dan now, there was no need. Let the secret be buried with the dead. Dan had loved his brother with undying affection while he lived (not knowing him to be a traitor), let him love him the same in death. Fate had chosen this way to end the tragedy which might have been. Fate had been cruelly kind to Truth.

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—

Continued from page 24

programme. Many of our most progressive women spent their girlhood in country homes.

A country home cannot be lonely if there are good books, music, and a few magazines filled with instructive material. There is no home so poor but might lay aside a little for good reading.

"The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

All through our lives we must live with our mind. Then, let us make it a fit dwelling place.

Let every girl make out a growing programme for herself, and measure herself by it from day to day.

There is tragedy in teasing. Girls write me that others tease them if they do not take part in coarse conversation, or if they have high ideals. Never mind, my girl, some day the one who teases you may come to your door for a crust of bread, if you persist in following your ideal. I have known this to happen.

You can afford to put up with the banter a few years—the teaser will lose out in the end.

I have often sympathized with the one at school who was teased by others. A "teaser" has a small mind, and a small-minded person is vain, and must express himself or herself in this manner. He craves attention. In time he or she becomes a bore to everyone.

Only last week a girl came to me who was very much discouraged because others teased her in her home in the country. The best way to counteract it is to pay no attention to it. Be strong enough to laugh it off, and very soon your increased mental power will conquer the others.

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THE COLONEL MAKES A PILGRIMAGE

Continued from page 5

Mon Dieu, I think, why does she blush so? Is she not still very brave? I ask you, M'sieu.

AND then, M'sieu, the winter descends. You will remember that winter, *n'est-ce pas?*

It is the calm evening, in the morning it is here. Never M'sieu, have I seen the snow like it lies on the ground in the mo ning. Henri is joyful.

"A good long trapping season, Colonel," he says.

"To long," I say to myself. It is of Marie I think.

Marie, *aussi*, is excited. How she delights in the snow. It is amusing. But after a time it is tiresome, *n'est-ce pas?* Day after day we are in the house—it is for Marie, M'sieu, that I stay near the house—and watch the drift whirl about the window. Every day I see the difference, M'sieu. I know what it is. *Moi aussi*, my thoughts are in Paris. *Mon Dieu* how the days drag. How the wind blows. Every day I watch how my little Marie acts. It is a bad sign, M'sieu, when lovers get polite, and for the past few days she is so polite. I wish so much to say, "Come with me. I have the fine place in France." I cannot say this. It is not for me. I shall wait. Still I am colonel. Soon there will be a break, a storm. I will rush to the attack. Am I not wise, M'sieu?

It is the third morning of a storm, late morning, but still the lamp burns upon the table. Marie is at the stove. For a long time she says nothing, but I can see she is uneasy. I read by myself, in the corner. Also I watch with one eye. I see her stab the bacon with wicked little jabs, and turn and turn it when there is no necessity. She does not think of the bacon.

"*Mon Dieu*, am I to remain ever like this?"

I look up, M'sieu. She has deserted the pan and holds her arms from her and surveys her homely attire. It is exasperation.

"*Comme une poissoniere des Halles*," she cries vehemently, "a fishwife," she repeats, stamping the bare planks with her little feet.

Mon Dieu! what a picture she makes when she is angry. The bacon smokes fiercely. I do not speak. M'sieu, I am afraid, *moi, un colonel*. This anger it does not last. Soon she subsides, drops the fork futilely to the floor, rushes to her old uncle and sobs on his breast.

"Oh, *mon uncle*, it is too much. I cannot stand it. Always it blows and blows" a dry sob catches her throat. "I want so much to leave this awful place."

"*Bien*," I mutter, "you shall at once." And all this time, you must know, M'sieu, the meat smokes fiercely in the pan. She does not care. Meat it is nothing to this Marie.

It is at this moment, M'sieu, the door opens, and Henri comes in from the stable. I am sad for the young man. It is truly terrible, *n'est-ce pas?* All the fears of the young man, they are come true. What can he say? *Rien*. Of what use is it to speak at such a time? I ask you. Still Henri is surprised.

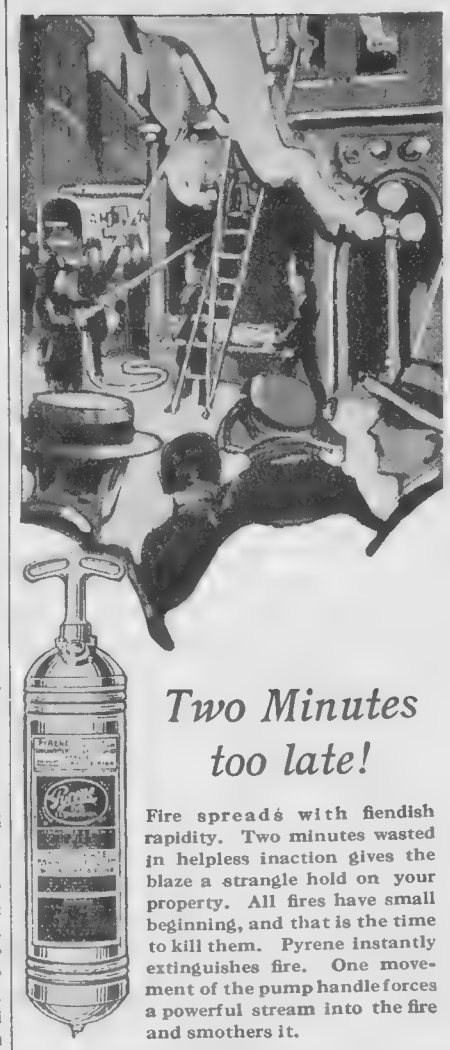
"Oh, damn," he cries as he rushes through the smoke and grasps the pan which he whirls into the snow.

"What the . . . ." Then, M'sieu, he sees us *en tableau*. *Mais*, only for a moment, M'sieu. She is upon her feet. Now she faces her husband. She is much excited.

"*Oui!* Damn!" she cries. "Just one day you say it. All day, every day I say it. Say it when the cold wind blows; in the dark morning, through the weary day, in the dreary night. Always, I say it. Damn! All day you go out. You visit the traps, you go to the store. *Mon Dieu!* I must stay. I must slave. It is too much. I will go . . . . . go . . . . . I do not wish . . . . . I want . . . . . Oh papa!"

Again she sinks on her old uncle, and again I pat the soft hair of *ma petite cherie*. Almost, it is my time, M'sieu, you will perceive that, *n'est-ce pas?*

Henri, he has the tact. He says nothing. Silently he gathers a few dishes and sits down to his meal. After a time he gets



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THE COLONEL MAKES A PILGRIMAGE

Continued from page 50

up, this young man, and speaks to me. There is the note of reluctance in his voice.

"Colonel," he says, "I want your advice, perhaps your help.

"I have written a man, Despard, in France. I have received no answer. It is for Marie. Do you . . . . can you find a place for me in France?"

"*Ma foi,*" I reply, "it is an honor. I have the fine position. You are the manager of my business. This moment you are the manager."

"If it is work it does not matter," he mutters.

"Oh, *le bon Dieu!*" cries Marie, turning her appealing eyes to her husband, "and we shall leave this place?"

"I guess it's necessary little girl. You are not sorry, eh, Petite?" His voice is sad.

"Oh, Henri, it is so lonesome."

SO it is decided. They are to go back to France. How my little niece is excited. She is a lark in this drab cage.

Moi, I think of François and the Bourgogne.

As for Henri, he says very little. We understand, *n'est-ce pas,* M'sieu? Many years he has worked here, struggled, with great courage, to make a home in this new country. As Marie has said, did he not explain all this? It is to be the sacrifice, to give it all up. Do I not know how he feels? I, too, have I not hunted the chickens? *Mon Dieu!* I understand how he feels.

He takes down his snowshoes and prepares himself for outdoors. Marie is disquieted. Her anger, it is finished.

"*Mon Dieu,* Henri, still it blows. You will not go out yet."

"It is finished," says her husband, "it will soon be fine. I've got to make a trip down to Murchy's. We need grub and there's the mail . . . ."

"Henri," I say, "I shall go as well. You will want the companion."

"If you please, no colonel, I shall go alone," he refuses.

SOON he is away. As he has said the storm is finished.

Already the sun shines with great brilliance, but it is very cold. I return to the house. My Marie is in a fever. Already she has the clothes about the floor. She is the dressmaker. How she chatters as she sits in the big ungainly chair. Her fingers fly.

"You have the time-table, *mon oncle.* How long does it take?" she asks.

"But a moment, *cherie,*" I say cheerily.

"Oh la, papa, is it not fine?"

"So," I say, "it is fine," *mais* somehow my heart doubts.

The day passes, merges into the dusk of early twilight. Marie re-lights the lamp and places it upon the table. *Mon Dieu!* what uncanny shadows it casts into the uneven corners. Her fingers do not work so fast now. The dress falls to the floor. She slumps uneasily into the depths of the chair.

"*Comment, petite,* you think of something," I break the silence.

"*C'est lui,*" she says, "he should be back."

We sit in silence. The clock on the shelf ticks . . . . ticks . . . . it is nine o'clock. A long time we sit like that. Neither of us speaks. She is thinking . . thinking . . .

"*Mon Dieu,* but it is hard," she cries distractedly.

"Courage, *petite,* you will soon be away."

"It is not of myself I speak. It is of Henri." There is great pride in her voice.

"*Oh, mon oncle,* is it not terrible? *And moi,* I am such a coward. It is in me lies the fault. He tells about the snow. *C'est vrai.* He tells about everything. I like the snow—in the Bois de Boulogne—but here, *Mon Dieu!* And now . . . ." She relapses into the old armchair in despair.

"Perhaps . . . . perhaps . . . . *oh, mon oncle,* do you think he is lost?"

Parbleu! I think most likely he is, but I only answer:

"*Non, mon petite.* He is Canadian, he is Henri. He will come back."

Continued on page 56

Plantol

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO. ONTARIO

ONE THIRD OF LIVES IN BED—Continued from page 31

So we study the things that are available; study the layout and type of our room, and choose a design for our bed—or pair of beds—that will set us on the joyful way to a successful room plan.

Perhaps we will choose a suite. Perhaps the appeal of individual but harmonizing pieces is stronger for us. But if we have made a wise beginning, we shall be able to develop a scheme of furnishing and decoration that will be completely satisfying.

Whatever that wise beginning is, a bed of one of the dark finishes or one finished in the dainty light enamels that are so much a matter of course nowadays, will depend upon the type of room we desire to achieve. Mahogany, walnut and maple finishes are steady favorites for bedroom furniture, and are happily used in both the light and heavier styles, in designs of great simplicity and those of imposing order. The light finishes, in turn, appeal particularly to the young girl, and can also attain to great dignity when used by a clever designer. The first move, then, is to come to some decision as to the type of room we are to aim at. From that point, we work out a suitable color scheme and begin the selection of our furniture.

COLOR—the most powerful ally of the home decorator, if she sets herself to use it cleverly—will usually play an important part. It is my firm contention that the most *impossible* looking collection of furnishings can be whipped into giving a harmonious and livable effect, if one determinedly draws the pieces together by means of color—be it in paint, fabric covers or accessories that cast a successful glamor.

The color scheme for the bedroom is usually fairly light in key. Sometimes the richer effects of the deeper, fuller colors are more satisfying. We must keep clearly in mind, when we are selecting the colors we shall use, the first law established as to bedroom furnishing—the result must give an effect that is soothing, restful, harmonious.

I do not mean that the bedroom shall be namby-pamby, a matter of pale blues and pinks. These dresden effects are only suitable for the child, and the very young girl—and the latter will early evince a desire for something a little more satisfying, though she will still want to keep the light and charming effects. A room with French grey walls, for instance, with soft grey-blue hangings, old-gold shades and a bit of soft old-rose in a lamp stand or in her dressing-table accessories, will satisfy her yearning for a more sophisticated scheme. Or she might like a room done in soft mauves, with either rose or yellow and a touch, some place, of lovely gray-blue. Or again, her decision might favor the use of rose, with cream or gray walls, leaf green—perhaps in the rug—and old blue.

Her father and mother will in turn show their increasing pleasure in deeper, richer colors, by adopting, possibly, a scheme of rich mulberry, old gold and dull blue.

The young man's room is well developed if dark furniture—walnut or dark oak finish will probably be his preference is used against a champagne wall, with upholsteries and hangings (if he cares for them in addition to plain white curtains) of mulberry, a rug of deep blue or taupe.

Successful use of color is aided if we remember a few simple facts—such as that yellow will add light, that violet will lessen the effect of light, that green and blue are cool, retiring colors, given to effects of peace, and red and orange warm, advancing colors, demanding attention, stimulating rather than soothing, when used as pure color and in any amounts.

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The Wisest Doctor

Can't Explain Why Most people So Carelessly Neglect Their Eyes. What Eye Specialists Have To Say About This

People who would consider themselves guilty if they neglected to care for their teeth, usually never even realize that they ought to take care of their eyes.

You can get new teeth, or have injured or decayed teeth made as good as new. But not so with your eyes. Once injured, your sight remains impaired. You do not see with your eyes; you see with your brain. Your eyes are mechanical arrangements and, like all such, need constant attention. Exposure to dust, dirt, chemical fumes present in the atmosphere, disease germs, floating in the air, rough winds, glare of artificial light, all tend to irritate the eyes, causing them to itch, burn, smart, water, pucker, blur; the lids become inflamed and headache or dull or sharp pain results. These danger signals are not only annoying, but they warn you that, if neglected, such external irritation will in time seriously affect the internal mechanism which is necessary to enable your brain to see.

Heed such danger signals. Consult your own comfort. Get a package of Bon-Opto, a harmless, helpful, soothing, cooling, cleansing medicine for the eyes. Its composition is not secret. It contains agents which the best eye specialists, as well as wise everyday doctors, prescribe for their patients. Bon-Opto is known by many doctors and endorsed and praised by many experienced and well known medical men.

Bon-Opto relieves inflammation, soothes smarting or burning, stops "watering" of the eyes, clears the vision, overcomes blurring, and, by removing irritation, helps to strengthen the eyesight.

Get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets at any drug store. Dissolve one tablet in one-fourth of a glass of water. Use the eye-cup supplied in the Bon-Opto package and bathe the eyes as directed, two to four times daily. You will notice a difference in your eye comfort at once. You will see better, be able to use your eyes longer and without discomfort. Soon you will come to rely on Bon-Opto as you do upon your tooth brush, as something necessary to keep you fit and to protect you against future

discomfort or serious trouble with your eyes. Bon-Opto means good eyes, healthy eyes, strong sight. Get the Bon-Opto habit, it helps to make for eye health as well as eye comfort. Bon-Opto is sold by all good druggists. Valmas Drug Co., Toronto.

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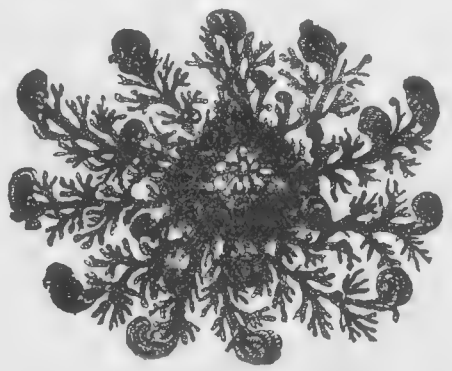

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UMINGMUK—Continued from page 8

hoofs of their forelegs they assailed unmercifully the fallen foe, pummelling him on shoulder, neck and rump, and the soft expanse of exposed belly. For the fleeting fraction of a minute he could not get breath to express himself, then he found voice and bellowed his fright and pain, a cry not for mercy, but a summoning appeal to his nearby mother.

Hearing, she lifted her head, till now inattentive, cried an answer full of menace. The twins heard it, raised their heads to view the mother hurrying toward them. Like children caught in mischief they turned, and were in full flight twenty yards away before the elder musk-ox reached her calf, there to give over the pursuit in solacing her so roughly treated offspring.

THERE followed an armed neutrality, in which the five newcomers played and fed together as before a little distance from the twins, while Umingmuk and Muktu gambolled in brotherly rivalry, and seeming not to be aware of their neighbors. But at heart the twins were eager to join the others. Even in these first young days of their monotonous lives, the herd-instinct was in them strong. Thus with the passing of three days time in which the two bands had drawn closer and closer, Umingmuk at last rubbed noses with one of the female calves, and in the immediate following moments they fell to a mutual licking of the other's neck and ears. Muktu, emboldened by his brother's action, came closer to another of the calves, with the result that a little later, the hottest part of the day found the seven dozing near to each other, their short legs tucked under them. Even the baby bull, who had so fiercely attacked Umingmuk on his first making advances, now conducted himself in fashion most friendly. The first anger passed, he raced and romped and joined in all the play, all animosity forgotten, while Omu and the other mothers watched with eyes loving and indulgent.

It was on the fifth afternoon in August, as the nine old oxen and the seven calves fed close to the tiny lake, that Omu suddenly flung up her head. With eyes starting, her body tensed to take instant flight, she stood moving her nose so sensitive to make certain of this unbelievable something she had smelt. So long she had been surrounded by silence and seclusion she scarce could credit this message wafted on the wind. Filled with terror she remained sniffing, sniffing, so faintly did the odor come. But real it was—a man scent! Of this she was certain, despite the odor was barely perceptible, and in a few seconds ceased to come.

But though slight the man-smell, telling he was very far away, Omu's fear grew greater in the succeeding minute. With eyes of amaze, she noted the others were not even uneasy. She did not know that all this herd had been born in the sanctuary of the Barrens where never before the foot of man had trod. They knew not man, and therefore could not be afraid of this just-come odor. But to Omu it brought back vividly the pain-filled memory of that awful day now nearly four years distant.

Again she heard the bleat and bellow of her wounded falling fellows; the roar of rifles, long, smooth-bore weapons, trade guns of the Hudson's Bay, thunderously loud of detoniation, and a few sharper-snapping explosions of later model arms, owned by several Indian hunters more fortunate than the rest: again she re-lived those fearful moments of her early days; the numb terror of awakening from sleep to find leaping all around her from the nearby ground strange forms which gushed smoke and flame and frightening yells. An ignorant calf, unfamiliar with the sight of man, and lacking initiative, she had stood stock still wondering what to do, and, though terror stricken, not realizing what comprised the danger. Then the fleeing forms of her untouched companions suggested similar action and she had run too, galloped as never before in her young life. And as she went, her nostrils filled with the man-scent, an odor that fear made unforgetable, and which remained dominantly swaying after years of quietude undisturbed, so that now its faintest coming set her full a-tremble, and ready for instant flight.

NEARLY a mile to the westward, upon a promontory highest in the region, Buffalo Smith, as he swept the circumambient territory with his powerful field glasses, suddenly gave voice to a cry of satisfaction born of viewing musk-oxen for the first time in ten weary weeks of searching. Carefully he counted them; and his heart was glad, for here at least was a herd in a locality adjacent to the quietly flowing Arkilinik. With the oxen's capture accomplished, he and the Eskimo could build a giant raft and float down the river into Beverly Lake. From there on to the shore of Hudson Bay, where the whaler Ena could pick them up, was a traverse of little difficulty.

Satisfied with his viewing, he handed the glasses to Isuman and Ikloon, the most skilful and resourceful of the hunters accompanying him. But their eyes, so much keener than his, had already seen almost as well as he with the aid of the glasses. Yet they took them, and too gazed because it was a pleasure always to use any instrument of the white man.

It was a still, clear day, and windless. The herd once sighted, Buffalo Smith and the two hunters at once started back to camp, some three miles and a half to the westward, to tell of their finding, and hear the report of the three other scouting parties, also out in different directions. They found on arrival that they alone had sighted the so long sought game.

Though the day had been windless when Buffalo Smith and his two Eskimo companions had left the promontory, a momentary sprung breeze, one of those atmosphere phenomenon of the Barrens, had blown up from the westward as they walked homeward, and carried on its wings the odor of them to Omu, so that she moved about uneasily till the sun went down. Then, contrary to her usual custom, she followed the herd to their resting place farther down the bank of the river, deserting the foot of the square rock where nightly she had always rested. It was the herd-instinct asserting which caused her to do so, a desire to be very near her kind now that danger threatened. Too, there now stirred in Omu the germs of leadership. She had smelled the man scent, and felt presciently that trouble was to follow, yet saw with amazement that none of the others were even made uneasy. So, impelled by vague subconscious warning that danger impended she stayed with the herd, moved half by fear and longing for companionship, and half by a feeling of guardianship over simpler, unsuspecting fellows.

In his camp nearly five miles to the westward, Buffalo Smith that night pondering deeply the manner of encompassing the herd's capture. In his previous attempt two years previously he had acquired much knowledge of the musk-oxen. Where he had been, however, the musk-oxen had been difficult of approach by reason of the country having been extensively hunted in by both Indians and white men. But in the region in which he now was, Buffalo Smith felt sure that white men had never been before, and the Eskimo assured him that never had any of them been so far to the eastward, nor was there any recent story or more ancient legend of any of their forefathers having gone into the Nuttaliknak country beyond the Arkilinik. And Buffalo Smith, out of a lifetime's knowledge gained by experience, knew that wild animals, particularly those of the deer family are not difficult of approach when they have never previously seen man. He was inclined to believe such was the case with the musk-oxen he had viewed that afternoon. On the other hand, the animals might have been hunted, and be wary. If they had never seen man, Buffalo Smith knew it would be possible to approach very close to them near enough for him to throw a rope over one. He had during the winter also taught the two Eskimo, Ikloon and Isuman, the cleverest of the hunters, to handle a lasso, in the throwing of which they had become fairly proficient. So there was a possibility of taking three of the animals, provided

UMINGMUK—Continued from page 52

they had never seen man. If, however, they had been hunted, they would be off at the first scent of the party's nearness. And Buffalo Smith, not knowing, determined not to take any chances. Already the summer was drawing to a close; ten weeks he had been on the move at considerable expense, for even in this land where the Eskimo hunters did not demand big pay, the wages of so large a number were now amounting to a considerable sum.

So Buffalo Smith sat deeply pondering his course of action, for he wanted, not three of the herd but all of them; had set his heart on capturing the entire herd.

DURING the five days following that on which Omu for a brief space had smelled the odor of man, she was uneasy. Each day, as on previous ones of the summer, the herd fed placidly upon the stretch of Barren near to the tiny lake. The stretch of country they frequented, though gently rolling, was, for the distance of perhaps two miles, lower than the country to the northward. To the north, paralleling the river, the Barren was broken into a series of long ridges, the highest of which perhaps sixty feet. To the east the ridges curved sharply toward the river. Thus the musk-oxen lived in a sort of long trough of land, almost deep enough to deserve the name of valley, the eastern end of which had a narrow mouth flanked on one side by the river and on the other by the last of the many ridges which here ran near to the water. Doubtless in distant ages the river had flowed through the stretch now dry.

The passing of five days with no further trace of man odor in the air, for which Omu had been continually sniffing, somewhat allayed her nervousness, so that on the sixth day she ceased standing tensely testing the air, as she had done, sometimes ten and fifteen minutes at a time, during the preceding five.

Then early in the afternoon of the seventh day, as the herd, old and young, lay resting near together after a morning of browsing, their short legs tucked under them, the stretch of ground to the north and west of them suddenly became alive with uprising figures. A hundred yards to the north a long line of men and women, boys and girls, each about two hundred feet apart spread over the tundra toward the east, while to the west another and very short line of figures covered the territory to the trees at the river's edge. In the long line reaching away to the east, the figures became closer and closer together as they neared the point where the ridge curved close to the river. Once risen the men and women forming the short western side began moving slowly forward, the north line remaining stationary, awaiting an agreed upon signal from Buffalo Smith.

Buffalo Smith had proceeded with great caution. Though hoping the herd had never seen man, and would therefore be easily rounded up, he had, in making his preparations, assumed to the contrary. On this day, he hoped would mark the ending of the hunt, all things were propitious; a strong wind blew from the south-east — from the musk-oxen towards the hunters, preventing any warning odor reaching the animals.

Hopeful the herd might prove quite tame, Buffalo Smith, on the completion of all preliminary arrangement, had carefully instructed all his one hundred and twenty-three Eskimo assistants to maintain absolute quiet, even when, after having crawled close, they rose to their feet and began driving the animals.

Omu was fast asleep when the line of human beings rose into view so close by. A grunt from the old bull woke her. Still lying, he was eyeing in stupid amazement the so strange sight before him. His grunt had been a mild query, in it no note of fear.

One star-falling space of time Omu looked upon this sight so unbelievable, then scrambled to her feet in clumsy hurry, as she did so, snorting a warning to the others. But all the little band save she were product of these silent reaches; security had always been their lot. No better knowledge had they to guide them; no sad experience such as Omu's. So despite her snort, they rose slowly, stood eyeing curiously these strange objects they had never seen before. Again Omu snorted a despairing urging to flight. But unheeding, held by curiosity of the unfeared unknown, the rest of the herd, now all risen, stood staring in stupid surprise. Omu, now in panic terror, raised her voice from a snort to a bellow, and, turning, dashed away, her two-inch tail erect. Umingmuk and Muktu obedient to the parental lead, fast followed after. Still the remainder of the herd held their ground, the old bull grunting a sort of mild warning to the nearing strangers not to trespass further.

A hundred feet of tundra covered, Omu halted, faithfulness to her kind overcoming fear. Turning once more she sounded bellowing bidding for them to follow her. At last the herd gave her attention. Vaguely uneasy the thirteen animals got in motion, came toward her at a walk, turning their heads again and again to eye the forward marching strangers.

The silence of all these people, their quiet, unhurried movement, so strikingly different from the actions of the hunters on that distant fearful day, the memory of which still so haunted Omu, now began to affect even her. Standing waiting for the herd to reach her, she gazed puzzled at the on-coming line, and though still fearful, her terror became less pronounced, no longer a thing of panic. She saw the herd intact. None had fallen; none were hurt! This coming of man was so dissimilar, so utterly at variance with her one previous experience, that doubt crept into Omu's mind. Perhaps there were different kinds of the queer animal? Yet, though her fear greatly lessened in the space of a minute, distrust remained uppermost and commanding. So, when the herd reached her, she again turned and began moving eastward at a slow jog over the Barren, keeping some fifty feet from the tree line.

Yielding now to Omu's leadership, the herd kept in motion, moving with sufficient speed they no longer could turn their heads to catch another view of the strangers. Presently, with about a quarter of a mile covered, Omu halted to once more gaze behind. To her immense surprise the line of men was still quite close. Still moving quietly forward they came. Instead of further lulling her fears, this fact now somehow had the opposite effect. A sense of a sinister something settled upon her, a weighty dread of danger, veiled, but near.

Is there some spirit that hovers around the hunted things of earth, whispering words of goodly guidance in hours of danger? Who can tell? This at least is certain, creatures of the wild are often impulsed by an unknown something different from their ordinary powers. Something it is superior to sight or smell, to hearing, or knowledge born of experience, which guides them to avoid an unknown danger. And now this sixth sense, or guardian-angel—have it as you will—caused Omu to do an unpremeditated thing. She swung about sharply, turning from the east, and went at a rapid trot due north, heading directly for a point where the hunters were farthest apart.

Instantly from the west line came a long shrill whistle, the signal of Buffalo Smith. In answer a dozen hunters simultaneously struck a match, igniting long strips of oil-soaked moss they carried ready, and now dragged to their full length upon the tundra. In half a minute the Barren was ablaze, for the old moss, dead and dry, burned like shavings; and the flames from it reared a thin wall of flame and stretched out in front of the advancing herd. The musk-oxen halted, more fearful at the sight by far than from their first glance at the human creatures.

Too well the musk-oxen knew fire. Even here upon the lonely Barren came this destructive power, started no man knows how, but burning fiercely, laying waste miles of feeding ground, for once burned off the moss does not return. Not one of the full grown members of the herd but had run the gauntlet of burning tundra. The line of fire drove all other thoughts from Omu's head; the subtle warning, that had caused her to turn from her eastward course, was forgotten. About facing again she went on once more eastward, now moving at a rapid lope, a funny motion, like a violently agitated rocking horse, and fifteen more shaggy rocking horses came bobbing after.

The very fact of the herd breaking into a run now seemed to heighten their fear. They galloped faster and faster, till the calves strung out in a long line behind.

And so rushing forward, neither Omu nor none of her companions noted how presently as they drew near to where the ridges ran close to the river's bank, the trees were somehow different, and that a new line of them had sprung up a dozen yards out on the tundra where never was tree before. All in a row were the trees of this last, new-come forest, which formed one side of a lane, the other side made by the trees on the outer line of those which fringed the river bank.

Straight down this lane between the double line of trees the herd straggling went, disordered and now excited, fleeing from the fire which flanked them, fleeing eastward to the mouth of their little valley, the only outlet for their escape except the river, and musk-oxen do not take readily to water. And made quite blind by their panic, certain unusual phases of this familiar ground, which ordinarily they would have noticed, now passed unnoticed.

(*Continued in the March Issue.*)

These are trout! They average from 50 to 80 pounds each in Lake Athabasca and other lakes in far northern Canada. Though this may sound unbelievable to average fishermen who are forever proud of a 4-pounder, millions of these enormous trout remain uncaught. They fight with great gameness, but mostly are taken in nets, for the most northerly cannery in Canada recently started on Lake Athabasca, and tens of thousands of pounds of these game fish are now being shipped all over the world. The fish smoked and dried is staple food in the region. But despite the cannery, there are millions left for the rod and reel of those fishermen who can afford to go and get them.

ARE YOU?
By Fred Scott Shepard

Are you living,
Are you giving,
As a loyal man should do?
Are you striving
And contriving
All to serve and not the few?

Are you seeking,
Are you keeping
To the higher things of life?
Are you working,
Never shirking,
'Gainst the things which make for strife?

Are you caring,
Are you sharing
In the other fellow's load?
Never swerving,
Ever serving,
As you journey on life's road?

With such living
And such giving,
Life a fuller joy will know;
And the caring
And the sharing
Will increasing measure show.

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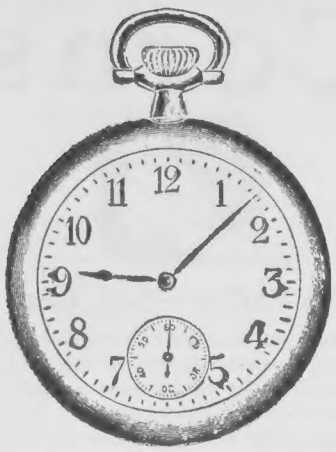

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CORRESPONDENCE

Another Cyclist

Dear Editor:

I have been reading the Correspondence Page of your valuable paper and I see the dancing question is still to the fore. Well, I have never been to a dance in this country, so I don't know much about how they are conducted, but I never did see any harm in dancing myself, so I say let them dance who enjoy it; but I prefer to have a nice sing song and a few good books to read instead.

I see a letter from "Em 1897" asking if any of the readers cycle. I have done a lot in Scotland before I came out here, starting from Edinburgh and going all over the south of Scotland and north of England too.

Well, I will have to close as my letter is getting lengthy and if any one would care to write to a returned soldier who is batching it on his soldier grant, my address is with the editor and any letters will be appreciated.

Best wishes to Editor and Readers for the coming year.

Borderer.

A Bookworm

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have been a reader and subscriber of your excellent paper for a number of years. I always look forward to each issue. My last letter to the Correspondence Page must have fallen into the waste paper basket, as I did not notice it in print. However, I suppose all letters cannot be published at once, so here goes for another attempt.

I am a lover of good reading matter, as it not only helps to pass away the time, but is quite educating also. Now as the long winter evenings are here, we can spend many spare moments reading our favorite books and magazines. Have any of the members read the book mentioned in the December issue on the "Come Let Us Read Awhile" page, called "Why Don't You Get Married," by Norris Hodgins. I have not as yet, but would like very much to do so. Perhaps it may not be of any benefit to us bachelors, owing to this being leap year.

I notice a letter in the December issue signed "Patsy." I would like to hear from her as I happen to be from Ontario, but in the West now. If any of the other readers care to write my address is with the editor.

Wishing you all a prosperous New Year,

Smiling Bachelor.

A Plucky Farmerette

Dear Readers of the Correspondence Page,

May I join your very interesting circle? I am a girl of almost eighteen years of age. I live on a farm and have four brothers and three sisters all younger than myself. Until my oldest brother was out of school I took a man's place on the farm. I ploughed, harrowed, ran the binder, stooked and and almost every other kind of farm work. I would much rather work in the field than do housework.

Now, dear readers, you will think I am a regular tom-boy, but since my brother is out of school I have not done any of these things. I just drove a second outfit for my father when men were scarce. I just saw a letter from Patsy in the December issue in which she said she could not imagine a girl stooking grain all day. I think if she were here she would find that western girls can do quite a lot if they want to. I have stooked all day through harvest time, and while I did not exactly fall in love with the work, still I did not mind it.

As I do not go to dances and there is very little else goes on during the winter around here—I often get lonely and would be very glad to correspond with other persons. I think writing is a very nice way of putting in the evenings when there is not much else to do.

Well, I must close now. Wishing all the members and the editor a happy new year,

Yours sincerely,
Bluebell.

The River

Old friend sing on
With wayward washy murmur,
'Gainst rocks that rise
Like troubles in your way.
I too began life's course
A glad free rover,
Singing through rosy morn
A merry lay.

Let's hope in twilight
Little rippling river,
We'll find at last
A placid peaceful pool,
To rest us, where
The dew-swept evening breezes
Shall visit us with kisses
Sweet and cool.

Lereine Ballantyne.

KEEP IT SPINNING

HELP THE VETERANS

Send your donation to any of the following organizations or their branches :

Veterans' Ass'n of Great Britain, 2725 Park Ave., Montreal.
Great War Veterans' Association, Citizen Building, Ottawa.
Army and Navy Vet's in Can., 121 Bishop Street, Montreal.
Imperial Veterans in Canada, 700 Main Street, Winnipeg.
Tuberculous Veterans' Ass'n, Room 47, Citizen Bldg., Ottawa.

I enclose Money Order for $....., my donation, and shall be glad to receive..... ticket-folder(s) for the VETERANS' ASSOCIATIONS BOVRIL POSTER COMPETITION in aid of the Veterans.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....
(Print or write very clearly).

CLOSES 31st MARCH, 1924

HELP THE VETERANS !
Before March 31st, 1924, when this Competition closes—Delay Not !

If you send a donation of at least $1.20 you will receive a Ticket-folder entitling you to compete in THE VETERANS' ASSOCIATION BOVRIL POSTER COMPETITION AND OBTAIN THE GRATITUDE of those who will benefit both in Canada and in Great Britain through your help.
By your skill you may win one of the 2,003 prizes.
PRIZE FUND, £30,000, about $138,888.00, donated by BOVRIL LIMITED.

1st Prize about $55,555.

2nd Prize about $13,888. 3rd Prize about $4,555.

and 2,000 other prizes.

Those who fought want your help in many ways—

There are the infirm, yet not wounded
The tuberculous, once healthy
The needy, once independent
The workless, once employed
The homeless, once bread-winners

These and many others surely have earned by their deeds the Empire's Gratitude.

Remember your obligations to them and their families.

Support them by your donations and your benevolence may be rewarded by your gaining a prize.

To every donor of $1.20, one ticket-folder is sent. On this ticket-folder are reproductions in color of 16 celebrated Bovril Posters, together with clear directions concerning the contest. To pick out the 12 which will be voted the best by the contestants themselves is what must be done, and the contestant who comes nearest in his selection to the popular verdict wins the 1st Prize, and so on.

What a splendid opportunity to play what will be found an exciting game, a real battle of wits and skill, and at the same time **helping the Veterans.**

The Veterans' Associations feel that no Canadian household will turn a deaf ear to this appeal—and many undoubtedly who can afford it, will send more donations than one. Do not delay but fill in the application blank and mail at once with contribution to any of the addresses shown hereon, and you will receive by return the ticket-folder, containing posters and instructions.

Poster Judging Parties—A novel entertainment for young and old alike is a Poster Judging Party.

Send as many donations of $1.20 as you want sets of Posters for your party. By taking turns four people or more can use the same cards.

2-24

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Whisky Frisky

Whisky Frisky,
Hippity Hop,
Up he goes
To the tree top!

Whirly, Twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?
In the shell,
Snappy, cracky,
Out it fell!

—Celia Thaxter.

Before Sunrise in Winter

A purple cloud hangs half-way down;
Sky, yellow gold below;
The naked trees, beyond the town,
Like masts against it show.

Bare masts and spars of our earth-ship,
With shining snow-sails furled;
And through the sea of space we slip,
That flows all round the world.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

SOMETHING FOR GIRLS TO MAKE

THIS is a great time to sew and knit and make things—pretty, dainty underwear for summer, and sweaters for cool spring days, and dresses for dolls and all sorts of things. Here is something simple you may all do. In your mother's cupboard and your own there are probably several plain wooden dress hangers that let things slip off them into untidy heaps on the floor. Here is a remedy for that. Take some scraps of wool that are around nearly every house in these days, if they are only tiny scraps so much the better for you may knit all colors together in strips and make a rainbow affect. Now get No. 9 knitting needles, two of them, cast on twelve stitches and knit straight ahead in either plain or striped color effects for sixty-four rows. If your strip is then long enough to cover the hanger by stretching it tight that will be long enough, if not, add a few more rows, but be sure that when you sew it over the hanger it is stretched tight. When the hanger is neatly covered you may crotchet a rose or a fancy flower and fasten it in the centre of the hanger. It is better not to try to cover the wire hook, but if you have any enamel or gold paint you might color it. This is a simple little thing, but it makes the hangers so much more useful, and much prettier too.

How would you like to make some taffy one of these cold nights? Here is a good recipe for pull taffy:

2 cups molasses.
1 cup sugar.
3 tablespoons of butter.
½ teaspoon soda.
1 tablespoon vinegar.

Boil all together to the "hard ball" stage. Turn out on a buttered plate. This may be pulled before it hardens. Butter the hands well before pulling the candy.

Or this for peanut brittle:

1 cup sugar.
1 cup peanuts, shelled and pounded.
A pinch of soda.

Melt the sugar to caramel (that is until it is brown, almost burned). An iron pan is best for this purpose. Stir in the peanuts very quickly and pour into pans (not buttered). Tilt the pans to spread the candy. While it is cooling mark it off into squares with the back of a steel knife.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A PICTURE of Ella Hodgson, of Broomhill, Man., and a very nice letter.

A Letter from Mollie Mackenzie

Dear Bobby Burke,—

I promised to write to the Cosy Corner and tell about the trip from New Zealand. We came on the Niagara and we had sports on the ship. We were ducking for apples and peeling green bananas, and I came first in that, and in threading the needle. I would like a gold button. I enclose a game—Menagerie. Get a table and cover it with a big cloth or rug. Put a small mirror on top and cover with a cloth. One boy or girl gets under the table, and another stays in the room as a keeper. Then the others come in one by one, the keeper asks what kind of an animal they would like to see. The keeper then lifts the cloth off the mirror, and as the player looks in the boy under the table makes a noise like the animal they have named, a roar for a lion, a bark for a dog and so on. In the meantime, the player sees, of course, herself. No one is supposed to tell the others what they have seen.

Yours truly,
-Molly Mackenzie, Atchelity, B.C.

[Letters, nice ones, too, from Mabel Hay and Stanley Hay, of Rowletta, Sask. Parts of both letters follow. We can't give buttons, Stanley, except as prizes in competitions, perhaps later we will.]

Dear Bobby Burke,—

This is my first letter to your interesting club. I always read the pieces on your page. I am in Grade VII. We live five miles from the nearest post office and two miles from the school. We walk except on very cold days. We have a dog a year old called Bingo, and three cats. We have eight horses and three cows. I hope to get a button.

Stanley Hay (aged 12).

Dear Bobby Burke,—

Hello, I thought I would drop in and have a little chat. It is snowing here today. We had hot dinners at school all last winter. There were four children on each week, two to give round the dishes, and the other two to serve. The four had to wash the dishes.

I belong to the Audobon Bird Society. It takes 25 to form a club. We call ours the Woodpecker Club. We got a button with a picture of a woodpecker on it. Well, I must be going. Hoping for some correspondents.

-Mable Hay (aged 12).

A Nice Note from Inez Jamieson, of Melfort, Sask.

Dear Bobby Burke,—

May I join your Cosy Corner? I would like to very much. I am twelve years old and in Grade VI. at school. I like to read about your contests and will perhaps try one next time.

Inez Jamieson.

[That's right, Inez, that's what we want to do.]

Lowel Diamond, of Renown, Sask., who is eleven years old and in Grade VI. would like to have boys and girls of his own age write to him.

A Very Interesting Letter from Eleanor Hartigan, of Millerton, Newfoundland

Dear Bobby Burke,—

I am a Newfoundland girl, fourteen years old. I have dark brown curls and blue eyes. I woud like to become a member of the C.C.C.

Millertown is a very pretty place in the summer time, but rather cold in the winter. This is where the logs are cut for the paper mills in Grand Falls. The company that owns all the lumber and pulp around here employs hundreds of men. Red Indian Lake is forty miles long and three miles wide. Two tractors came in about three weeks ago, and they were used to pull out the wood. My father is chief engineer around here at present, and he is up the lake. I would like correspondence from boys or girls my own age.

[We are glad to have letters from the sea coast, and hope we have many friends in that far off eastern island.]

TWO PROUD WINNERS OF GOLD BUTTONS

THESE winners should have been announced in the January number, but, Bobby Burke, like everyone else, got caught in the Christmas rush, and the letters were overlooked. However, I have no doubt that Winnie Rouse, of Scott, Sask., and Eileen Rose Nugent, of Carmangay, Alta., will be just as pleased to receive the buttons now as a month ago.

Unfortunately we have room for only one of these two excellent compositions this month.

Carmangay P. O.,
Alberta, Can.,
Nov. 22nd, 1923.

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I am going to enter for your competition, and I hope to have the pleasure of winning a gold button. We have taken your paper for a long time and we enjoy reading it very much.

We have kept many different breeds of poultry, both in Ontario and the West. I will start my list with the laying breeds—White and Brown Leghorns, Brown Leghorns are very prettily marked, the rooster especially, being bronze and green. White Leghorns are snow white with large over-hanging combs. These two breeds have both rose and single combs.

Minorcas are black with large white ears.

Andelusians are slate blue, and the rooster is slate blue and black, these fowls are very pretty.

Anconas are black with pretty white spots all over them, which make them look as if they had been out in the snow.

Black Spanish are black with large white faces, which make them look peculiar.

Houdans are a French breed. They are black with a large tuft of feathers on top of their heads.

These are all laying breeds, they are all small except the Minorca.

The Minorca is the largest of all the laying breeds except the White Wyandottes. White Wyandottes are large, weighing from six to ten pounds, and they lay a small creamy white egg. All these breeds except the Wyandottes lay a white egg, the Minorca's egg is almost as large as a duck's egg.

Now I will tell all I know about the heavy breeds which are,—Barred Plymouth Rock and White Rocks. The Barred Rocks are very prettily marked, being silver gray with black bars running across the feathers. White Rocks are white. They come from the U.S.A.

Rhode Island Reds are a dark red, the rooster is dark red and bronze with green tail feathers. They are very pretty and they come from Rhode Island North America.

Silver Laced Wyandottes come from the U.S.A. They are very pretty, being black with white bars on the feathers.

Cornish Game come from Cornwall England. They are very dark red. These birds are great fighters, and long years ago men use to use them for fighting in pits.

Langshangs are a Chinese breed, they are two colors, buff and black with very heavily feathered legs, they are good table birds. Cochins come from Shanghai China. They are four colors, buff, black, white and partridge, and are large and heavy.

Orpingtons come from England. They are three colors: buff, black, and white. They are handsome birds and are excellent for table use and winter laying.

Brahmas come from India. The size is much the same as the Cochins, but some have been known to weigh seventeen pounds. Dark Brahmas are Iron Grey in color, well marked with black, and Light Brahmas are very light grey. They have got feathery legs, and are good table birds and good layers. I will end my list with Banthams of which ther are many kinds. Game Banthams which are very hardy and great fighters, and the Japanese Silkies which have peculiar feathers, looking like strands of silk or wool. They are mostly pure white but sometimes black and colored ones are seen. There are some other breeds but I cannot name them.

Our own hens are a mixture of Black Orpingtons and Rhode Island Reds, and are good layers and very tame.

Now I will close with best wishes to the Editor and Readers.

Eileen Rose Nugent (14).

Learned His Lesson

A young man walking through a foreign quarter of New York stopped with an amused smile in front of a small eating place on the window of which was painted in white-wash, "Lam Stew."

The proprietor from his door-way asked what the joke was, and the young fellow explained about the missing "b" in "lamb" and was thanked for the correction.

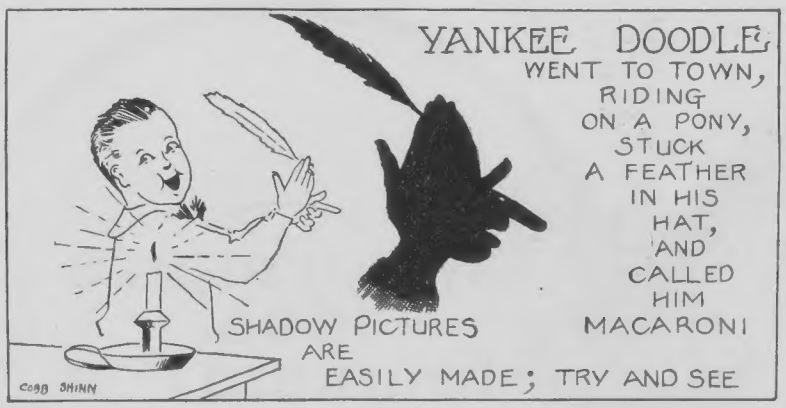
The next day passing the same restaurant, he found that while the bill of fare has changed the spelling lesson had not been forgotten. The proprietor was now offering "Clamb Chowder."

Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

Home Made Movies



By keeping the rest of the room quite dark and by having a shade on the side of the light farthest from the wall, the shadow pictures will show up more clearly.

THE COLONEL MAKES A PILGRIMAGE—from page 51

Again there is silence. The old clock ticks alone in its monotony. Sometimes there is a little sob from the chair and then nothing but the tick . . . . tick . . . tock . . . .

"If I only knew," she says sadly.

"*Mon Dieu!*" I say, "I will find out. I will go a little and meet Henri."

"You, papa. *C'est impossible.*"

"*Impossible!* for un Ravelais! Have I not walked on the snowshoes? And see Marie," I open the door. "It is bright like the day."

It is true. The moon shines down with great splendor. But it is very cold. For a long time she attempts to dissuade me, but I am very stubborn, M'sieu. Soon I am ready. I have on my feet the snowshoes, which, I assure you I wear with great difficulty.

"See, *mon oncle,*" says my niece as she hands to me a bottle. "It is of cognac. If you find him it will be needed. Ah," she adds, "you must find him."

FOR me, M'sieu, the trail is very difficult. Here and there are great drifts, and it is with great trouble I make my way. I can see the tracks of the shoes and the toboggan, and I follow these. *Mais,* I am no longer young, and do they not say it is the country of the young man. *C'est vrai, ça.* After a time it is not so easy. The country is more open, the snow in greater drifts. It is difficult to see the trail. Three, four times I must return and search anew before I may proceed. I am very slow. Also it is very cold. My nose, my chin are very cold. *Diable!* how they smart. After a time they are better. It is very pleasant. *Mais,* it is danger, *n'est-ce pas?* I rub the snow. Again I go forward. It is not far I have come, three, four miles, but for me—you will understand, M'sieu, I am no longer young—for me it is not easy. I must rest. I am done. Just a moment I will rest, I think. *Diable!* No, I will reach the hill. And so, M'sieu, I go. The trail is very bad. It winds amongst the clumps of willows. The snow is very deep. At last I am through. I am done. But *non,* I must go on. Into the bush now. *Diable!* It is worse. It is the trees, M'sieu, it is very dark. I cannot well see the tracks. Still I must go on. Ah, M'sieu, I see something. It is where a fallen tree covers the trail. He has tried to climb over. See! the snow is brushed from the top. Also the snow is disturbed where he has fallen back. I am fresh again. I have the new strength. I examine the trail. It is easy to see. He has dragged himself away. Ah, it is tragic *n'est-ce pas?* He is hurt. I hasten now. It is so easy to follow. Now, M'sieu, I have found him. He lies under the tree for shelter. *Mon Dieu,* I am afraid. Is he dead? My thoughts go to Marie. But *non,* he is alive. I give the cognac; I shake him fiercely, M'sieu. There is no movement. But he is alive. *Mon Dieu!* I must hurry. Quickly I throw the food from the toboggan; food, it is nothing at such a time. I have him on. Ah, I forget. I must lift him over this cursed tree. Now I start again. Ah, M'sieu, this is work for a soldier, I assure you. On we go. I have the strength of a battalion. *Mais,* it is to hurry. I think of Marie. How she must suffer alone in the shack. *Sacristi!* this country has need of brave women. Only for one thing am I glad. This is the end. We will depart at once. And if he die? Ah, it is the same. She cannot stay. It is the end.

From time to time I stop to see the poor man. He is the same. I must hurry. *Diable!* How the trail is long. But I gain. It is not a mile. Almost I can see the light. I know the place; it is just here where one finds the chicken. I know it well. *Mais,* I am very tired.

"*Allons, Colonel,*" I cry aloud.

They are words of courage, M'sieu.

Again I press forward. Ah, I see the light. She has heard. She opens the door. But she is very calm. Have I not said she was a nurse, M'sieu?

"You have him, papa?" she asks calmly.

"*Mais oui,*" I answer, "why not?"

"You are very brave, *mon oncle,* very, very, brave." She is very thankful.

I can say no more, M'sieu, I am exhausted. Now it is for Marie. I can do nothing. I am about to sit down . . .

"Colonel, the bed, is it ready?" she demands.

Mon Dieu! I hasten to comply.

But I am *trés fatigué.* Again I am about to rest.

"Colonel, the towels."

Ma foi, encore, I must rush to obey. And so it goes, M'sieu, for an hour.

"Colonel, some water; colonel, some more cognac."

Mon Dieu! I am become *soldat.*

Moi, too, I am *blessé.* I am hurt. *Diable!* how my ears burn, and my chin. *Mais* it is nothing. From time to time I rub the snow. It is better. It is a small matter. I shall say nothing.

All night long, M'sieu, Marie labors. Endless little things she does for his comfort, and between she sits with him and speaks the soft words. *Moi,* I watch from the chair. It is excusable, *n'est-ce pas?* I am no longer young. After a time he moves. *Dieu!* how my niece is delighted. He opens his eyes but does not speak. Very quietly he lies and watches his little Marie at his side. It is very still—just the soft words of Marie. I am very tired, M'sieu. Before I am aware I am asleep. *Mon Dieu!* but it is the strange sleep. I am back in Paris; so Henri and my little niece. And will you believe me, M'sieu, we are snowshowing in the Bois de Boulogne, we three. And behind there comes my dear, old, sour-faced François, dragging a toboggan; it is loaded high with Bourgogne! *C'est drôle n'est-ce pas?*

IT is the morning *aprés.* Henri is somewhat better. He can speak a few words, but still his little nurse is very strict, and will allow but little speech.

"It was my old wound," says Henri, "I was climbing over . . . a tree. My shoe . . . . slipped . . . . and my foot got . . . . caught. Then . . . . I . . . I wrenched . . . . the old wound . . . . . Damned awkward . . . . How I . . . . got home . . . . I don't . . . . ."

"Ho, no," bursts in my little niece, "you don't know. But I shall tell. It was my brave uncle. It was the colonel Gaston de Ravelais, of the *Troisiéme Cuirassiers,*" and she hugs and kisses me where I stand—the chit.

"I must thank . . . . you . . . . . colonel. You understand, eh colonel?"

"*Ma foi,* of course. It was nothing," so I speak to Henri, M'sieu, but you will understand for an old man it was not easy.

Again he turns to Marie.

"You know, Marie . . . . I hope you'll . . . . forgive me . . . . You will, petite? I had . . . . no right . . . to bring you here . . . . miserable place . . . storms . . . . troubles. It was not right."

He lies back a moment and rests.

"It's all right now . . . . Marie. I wrote . . . . to Despard in France. He fixed it . . . . fine. Good job . . . . in France. Then there's . . . . your uncle's job. We can go when you wish."

The happiness is overflowing from the face of Marie. *Mon Dieu!* how serene she looks.

"See," he says, "here is the letter. "He says . . . ."

Marie interrupts, smiling vivaciously.

"Listen, my dear old Henri. You think I will run from this so great countree for one, two puffs of wind? Nevaire. What care I for France? *Rien.*"

She smiles, M'sieu, and adds.

"Well, not so much as my Henri. Last night, all night, I sit by you, *mon pauvre.* All night I think and think, and learn—much. See *mon brave,*" and lifting the singing kettle she adds to its song with Despard's kindly letter.

"I stay with you," she continues. "We will make the big fight, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Henri, he is overcome with surprise.

"Well, I'm darned," he says.

"You bet," echoes Marie.

As for me, M'sieu, I say nothing. These women; charming, adorable, *vraiment. Mais,* inexplicable. Is it not so?

Free Book About Cancer

The Indianapolis Cancer Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana, has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the management of any case. Write today, mentioning this paper.

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